FORREST'S ARTILLERY

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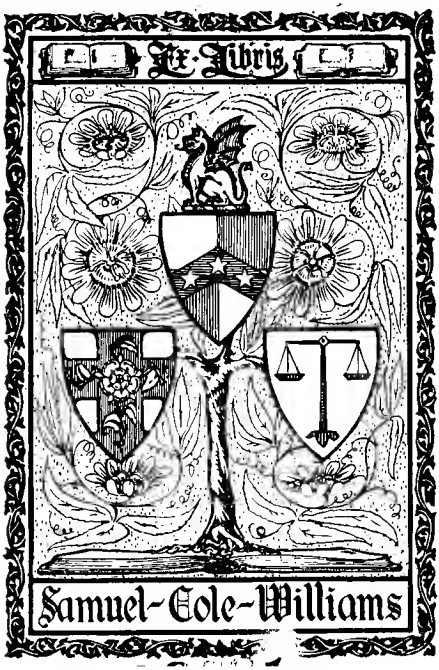

JOHN WATSON MORTON.

The Artillery of Nathan Bedford Forrest's Cavalry

"The Wizard of the Saddle"

BY JOHN WATSON MORTON
Chief of Artillery

NASHVILLE, TENN.; DALLAS, TEX.
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH
SMITH & LAMAR, AGENTS
1909

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BY
MRS. ELLEN MORTON

DEDICATION

To his Comrades living, and to the memory of those who have crossed the "Great Divide," who together followed the gonfalon of the incomparable leader, Lieutenant General Nathan Bedford Forrest, this record is affectionately dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE history of General Forrest's artillery companies as an organization into a battalion, which the writer had the honor to command, has never been preserved, and for this reason it is the writer's desire to embody in this account the movements of this branch of General Forrest's cavalry service during his connection with it.

The difficulties of writing a history which shall treat fully of each of the myriad factors which make up the multiple of fate will be readily seen to be almost insuperable, and in this narrative no effort has been made to study, to weigh, the innumerable actions and influences which contributed to events; but rather has it been chosen to give a simple recital of those occurrences in which the writer, a young officer in his teens, under this incomparable commander was himself engaged. A close association with the remarkable being whose natural genius for the art of war astonished the world even in that period which has never been surpassed for the development of genius, and oft-exchanged reminiscences with old comrades around the bivouac fires and at reunions, have resulted in the jotting down of the author's experience in the heroic companionship of the "Wizard of the Saddle."

Memory, however, treacherous at best, and doubly so after absorption in other affairs for over forty years, has not been depended upon further than to suggest episodes which have been carefully corroborated by reference to published contemporaneous accounts. Among these are Dr. J. A. Wyeth's admirable "Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest," Jordan and Pryor's "The Campaigns of Lieutenant Colonel Forrest and Forrest's Cavalry," which, in addition to having been written shortly after

the close of the war, has the further merit of having been revised by General Forrest; the "Records of the War of the Rebellion," published by the United States government; the memoirs of numerous Union officers; Captain J. Harvey Mathes's condensed story in the "Great Commanders" series; Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley's "Military Annals of Tennessee;" and, finally, access has been had to a number of contemporaneous publications and private papers. Thanks are also due for valuable assistance rendered by John Trotwood Moore, Dr. J. B. Cowan, Chief Surgeon of General Forrest's Cavalry, and Rev. D. C. Kelley, Chaplain of General Forrest's Cavalry.

JOHN W MORTON,
Chief of Artillery, Forrest's Cavalry.

Nashville, Tenn.

NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

Born at Chapel Hill, Tenn, July 13, 1821.
Captain Company of Tennessee Cavalry, May, 1861.
Colonel Forrest's Regiment Cavalry, 1861-62.
Brigadier-General, July 21, 1862.
Major-General P. A. C. S., December 4, 1863.
Lieutenant-General, February 28, 1865.
Died in Memphis, Tenn., October 29, 1877.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF GEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST

For nearly three years preceding the close of the Civil War, as a member of General Forrest's military family and an officer of his staff, I had unlimited opportunities for observing and studying him as a man and as a commander, and that too under all the varying conditions of the camp, the march, and the battlefield.

"Every structure in nature and in art necessarily rests upon a base, a foundation, and it has been said that man himself is in no wise exempt from this primal necessity; that for him, as a living temple, heredity lays a foundation, while environment becomes the dominant factor in shaping and developing the superstructure." If this be true, my association with and daily observation of the man warrants the assertion that a massive brain, an inflexible purpose, unflinching courage, tireless energy, and a will that could brook no opposition were the bed rocks of the foundation upon which General Forrest built—truly a combination of characteristics and attributes rarely found in any one man.

Early in life General Forrest fell upon hard lines. The death of his father left him, when only sixteen years of age, the sole dependence for support and protection of a widowed mother and eight young brothers and sisters. It was then he began building on that foundation upon which all his subsequent career rested.

Deprived at this early age of every advantage of fortune, save a resolute soul and a robust constitution, he faced his duties and responsibilities with all that force of character displayed by him twenty years later as a cavalry commander. With no one to look to or lean

upon, and so many dependent upon him, he was forced to think and act for himself, and thus, amid toil, privations, and hardships, he began the development of that complete self-reliance which characterized his whole military career.

As a soldier, by his intelligence, energy, and bravery, he carved his way unaided from obscurity to fame—from the ranks to a Lieutenant-Generalship.

General Forrest, as a commander, was, in many respects, the negative of a West Pointer. He regarded evolution, maneuvers, and exhaustive cavalry drill an unnecessary tax upon men and horses. He cared nothing for tactics further than the movement by twos or fours in column, and from column right or left into line, dismounting, charging, and fighting. As attested by his unparalleled successes, these simple movements proved sufficient.

Except for officers, as an insignia of rank, General Forrest banished the saber from his command. In the hands of troopers he regarded them as a dangling, clattering appendage—of no value as offensive weapons. He armed his men with a Sharp's rifle, or short carbine, and two navy sixes, better in every way for either attack or defense. By his captures the Federal Government supplied him with guns and artillery and more ordnance, commissary, and quartermaster's stores than he could use.

With vastly inferior numbers he met on different fields and defeated Generals Hatch, Grierson, William Sooy Smith, and Sturgis, all of whom were veteran soldiers and graduates of West Point. The two last named were specially selected by Generals Grant and Sherman, and sent out with splendidly equipped commands for no other purpose than to whip or kill that "devil Forrest." In the

light of such events General Forrest can be excused for holding in contempt the idea that only West Pointers were fitted to command, and also for saying on one occasion: "Whenever I met one of them fellers that fit by note, I generally whipped h—ll out of him before he got his tune pitched."

By nature General Forrest was aggressive, consequently he was always an offensive fighter. He believed the moral effect was with the attacking party, and never failed, when it was possible to do so, to take the initiative and deliver the first blow. He believed that one man advancing in attack was equal to two men standing in line of battle and awaiting attack. When charged by the enemy, no matter in what numbers, it was his invariable rule to meet a charge with a countercharge.

His restless nature would not allow him to remain in camp any longer than was necessary to rest his men and shoe his horses. Unlike some generals, who seemed content with holding their ground and keeping from being whipped, General Forrest was ever on the move, and never content unless he was whipping somebody. He cared little for army regulations or tactics; disobeyed or went outside of them whenever the good of the service or surrounding circumstances demanded it. Nor was he free from inconsistencies common to us all. While he could not tolerate insubordination in his own command, he was himself at times the most insubordinate of men. However contrary to his own judgment a movement might be, an order from his superior officer on the battlefield was always obeyed, except in matters affecting himself or his command unwisely or unjustly. An instance of this kind I well remember. When General Hood crossed his army over the Tennessee to Florence, Ala., General Forrest was in command of all the cavalry of his

army. We had our headquarters at a church a few miles out in the country. An officer came out with an order reducing the number of mules in wagons and ordering all surplus mules to be turned over to the quartermaster of transportation. General Forrest happened to be out, and the officer left after giving specific directions to have the mules sent in the next morning. It was read to the General when he came in, and he said very quietly: "None of my mules will be sent in on that order." The next evening Maj. A. L. Landis came out and asked the General if he had received the order, and wanted to know why the mules had not been sent in as ordered. If the good people accustomed to sit in the "amen corner" had dropped in just at that time, they would have concluded that the good Lord had been ousted and old Nick had taken full possession of the sanctuary. The atmosphere was blue for a while. Stripped of General Forrest's bad words, he said to Major Landis: "Go back to your quarters and don't you come here again or send anybody here about mules. The order will not be obeyed; and, moreover, if Major Ewing bothers me any further about this matter, I'll come down to his office, tie his long legs into a double bowknot around his neck, and choke him to death with his own shins. It's a fool order anyway. General Hood had better send his inspectors to overhaul your wagons, rid them of all surplus baggage, tents, adjutant desks, and everything that can be spared. Reduce the number of his wagons instead of reducing the strength of his teams. Besides, I know what is before me; and if he knew the road from here to Pulaski, this order would be countermanded. I whipped the enemy and captured every mule wagon and ambulance in my command; have not made a requisition on the government for anything of the kind for two years, and now

that they are indispensable my teams will go as they are or not at all."

Insubordination may be justified, but it cannot be defended. General Forrest's insubordination in this case was a Godsend and a saving clause to General Hood's retreating army. From Richland Creek to the Tennessee River the road was strewn with his abandoned wagons, and but for the help afforded the pontoon train by General Forrest's fine six-mule teams great delay and probable disaster to the army would have occurred before a passage of the river was effected.

Long after the gray-haired veterans of the Confederate armies shall have passed away, and when, as far as possible, all error shall have been expunged from the pages of history, which should be illuminated by truth alone, a glorious constellation will shine undimmed in the sky of the Confederate States of America. It will be an empyrean of exalted memories in which these fixed stars, differing from one another in their own peculiar glory, will beam in their appropriate places, an enduring revelation to the world of the virtues and genius of our greatest commanders. In the zenith of the grand constellation will be a trinity of stars. The greatest and central luminary will send forth earth-wide rays, sustained and brilliant beyond all others, but beaming everywhere with softened radiance. The other two, different of element, but alike calling forth our admiration, will shine with their own brightness and effulgence to the right and left of the noble central star; one, Sirius-like, with far-flashing radiance of a light divine, from a Christian warrior's armor; the other with a rich, dazzling splendor that seems to fling lightnings of defiance to the sun's fiercest rays from the burnished shield of a dauntless heart. These

stars are Robert E. Lee, T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, and Nathan Bedford Forrest.

The first was preëminent by reason of a superlatively noble nature and exalted purity of character, combined with world-wide fame as the commander of incomparable armies that loved him with a love as near adoration as ever blessed a mortal; the other two startled the solitudes of space and made the chasms of time to ring with the echoes of their matchlessly adroit and marvelously swift achievements. General Jackson prayed and marched, and prayed and fought. General Forrest, like a ruthless besom of destruction, charged the air with electric energy as he hurled himself upon the foe. He was indeed the "Wizard of the Saddle," self-reliant and aggressive, with the consciousness of one who seemed to know intuitively when, where, and how to strike. Without military training he forced his way from the ranks of the company in which he enlisted to a commander's fame as complete and brilliant as ever reflected honor upon any school of arms. We can picture him one spring morning at reveille, taking his place with comrades who barely knew his name, and four years later a lieutenant general, the resplendent and fiery star of whose glory still sheds a light that makes his deeds and his genius the theme of eager discussion in every camp and school where military science and skill enlist a thought.

He had absolutely no knowledge or experience of war gleaned from the study of what others had wrought. General Forrest grasped intuitively and instantaneously the strategic possibilities of every situation which confronted him, and with inspired native genius and complete confidence put into practice the tactics of the most famous generals in all history. His knowledge of men was in most cases unerring; and his ability to inspire and

bring out the greatest power and endurance of his men was unsurpassed even by the great Napoleon himself. His eye for position was almost infallible, and his knowledge of the effect of a given movement on the enemy was intuitive and seemed to come rather from an inner than an outer source of information. His plans of battle were not chalked out on blackboards nor drawn on charts, they were conceived on the instant and as instantaneously carried out. He struck as the lightning strikes, and his tactics were as incalculable as those of the electric fluid and as mysterious to the enemy, for his movements were so rapid and his endurance and daring so remarkable that they could not be computed by any known rules of warfare.

ARTILLERY OF FORREST'S CAVALRY

CHAPTER I.

THE author of this book joined General Forrest's command the first week of November, 1862. Previous to that time his service had been in Capt. Thomas K. Porter's battery, although this was not the first company he had joined.

John W Morton, Jr., was, when President Lincoln called for troops, a student at the Western Military Institute, of Nashville, Tenn. In common with other lads of seventeen, he burned with impatience for his State to secede and afford him an opportunity, if possible, to distinguish himself on the field. Discussions of questions of State and public policy inevitably, and promptly, resulted in favor of secession and glorious combat.

When Tennessee passed the ordinance of secession, the students waited for no formal announcement of it, no dismissal from the schoolroom. With one accord, the two hundred and fifty-nine cadets left the Institute and hastened to their respective homes, eager to join the first companies being formed. Some eight or nine of the students were from Indiana and Illinois, and these likewise returned home.

The Dunlap Zouaves, composed of boys, and the company being named for Hon. James Dunlap, Secretary of State, was formed in Nashville in a few days, and young Morton joined this company, was elected a lieutenant, and passed some time in drilling. He endeavored to get

the cadets to join the Confederate army as a company, but this failed.

During the latter part of April, 1861, he joined the Rock City Guards, Company C, Col. George Maney's Regiment, First Tennessee Infantry His captain was a fellow-physician and intimate friend of young Morton's father, Dr. John Watson Morton. Doctor-Captain Robert C. Foster, the kindest and most genial of men, took his company to Camp Cheatham, where he drilled them daily for about a month. Young Morton drilled faithfully, and performed every duty incident to camp life, but upon one pretext or another Captain Foster deferred swearing him into service. Suddenly the news got abroad that the regiment had been ordered to West Virginia, and, feeling that the time for decisive action had come, the ambitious military student made a firm demand to be mustered into service like the other boys. Captain Foster, looking earnestly at the enthusiastic youth, said to him kindly: "John, West Virginia is a very rugged country, and you are too young and frail to stand the long marches over the rough mountains and the hardships of camp life. Go home to your mother."

In high dudgeon the disappointed would-be soldier packed his grip and returned home. His mother wept tears of joy on hearing the Captain-Doctor's verdict, but John was not one whit moved from his determination. Hearing the same afternoon that a company of artillery was being mustered into service at Camp Weakley, just across the bridge, where artillery companies were being organized in Northeast Nashville, he reported there. Capt. Jesse Taylor, commander of a battery, was busy inspecting camp, and when requested to muster in young Morton as a member of his company, he replied: "All right, John. I'll send for the mustering officer." This

he did, and somehow the awkward question relating to the age of the applicant was overlooked. Jubilantly returning home, the youth's enthusiasm was somewhat discouraged by his mother's grief, but this was as quickly removed by his father's act in ordering a new uniform from John Browne, the noted tailor, whose shop stood at the corner of the Public Square and Deaderick Street. When the natty suit was finished, it was young Morton's confident belief that Browne had never executed a more important commission.

The Battle of Fort Donelson.

The record of young Morton's first battle and his life in prison cannot better be told than in a résumé of a sketch prepared by him for Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley's very useful "Military Annals of Tennessee," on Porter's Battery.*

"The political history of Tennessee in 1861 is familiar to the student, and especially to the chief actors who have survived that stormy time. The North was slow to comprehend the reality of armed resistance on our part. The division of sentiment at the South on the expedience of immediate secession was mistaken for the existence of a submission party, whereas the division was confined to the question of expediency alone, and disappeared almost wholly when our State was threatened with invasion. Then was revealed to the people the necessity of defending their homes and their liberties against a ruthless assault on both, and unanimity prevailed. The question of the right of peaceable secession—and, in fact, every other question—was lost sight of. Facts took the place

*"Military Annals of Tennessee." By John Berrien Lindsley, D.D., M.D. Pages 855-860.

of theories, and nothing remained but the arbitrament of arms. The people were practically united, and a spirit of determined resistance took possession of the masses. Among the younger bloods, who were the chivalry of the army, there prevailed but one sentiment, and that was: 'Right or wrong, we will go with our people and our section.'"

The first call was promptly responded to. It was the second call, the latter part of June, 1861, by Gov. Isham G. Harris, for regiments of infantry and three companies of light artillery, that brought out Porter's Battery, which was organized at Nashville through the influence and assistance of the Hon. M. Burns, Dr. John W Morton, and W L. Hutchinson. The company was called the Burns Light Artillery, in honor of Mr. Burns, who in many ways aided in recruiting the company and contributed liberally toward uniforming it. The first commander was Capt. Jesse Taylor, and the camp selected was known as Camp Weakley, some two miles north of Nashville, where the company underwent several weeks of hard drilling. Captain Taylor was soon relieved at his own request, and ordered to the command of heavy artillery at Fort Henry, for which service he seemed especially fitted. Thomas K. Porter, a Lieutenant in the United States Navy, who had just returned to Tennessee, his native State, was appointed Captain, with the following organization: W L. Hutchinson, Senior First Lieutenant; John W Morton (who had been transferred from Company C, Rock City Guards), Junior First Lieutenant; W R. Culbertson, Senior Second Lieutenant; Len Burt, Junior Second Lieutenant; Frank McGuire, Orderly Sergeant; George W Holmes, Quartermaster Sergeant; T. Sanders Sale, Joseph W Yeatman, W H. Wilkerson, Horace C. Ross, H. W Hunter, B.

Banister, Sergeants; William Green, Pat Murray, Z. Connaly, Pat Hoben, A. D. Stewart, Peter Lynch, Pat Flaherty, George G. Henon, W E. Holden, Albert B. Fall, Corporals, Barney Barnes, Farrier; J. S. Parker, Wheelwright, P N. Richardson, Saddler; W D. Madden, Blacksmith, Max Genning, Wheelwright.

In July the company was ordered to Bowling Green, Ky., and transferred from State to Confederate troops, and, as was customary, the name was changed to that of Porter's Tennessee Battery, after the name of its commander. John W Morton was made Senior First Lieutenant of the battery, and a number of the citizens of Nashville, wishing to express their appreciation of the dignity thus bestowed upon a Nashville boy, united in the presentation of a handsome sword, bearing the initials "C. S. A." beautifully embossed on one side of the blade, with a Confederate flag. The reverse side was engraved, "Lieutenant J. W Morton," while the handle guard bore another "C. S. A."

This sword was made at the first arsenal or gun factory established by the Confederacy. It was located on College Hill, in Nashville, and here the flintlock guns were changed to percussion locks and other guns prepared for service. At this time this was the only arsenal in the Confederacy, and it was kept busy day and night making, changing, and repairing arms.

Lieutenant Morton donned his sword with the highest resolves to devote it to deeds of valor, and wore it faithfully into action at Fort Donelson, where he was captured and sent to Camp Chase. The sword was taken from him when he reached the prison, with the promise that it would be returned when the Lieutenant should be exchanged; but after the battle of Shiloh he was sent to Johnson's Island. He could not, of course, claim his

sword, and when he was exchanged he was hurried down the river to Vicksburg, sadly giving up the weapon for lost. (See book, "Prison Life." Autographs.) Some years ago, however, it was returned to him through the working of a very peculiar coincidence. During the meeting of the Joint Commission of the Chickamauga Park Monument Association at Chattanooga the Federal and Confederate veterans met with the greatest friendliness for the purpose of selecting markers to be placed by various States on the battlefield of Chickamauga. Seated around the speakers' stand the Federals and Confederates were exchanging reminiscences, and in the course of this a Union officer, seated next to then Mayor George B. Guild, of Nashville, told him that he had been placed in charge of the arms of the prisoners at Camp Chase, and that, owing to the sending of a number of them away before they were exchanged, he was left with quite a collection of swords on hand after the cessation of hostilities. Some of these, he said, he had been able to identify and return to the owners, but he had one in particular which he could not locate. "It bears the name Lieut. J. W Morton," he said, "and I know it must have been the highly prized property of some young officer, who has mourned its loss many times since then, if he is still alive." Mayor Guild replied: "That must be the sword of Capt. John W Morton, sitting just across on the platform." After the speaking was concluded, Mayor Guild introduced the two officers. Captain Morton found Colonel Cist to be a gentleman of rare entertaining qualities, and was made happy by the promise of the return of the cherished and long-mourned blade. It reached Nashville in a short time, all carriage prepaid, and in a very handsome box made especially for it. It is

such graceful and kindly amenities as this that have done so much to smooth away the bitterness of war.

The armament of Porter's Battery consisted of six guns—four six-pounders, smooth bore (brass), and two twelve-pound Howitzers (brass), with caissons and battery equipments complete. Under Captain Porter, a skillful and most efficient officer, the battery soon became very serviceable in drill and discipline—in fact, it was a most excellent training school for officers. Captain Porter and a number of his officers and men subsequently held important commissions in the Confederate service. Captain Porter was transferred to the navy, and was commander of the Florida in her engagement with the Kearsarge.

The battery's first march was with Gen. S. B. Buckner's division through Kentucky to Hopkinsville, where some "homemade" Yankees were dispersed with loss, and from thence to Russellville. At Russellville the battery was on a low piece of ground near the depot. A branch ran around the encampment, and, as it rained in torrents during the night, this little stream overflowed all bounds. The next morning Lieutenant Morton stepped from his cot into water up to his knees. An amusing incident occurred in leaving the camp. The fords were not clear, and many of the men plunged into an involuntary bath. At that time the company was well supplied with cots and blankets, and this was the only period of the war when this condition came within the author's experience.

From Russellville the battery returned to Bowling Green. Captain Porter's strict discipline in camp was of great service to the officers and men on this march.

Although actively engaged in daily drills, a great many members of the company were stricken down with measles, mumps, and other diseases, until the efficiency

of the battery was greatly impaired. This necessitated details from the Third and Eighteenth Infantry Regiments. Captain Morton, being naturally of spare physique and unaccustomed to the rough usage of camp life, was prostrated with typhoid fever soon after returning from the march to Hopkinsville, which kept him confined and from active camp duty for six weeks. This was his only absence from duty from any cause during the four years' service, except the seven months' imprisonment at Camp Chase and Johnson's Island.

Battle of Fort Donelson.

The company marched with General Buckner's Division to Fort Donelson, at which place it arrived on the evening of February 12, 1862. It was assigned to position on the right center of the outer works, where the Fort Henry road passes, supported by the Fourteenth Mississippi Regiment (Baldwin's) immediately around the guns, the Third Tennessee (Brown's) on the left, and the Eighteenth Tennessee (Palmer's) on the right. Colonel Cook's Thirty-Second Tennessee was to the left of Brown, and Hanson's Second Kentucky was on the right of Palmer. The position occupied by the battery was exposed on the right, left, and front, being at the apex of the angle in the works, formed where the intrenchments turn in passing from the river above Dover around westerly to the water batteries.

Major Foster's Map.

The author, in company with Gov. James D. Porter and Maj. W F Foster, visited the battle grounds at Fort Donelson in 1878, and after a careful survey of the entire line of works and the water batteries, a map was prepared by Major Foster, who was formerly the

efficient Chief Engineer of Stewart's Confederate Corps, Army of Tennessee.

The space to be defended was almost quadrangular in shape, divided into two parts by Indian Creek, which was filled by an almost impassable backwater. The ground between the valleys was a rugged, hilly upland, covered with a dense undergrowth. The defenses for light artillery were very meager. Porter, Graves, and Maney had their men constantly exposed when in action. The timber south of the fort had been felled, which, with the ravines and valleys flooded with backwater, greatly retarded and embarrassed the movements of the Confederates within the advanced works. These works were unfinished and defective.

The Federals had moved rapidly and cautiously, and at sundown on the 12th had wound their coils completely around the Confederate works, almost without resistance, save a little exchange of artillery firing by our batteries, and some sharp and deadly firing from Berge's well-trained sharpshooters, which caused a suspension of work on the Confederate trenches.

Our first night in the trenches in the presence of the enemy was balmy and springlike. The stars twinkled with unusual brightness, the moon beamed with tranquil light upon the sleeping hosts, and not a sound was heard save a shot now and then from a stray picket, the seemingly peaceful prelude to the storm of hail and the deadly strife soon to follow

The dawn of the 13th was ushered in by the boom of the Federal artillery and the sharp crack of the skirmisher's rifle, which brought the boys in gray hastily to their feet, provoking a spirited artillery fire all along the front. There was a great deal of coquetting along the lines by the Federals. As early as eight o'clock General

Cook sallied forth against the right center with his Iowa boys; but we enfiladed them, and they found the music and its accompaniments from Graves's and Porter's Batteries too warm for comfort, and soon retired behind a neighboring hill. The artillery of the enemy assaulted the Confederate left, which was promptly responded to by Graves and the batteries on that part of the line. For over two hours a rattling artillery and musketry fire was kept up along the entire line, when about eleven o'clock McClernards's Hoosier forces made a dashing charge on the prominence occupied by Maney's Battery, supported by Heiman's Brigade, but were repulsed. They retired before the storm of shell and canister poured into their ranks from Porter's, Graves's, and Maney's Batteries and the hail of bullets from our infantry.

Col. John C. Brown, in his official report, says: "Captain Graves, in less than ten minutes, knocked one of the enemy's guns from its carriage, and almost at the same moment the gallant Porter disabled and silenced the other."

It was here that Lieutenant Morton began to understand the seriousness of war. During this assault the young and brave Albert S. Fall, gunner in Porter's Battery, lost his life. He was handling his gun with great coolness and skill when Captain Morton, who was within a few feet of him, admiring the quiet and determined manner in which he was serving the gun, saw him drop his head suddenly forward on the breech of his piece, a Minie ball having penetrated his skull, killing him instantly.

Porter's Battery lost thirty-seven out of forty-eight cannoneers at the guns. One of the saddest incidents that occurred during the war was when, so many having been killed and wounded in the battery, Pat Kine, who was

acting No. 1 at the gun on the right, with only one man left at the piece, would turn and appeal to Lieutenant Morton: "Lieutenant, get down the hill; they will kill you." The young Lieutenant brought up the cartridges, placed them in the gun, and Kine would ram the charge home. After his many appeals to get lower down the hill, he finally threw down his rammer, picked the Lieutenant up in his arms, and carried him down to a place of safety. Kine returned to his post. The Lieutenant brought another charge, placed it in the gun, stepped to one side, gave the order to load, and as Kine was in the act of ramming the charge home he was shot through the heart and fell dead.

Another incident which seems to the author worth recording occurred at this time. Lieutenant Morton, with his handsome artillery uniform, with a black hat, one side turned up and a feather in it, was a striking figure. One of the Confederates, rising from the trenches, upon seeing him cried out: "Pretty bird, I'll catch him a worm in the morning." Lieutenant Morton, realizing the situation, took out the feather and rolled it in the dirt.

While these assaults and sorties were being conducted on the left and center, Gen. C. F Smith was not altogether idle. He made three distinct charges upon Hanson's position, which were pushed, as Jordan says, "with more spirit than judgment, and were rapidly repulsed by Hanson's and Palmer's Regiments and Porter's Battery."

The weather thus far had been unusually mild and pleasant for the season, but on Thursday afternoon a driving rain storm set in, which the keen north wind soon turned to hail and snow, making the cold so excessive that the soldiers on both sides suffered intensely. The half-clad Confederates were kept from freezing only by the continued work throughout the night strengthen-

ing the intrenchments. No one knows the terrible suffering and horrible discomfort of that fearful night so well as the hungry and exhausted soldiers of both armies. The morning of the 14th came with two inches of snow and a continued chilly north wind. The lines were all readjusted. No assault was made, though a rambling fire from the artillery and sharpshooters was kept up all along the lines throughout the day.

At 3 P.M. a furious cannonade by the fleet of gunboats was made upon the water batteries, but, although terrific and at short range, no damage was done our batteries; but the artillery at Fort Heiman crashed through the iron and massive timbers with such resistless force and caused such slaughter and destruction throughout the fleet that the defiant gunboats, now badly crippled, were forced to retire down the river. The five gunboats received no less than one hundred and forty-seven hits from the Confederate guns. Fifty-four Federals in the fleet were killed and wounded, and not a Confederate hurt. The Confederates were greatly elated at their success in driving back the gunboats.

It had been decided in a council of general officers on the night of the 14th to attack the enemy's right at daylight on the 15th and open communication with Charlotte in the direction of Nashville. This movement had become necessary in consequence of the vastly superior and constantly increasing force of the enemy, who had already completely invested our works, and the uncertainty of Confederate reënforcements—in fact, none were expected. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston had ordered a withdrawal of the troops in case the works could not be held. Gen. Gideon J. Pillow in person took charge of the extreme left of the Confederate lines. Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson, commanding the center, was directed

to move out of the trenches with his division, except Heiman's Brigade, which was ordered to extend its line and hold the works occupied by Johnson. General Buckner was ordered to attack the enemy's right center, leaving Head's Thirtieth Tennessee to hold his works.

At 5 A.M. General Pillow hotly engaged the enemy with Baldwin's Brigade, which was soon followed by Gen. B. R. Johnson's Division. Porter's Battery, with Buckner's Division, was held in reserve to cover the rear of the withdrawing army where the Wynn's Ferry road crosses the Confederate intrenchments, and did not become engaged until about 9 A.M. The fight was hotly contested all along this part of the line. The Confederates, with great vigor and courage, were able to turn the Federal right and press it back upon its center, thus opening up the Wynn's Ferry road to enable the army to withdraw. General Pillow, greatly elated at the victory, ordered General Buckner to hasten to his old lines on the Confederate right, which were now in great peril from an attack by the veteran, Gen. C. F Smith. General Buckner declined to obey, as he did not consider General Pillow superior in command, but urged Gen. J. B. Floyd to carry out the original plan of evacuation. After some delay and a good deal of vacillation on the part of General Floyd, General Buckner directed his division to reoccupy their old works. While this was being accomplished, Gen. C. F. Smith in person led six stout regiments upon Hanson's works, which were now defended by the gallant Turner with only three companies of Head's Regiment. Turner fell back some hundred yards to the crest of a ridge, where he was joined by Hanson. Brown had partially reoccupied his old position to the left of Hanson, and by the rapid and galling cross fire from the Third and Eighteenth Tennessee Regiments,

aided by the guns of Porter's Battery, the line was saved, thus preventing the water batteries from being captured that evening. Bailey, Suggs, and Quarles, with their respective regiments, very soon reënforced this new line, and one section of Graves's Battery, under the personal direction of the gallant Captain Graves, took position at the intersection of the new with the old lines, and, as usual, was most conspicuous for its effective work. Morton's section of Porter's Battery, upon reaching its former position, was promptly thrown into action to the left of Graves under heavy fire. The horses were shot down, but the guns were run into place by hand. Until dark the desperate conflict raged. Lieutenant Hutchinson, of Porter's Battery, was severely wounded in the neck; Lieutenant Culbertson, of the same battery, was hit, and the gallant Capt. Thomas K. Porter, who, Hanson said, "always directed his guns at the right time and to the right place," was disabled by a dangerous wound and borne from the field. Captain Porter's marked coolness and dash and the efficient and intelligent manner in which he handled his guns elicited the unbounded admiration of all who saw him. While being carried, bleeding, from the field, he said to his Junior First Lieutenant, who was now in command: "John, don't give up the guns." Young Morton replied: "No, Captain, not while I have one man left," little mindful that his apprehensions would be so nearly fulfilled. The cannoneers had been greatly reduced by frost bites, wounds, and deaths, until toward the close of the engagement one gun had but three men left. One of these was wounded and left where he fell, it being impossible to remove him at that moment. While in the trenches a shell took off the Lieutenant's hat, and another shell, which fell on the bank above, came near killing him then and there, as he

thoughtlessly put up his hand and, picking up the hot shell, threw it over the embankment. It did not explode, as he learned in 1906, when, revisiting the battlefield with Hon. John Trotwood Moore, he recalled the incident, and going to the embankment found the shell in the spot where he had thrown it. It is now among his curios at his "Mansfield" home.

The Confederate forces had been four days in line of battle in a desperate effort to drive the enemy back and uncover a way for retreat, but at the moment when victory seemed assured it failed of fruition through an unfortunate misunderstanding among the generals in council, resulting in the loss of position, a loss of which General Grant was not slow to take advantage.

Porter's Battery from its active participation in the four days' conflict and its advanced and exposed position, lost eight men killed outright and twenty-five wounded, making a total of thirty-three out of forty-eight officers and men actively engaged at the guns. The remainder of the men were drivers, teamsters, and artificers, and, with the horses, were protected in a ravine at some distance from the battery. These escaped with Lieutenant Burt, who had charge of the horses and teamsters of the caissons and limbers, and were near General Forrest's Cavalry all of whom left the works before daybreak on the 16th. The major part of General Floyd's command escaped also, but the fort and the rest of the troops were surrendered by General Buckner. There were only twelve men left in Lieutenant Morton's command when he made up the rolls.

The report of the surrender created great astonishment among the officers and soldiers who were on the extreme right of the line where a portion of Porter's Battery was stationed. All had been under the impression

that affairs were progressing favorably for the Confederates, and General Buckner's decision was a great surprise, to say the least, and threw the troops into great consternation. The recollection of that moment is one of the gloomiest of the whole four years of struggle.

A light drizzle began to fall early in the morning of the 16th, and this softened somewhat the frozen ground. Details were sent out to bury the dead, and this done the prisoners were placed on the transports and steamed out from under the walls of Fort Donelson, which frowned grimly upon the captured and the victorious alike. The destination of the prisoners, as first announced, was St. Albans, but at Cincinnati they were placed on the train and sent to Camp Chase, at Columbus, Ohio.

In no spirit of vanity, and disclaiming any desire for personal prominence in this record other than the events recorded make it necessary, the author may, nevertheless, be pardoned for evincing his appreciation of the kindly reference in the following lines from the pen of his friend, that poetic genius, James R. Randall, of pleasant memory:

JOHN W MORTON.

I.

Ringed with flame and sore beset,
Where gunboat and rifle fire met;
Where cannon blazed from water and land
Upon the Donelson Southern band,
A gallant lad of nineteen years,
A stranger to tremor and to fears,
Stood by a battery piece and shot
The first shell in that crater hot.

His captain, Porter, smitten down
Where all the volleyed thunders frown,
Shouted, when borne in pain away:
"John, don't give up that gun, I say!"

"No! not while a man is left," replied
The lad in the flush of martial pride,
And he kept his word to the utter end,
While a man could live in that river bend.

"No prison for me," grim Forrest said,
And thousands followed where he led.
But other thousands remained because
They bowed to Buckner's word and laws.
Whelmed by the girdling Northern men,
They marched to the captive's dismal den,
And the lad who fired the first gun past
Into that solitude sad and vast.

A few months more, and the daring boy
Breathed the air that the free enjoy.
A few months more, and he gayly went
Where dauntless Forrest pitched his tent.
Saluting the hero, he quickly gave
To the South's own "bravest of the brave"
A paper that said he was to be
The Wizard's Chief of Artillery.

A derisive smile swept over the face
Of the stern commander in his place.
"What!" he growled, "are you to wield
Command of my guns in war's fierce field?
Nonsense, boy, go grow a beard."
And this was what the stripling heard.
But presently the Wizard's brow
Grew calm. "I'll try you, anyhow,"
He said, and from that setting sun
Morton and Forrest were as one.

Nigh four tremendous, bloody years,
Full of combat, smiles, and tears,
O'er miles of land in battles grand,
Forrest and Morton went hand in hand.
With sword and pistol the Wizard slew,
While Morton's guns mowed men in blue.
If mortal man could ever have freed
The South from the foeman's grasp and greed,
That man was Forrest, but we see
It was not destined so to be.

II.

Long years have gone, the grass is spread
Above the bivouacs of the dead.
The mighty Wizard's wand is still,
Like his heart; but from every Southern hill,
And mount and stream and vale bedight,
With sun and moon and star alight,
He lives in glorious deeds alway,
Baffling the onset of decay.

The lad who made the cannon roar
Survives on Life's tumultuous shore.
His locks are silvered, but his brain
Burns with heroic throbs amain.
Gentle and kind, but valiant yet,
Forgiving, he cannot forget
The Cause he fought for, with his mate,
Immortal, whatsoe'er its fate,
While from his great dark eyes there gleams
The orient of remembered dreams.

And now the old bard's final rhyme
Invokes a blessing of Easter time,
Upon his people and home and race,
Like manna dew of heavenly grace.
With higher aims, in war's surcease,
Be thou allied with the Prince of Peace,
And never, henceforth, forget to be
"Soldier of Him who died for thee."

CHAPTER II.

Life in Prison.

Camp Chase was a stoutly built prison, forbidding of aspect and anything but comfortable. The officers were furnished with a tent, but neither cot nor blankets, and were compelled to sleep on the bare ground. Scant daily rations were issued to the prisoners, who took turns in their preparation. Lieutenant Morton had no talent for any of the domestic arts, and sadly missed the three negroes who cooked for his mess and looked out for his comfort, and upon whom he had hitherto depended entirely. His usefulness was limited, therefore, to waiting on the table.

After the battle of Shiloh the number of prisoners was greatly augmented. There was some rioting, and the feeling was so great that, in view also of the cramped quarters, it was decided to send a portion of the prisoners to Johnson's Island. Lieutenant Morton was chosen, among others, for transportation, and found the change to the lake country quite pleasant. As the summer advanced the prisoners here were allowed the pleasure of a swim in Sandusky Bay, a pleasure which Lieutenant Morton greatly appreciated, as he was an expert swimmer. Ropes marked the limit for this exercise, and one day, impelled by a desperate desire to resist power, the Lieutenant swam out beyond them. He hoped to be picked up by some passing vessel, which would land him on the Canadian side unobserved, but fate was against him. A shell struck the water in unpleasant proximity, and under this grim persuasion he came back in double-quick time.

Fishing in the lake was another delightful occupation, as well as a means of adding variety to the prison fare.

Johnson's Island is only about three acres in extent, and was entirely occupied by the prison. Escape was almost impossible, yet some daring spirits tried it and a few were successful. The surrounding wall was sixteen feet in height and equipped with sixteen sentinel boxes. A platform ran along the top and outer side of this wall, and on this the sentinels kept their beats, meeting halfway between the boxes. On the inside of the inclosure, eight feet from the wall, a chain marked the dead line. At night it was indicated by lanterns placed upon the supports.

The prisoners' rooms were about twelve feet square, with two tiers of bunks around the walls. Lieutenant Morton and the late Judge John W Childress occupied one bunk, about three feet wide. Taps were sounded at 9 o'clock, and when the sentinel called, "Lights out," every light was required to be extinguished immediately. If one failed to disappear, it was made the subject of an inquiring shot. This discipline, though strict, was not unbearable, and was pretty generally observed, very few of the men needing a bullet to remind them of the rule.

Aside from fishing, various devices were employed for passing the time. Bits of wood, bone, metal, buttons, and articles of this nature were eagerly bartered for and treasured, to be carved into keepsakes for those at home, or exchanged among each other as mementoes of the occasion. Lieutenant Morton made a puzzle box from a small piece of maple taken from the wood pile. Among other curios now in his possession, in addition to the puzzle box, is a carved pipe. A snake coils around the stem, with the words in raised letters, "Camp Chase," between the coils. Lieutenant Morton was very anxious to send

these to his mother at Nashville, but it was a difficult matter to get anything out of the prison by mail or express. One of the guards at the principal gate would frequently come down and talk to the prisoners when off duty, and seemed to take quite a fancy to young Morton. He offered to send the curios to Nashville, and, taking them out under his coat, packed and sent them by express, he prepaying the charges. They were received by Mrs. Morton, and he has them now among his curios at his "Mansfield" home.

Ball and other games were played, and of course endless hours were passed in exchange of reminiscences of home and military life and experiences. Some of the men had a fancy for verse, and many were the rhymes that were turned out on rainy days or in hospital. One prisoner, especially, is recalled, whose pen was ever ready, and some of whose verses were published in *Leslie's Weekly*. One of the poems which appeared in this periodical was entitled "My Love and I," and was much admired at the time of its production. The first verse runs as follows:

> My love reposes on a rosewood frame—
> A bunk have I;
> A couch of feathery down fills up the same—
> Mine's straw, but dry;
> She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh—
> With waking eyes I watch the hours creep by.

After a few stanzas in this strain the poem concludes:

> There's hope ahead. We'll one day meet again,
> My love and I;
> We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then—
> Her love-lit eye
> Will all my many troubles then beguile
> And keep this wayward Reb from Johnson's Isle.

Major McKnight, the author of this and other pleasing verses under the *nom de plume* of "Asa Hartz," was Assistant Adjutant General on General Loring's staff.

Another poet, who had the ability to write pointed, if not perfect, verse, was T U. Tidmarsh, First Lieutenant in the Tennessee Volunteer Artillery, who, while acting as commanding officer of ordnance at Island No. 10, was captured April 8, 1862. An example of his ability is appended:

MAJOR PIERSON (COMMANDER OF THE PRISON).

Great Pierson! ruler of the land!
At thy exploits I'll try my hand,
Proclaim your deeds so famed in story
And publish to the world your glory.
Whether in lay or lighter stanza
Or rambling, rude extravaganza,
In sonnet, epigram, or ode,
To me the movement and the mode,
Alike indifferent if the measure
Gives thee, O Pierson, any pleasure.
Were I some scribe to imitate
Thy early life I might relate.
From that blessed moment might .commence
When filled with wit and worth and sense
The world first saw thy empty noddle,
Of "Ursa Major's" now the model.

This was accounted a clever satirical portrait, and was greatly enjoyed.

Lieutenant Morton managed to get an account book, and in this some four hundred of the prisoners wrote their names, command and rank, when and where captured, and addresses. This book was a great treasure, and the writing of the autographs an absorbing occupation. Some of them were followed by characteristic expressions of sentiment, as:

"James N. Bradshaw, Lt. Co. F., Tenth Tennessee

Regiment Volunteers; evacuated Fort Henry Feb. 6, 1862; went up at Fort Donelson the 16th of the same month and year for 128 days, so far as heard from, several precincts to come in. June 16, 1862."

"The subscriber hopes that John need never refer to these autographs to remind him of his numerous friends and acquaintances who are incarcerated with him, but may he long be reminded who they are by the continuance of that friendship which exists and should forever exist between them. Truly your friend, F P McWhirter, First Lieutenant, C. S. A., Clarksville, Tenn.; surrendered at Fort Donelson Feb. 16, 1862."

"Calvin J Clack, Captain Company A, Third Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers surrendered at Fort Donelson Feb. 16, 1862, residence, Pulaski, Giles County, Tenn. Would be glad to meet with you in old Giles when the war is over."

"Lieut. L. W Talbot, Forrest's Rangers, Forrest's Cavalry; seduced and deserted by our generals at Fort Donelson, and in that forlorn fix 'gobbled up by the Yanks' on Feb. 16, 1862. Address, Bardstown, Ky."

Other names are recorded in the appendix.

The prisoners were also wont to serenade the guards with more or less tuneful renditions of popular war songs, such as "The Homespun Dress" and "Dixie."

"The Homespun Dress" was composed by Miss Carrie Bell Sinclair, of Georgia, and sung on the stage throughout the South, and was a favorite in every Confederate camp and in every parlor where the Confederate soldier visited. "Dixie" was at the height of its popularity, and the question of its authorship had not then excited the controversy which has since raged. Col. H. M. Doak, the "Sage of Cedarnwold," recently contributed to the *Taylor-Trotwood Magazine* a most interesting article,

giving conclusive proof that the song, as sung during the war, was composed by Dan Emmett, the minstrel, although Colonel Doak says many of the words came from Virginia before the war.

On September 23 the remnant of Porter's Battery was exchanged. Never before had the author realized what a beautiful month September was. The choicest qualities of all the seasons seemed to be concentrated in that month as the start was made for Vicksburg, after seven months' confinement within prison walls; and so deeply was the Lieutenant impressed at that time with the superior excellencies of September that it has since seemed to him a month of extraordinary richness, especially as he was born on the 19th of September.

On reaching Cairo, Ill., a banter was made by some of the prisoners to swim across the Ohio at that point. Lieutenant Morton accepted the challenge, as did four others, and they set out, accompanied by a boat, manned by the guards. Three of the contestants, weakened by the long confinement, soon became exhausted and were picked up, but Morton and one other prisoner, whose name is not now recalled, succeeded in reaching the other side, where they entered the boat and were brought back. At Helena, Ark., another swimming contest was arranged, to cross the Mississippi this time, and again only two of the five reached the opposite side, Lieutenant Morton being one of the two. The others were picked up by the boat before they had gone fifty yards. None had a thought of escape, as they were on the way to be exchanged.

At Vicksburg Captain Morton was joined by the privates and noncommissioned officers of the Battery who had been confined at Camp Douglas, Illinois, and all were ordered to report to General Bragg at Murfreesboro.

SOUTHERN RENDITION OF "DIXIE."

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Lo, all the beacon fires are lighted,
Let all hearts be now united.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Chorus.

Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
To live or die for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Send them back your fierce defiance,
Stamp upon the accursed alliance.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Fear no danger, shun no labor.
Lift up rifle, pike, and saber.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannon's ringing voices!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrong inflicted, insults spoken,
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder,
Let them hence each other plunder.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Halt not till our Federation
Secures among earth's powers its station.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Then at peace and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory shall bring them gladness.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow;
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

CHAPTER III.

Lieutenant Morton Joins General Forrest on His First Expedition into West Tennessee.

Impressed as Lieutenant Morton had been with General Forrest's daring at Fort Donelson and his determined stand against surrendering his men, recalling his brave and masterful escape from the fort and his subsequent brilliant career, of which the report had penetrated even the prison walls on Johnson's Island, the returned Lieutenant cherished a strong desire to serve under this intrepid leader. He therefore accepted gladly the orders to go to Murfreesboro, as he knew General Forrest was not far away Reaching Murfreesboro, he succeeded in having his small remnant of Porter's Battery of ten men join him, where he was assigned to command two siege guns on Stone's River bluff. Lieutenant Morton did not like the position and character of his guns; and as he had heard that General Forrest was in Columbia, he enlisted the aid of Major Graves, General Bragg's Chief of Artillery, who was stationed on the left, in getting a transfer to General Forrest's command. Through the kind offices of Major Graves, Lieutenant Morton was sent to General Forrest with an order to take charge of his artillery. His ten men accompanied him.

Meeting between Forrest and Morton.

Knowing nothing of the friction existing between the two officers, Lieutenant Morton confidently presented his order to General Forrest, who looked at him sharply, and then said curtly: "I have a fine battery of six guns under Captain Freeman, and I don't propose to be interfered with by Bragg."

This took Lieutenant Morton somewhat aback, but he said: "I don't want to interfere with Captain Freeman. I am acquainted with him and nearly all of his men. But I want to go with you. I know it will not be long before you capture some guns for me."

General Forrest looked at him again and turned away, remarking: "Well, come to me in the morning, and I will see what I can do for you."

Promptly the next morning the Lieutenant reported. General Forrest seemed somewhat annoyed by his persistence, but finally told him that he would have to get orders from General Wheeler, at Lavergne, who was in command of the department, before reporting to him (Forrest) for duty; thus, in a measure, superseding Bragg's orders.

A Hard Ride.

Preparations for the raid into West Tennessee were going on apace; and eager to join in it, Lieutenant Morton mounted at once and rode to Lavergne. General Wheeler was in the Burdwell house asleep, his head on a saddle; but the ardent soldier wakened him, and, receiving the orders, rode immediately back and reported the next morning at eight o'clock, having ridden one hundred and four miles in twenty-three hours without change of horses and without rest or food.

"That Tallow-Faced Boy."

Sometime afterwards, Maj. Charles W Anderson, of General Forrest's staff, told Lieutenant Morton that when he turned away after his first interview with the doughty leader General Forrest had broken into violent speech. "I'd like to know," he said, "why in the hell Bragg sent that tallow-faced boy here to take charge of my artillery?

I'll not stand it. Captain Freeman shan't be interfered with!"

On December 10 General Forrest received peremptory orders to commence his march into West Tennessee. His troops were insufficiently equipped with guns, and he appealed for better supplies before starting out, but General Bragg was inexorable. Whether he meant to sacrifice General Forrest to make a diversion in the direction of Memphis between General Grant and General Rosecrans, or whether he trusted to General Forrest's skill to provide for himself, is not clear, but one thing is certain, and that is General Forrest's fitness for such a task.

In his call for men General Forrest had urged them to bring what arms they could provide, and, in consequence, many members of the brigade were armed with old-fashioned shotguns and squirrel rifles. Those supplied from headquarters were but little better, many of them being old flintlock muskets. In effect, the new commander was given to understand that, having previously shown his ability to furnish his needs at the expense of the enemy, he was expected to again do so.

Crossing at Clifton.

Clifton was selected as the point for crossing the Tennessee River; and sending ahead a small detachment of troops and carpenters, they had ready and concealed in a slough, awaiting his arrival, two small flatboats. The men who were with Lieutenant Morton had no guns and were moving with the wagon trains. The Lieutenant sought the commander at headquarters and asked permission to obtain muskets and serve with Starnes's Regiment, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, until some pieces of artillery should be captured. General Forrest regarded

the stripling with a frown for a moment, then, turning to Major Strange, directed him to order Captain Freeman to send two guns and sufficient additional men to man the pieces to Lieutenant Morton. "You can then take the advance with Starnes," he said curtly.

General Forrest's command reached Clifton on December 15, 1862. Federal troops were scattered everywhere, gunboats patrolled the river, and winter had set in. The men had no tents, and only the constant work, the desperate nature of the expedition, and the indomitable spirit of their leaders sustained them in the face of the constantly increasing difficulties. Pickets were established and the crossing was effected by the remarkable luck which seemed to accompany General Forrest, without interruption, in a day and a night. A heavy rain helped to hide the movements of the two flatboats, as they plied steadily back and forth with their small loads, twenty-five men and horses being their capacity As if Nature herself were compelled to assist such intrepid efforts, the sun came out next morning, and the troops had an opportunity to dry their clothing and prepare their horses and ammunition for action.

Perhaps the most successful feature of General Forrest's methods was his liberal employment of scouts. Attracted by his daring, good scouts were always eager to enter his service, and in this way he was better posted as to the movements of the enemy than any one else. His unerring eye and judgment for the peculiar fitness of a man enabled him to pick out for this service men who never failed him, and while, as has been stated, his battles were arranged and fought on the instant, his campaigns were carefully planned, and from a thorough knowledge of the enemy's movements.

Of his successful scouts no better example can be cited

than General Forrest's own brother, William Forrest, or "Bill" as he was affectionately called by all who knew him. Added to a shrewd, quick judgment, ready resources, and excellent intuitive powers, he had a winning nature, which endeared him to all his comrades.

At Clifton, according to prearrangement, a supply of ammunition and further information of the whereabouts of the Federals awaited General Forrest. He then moved toward Lexington.

Federal Estimate of General Forrest's Force.

A stratagem successfully practiced by this bold raider, with the assistance of his trusty scouts, consisted in spreading greatly exaggerated reports of the strength of his force. No device for creating this impression was too insignificant to be called into play. The constant beating of kettledrums, the lighting and tending of numerous fires, moving pieces of artillery from one point to another, the dismounting of cavalry and parading them as infantry—nothing was overlooked. Again and again these tactics were successfully employed. The most signal instance, perhaps, was given at Athens, Ala., of which an account will be given later. In the instance referred to the ruse resulted in Col. Robert Ingersoll's reporting from Lexington to his commanding officer that "3,000 infantry, 800 cavalry, and six pieces of artillery" had crossed the Tennessee on the 17th, and that more were still crossing. General Grant telegraphed Admiral Porter that the force numbered "from five to ten thousand men." This grew to "from ten to twenty thousand" in General Sullivan's report on the 18th, after the battle of Lexington, and on the next day, when news of the capture of the Columbus station and the destruction of the railroads and burning of bridges on the Corinth and

Bolivar roads poured in simultaneously, it is small wonder that General Grant dispatched: "I have reënforced Sullivan to the full extent of the capacity of the road to carry troops, partly from Columbus, partly from Corinth, one brigade from here (Oxford) and troops from Jackson. Lowe is also moving from Heiman. The enemy must be annihilated, but it may trouble and possibly lead to the necessity of sending further forces from here."*

Here we have one of the strongest examples of General Forrest's genius. With a force of 2,500 men reduced by insufficient equipment to less than 1,500 effectives, the dashing cavalry leader in two days created the impression that he had an army of 20,000 men and drew out the enemy's reserve force to the full extent of the capacity of the road to carry troops. If the author of this book had seen only this one instance of the unparalleled ability of General Forrest, instead of participating subsequently in scores of equally desperate and brilliant engagements, he would still deem it a matter of lifelong pride to have contributed a small share toward success on this particular occasion.

The troops with General Forrest were Russell's Fourth Alabama Regiment, Dibrell's Eighth Tennessee Regiment, Biffle's Ninth Tennessee Regiment, Cox's Tennessee Battalion, Woodward's two Kentucky companies, a company of scouts under Captain Bill Forrest, Freeman's Battery, two of his guns under Lieutenant Morton, and the escort of the commander.

The crossing had not been effected without the knowledge of the Federals, for General Sherman had received notice of the movement and had reported on the 17th: "A rebel force crossing the Tennessee from the east toward the west at Clifton."†

*Official Records, Vol. XVII., Part II., page 436. †Ibid., page 424.

CHAPTER IV

Battle of Lexington.

While the Confederates were crossing the river at Clifton, Col. Robert Ingersoll, in command of the Eleventh Illinois, had reached Lexington, where he was joined by Colonel Hawkins with the Second West Tennessee Cavalry. Proceeding eastward, they were met by Captain O'Hara, with sixty-eight men, who reported the Confederate advance, and it was decided to return to Lexington. This done, they were further reënforced by the Fifth Ohio Cavalry and the Fourteenth Indiana Battery, under Lieutenant McGuire. These forces were formed in line at daybreak on the morning of the 18th, and General Forrest sent Captain Frank B. Gurley, of the Fourth Alabama, forward with twenty men to drive in the pickets. He drove them back to the creek, where Colonel Hawkins was drawn up in line of battle on the opposite side. The flooring of the bridge had been removed as the Federals passed over, but the Confederates, undaunted by this hindrance, charged up to the creek and, with a heavy fire, drove Colonel Hawkins back from the bank.

In passing over this creek the planks had slipped to one side. Lieutenant Morton rode on the bridge to examine it, his horse shied to one side on to the end of the plank, when the plank turned and he, horse, and plank went over into the creek, some ten or fifteen feet below the bridge. Some of his men rushed to the creek, expecting to find both Lieutenant Morton and horse dead or badly injured, but found neither hurt. Lieutenant Morton called for a prolonge, which was soon brought.

One end dropped down, he tied it around his body and was pulled up by his men. To get the horse out was the next trouble. Two men were let down by the rope, and they tied it around the horse, which was drawn up.

In twenty minutes they had replaced the flooring with fence rails and had passed over to attack Colonel Ingersoll, who had formed his men in a protected position in the edge of a wood, just over the crest of a small eminence. It was a good position and the Federals made a gallant stand, defending it stubbornly and contesting every inch of the retreat, which the Confederate artillery soon repelled. This advantage was gained at the expense of a heavy loss on both sides.

Another stand was made near the town of Lexington, again in an excellently well-protected spot, but the lines were once more broken by the furious onslaught of General Forrest and his artillery, who pushed the advantage so rapidly and at such close range that the enemy had not time to re-form between attacks. The Union gunners stood valiantly at their posts and continued in the discharge of their duty until they were run over, but the Second West Tennessee Federal and the Ohio Cavalry fled in such disorder that, as Colonel Ingersoll reported, "it was impossible to stop them," and the rest of the force was compelled to surrender, with a loss of "about twenty-five killed and fifty wounded," while General Forrest's loss, quoting from the same authority, amounted to but "three privates killed and five wounded."*

Morton Captures Two Guns.

When the Second West Tennessee Cavalry (Federal) broke and fled to the rear, they left the Eleventh Illinois

*"The Campaigns of Lieut. Gen. N. B. Forrest and of Forrest's Cavalry," page 196.

Volunteers, with a section of artillery, to support the brunt of the onslaught. These stood manfully by the guns as long as it was possible, but they were borne back by the steady and irresistible pressure of the Confederates, and Lieutenant Morton, with his eye on the two guns, trained his borrowed pieces on them with such fine effect that they were abandoned, and the artillery officer found himself in possession of two three-inch, steel-rifled Rodman guns, fully equipped. One hundred and fifty officers and men, including Colonel Ingersoll and Major Kerr, some three hundred small arms and a full supply of ammunition, with about two hundred horses and some wagons, were taken. Colonel Hawkins escaped, only to be captured later. A large portion of the force fled in the direction of Jackson, hotly pursued by the Confederates. Colonel Ingersoll afterwards said that he had estimated the Confederate force when in action at 5,000, with eighteen pieces of artillery There were six pieces in all.

The capture of Colonel Ingersoll, Major Kerr, and the four other officers was considered a brilliant feat, well calculated to inspire the needy Confederates with confidence and hope; but in the eyes of Lieutenant Morton, serving with a portion of a borrowed battery, the proudest achievement of the whole affair was the capture of the two guns, rifled Rodmans, which were given into his possession, enabling him to return to Captain Freeman the two which had been loaned. No subsequent capture ever brought the same pleasure as did that of these two well-equipped guns, and they accompanied him and gave good service during the remainder of the war. When later service and advancement had taken him from the immediate command of these two pieces he was always careful to select them for his immediate supervision.

The claim may justly be made that the valorous General Forrest himself had a more than ordinary affection for these two particular pieces, for he was heard to say on more than one occasion that he had no fear of the outcome of an attack if Morton and his Rodmans were with him. These two Rodman guns now adorn the Capitol grounds at Nashville.

Cupid in Camp.

Camping at Lexington that night, Cupid, in the midst of dangers and mischance, found time to work one of those pretty romances which depend neither upon circumstance nor favor for culmination. One of the cavalrymen—memory suggests the name of Carroll, but this may be an error—was engaged to a Miss Gardner, of Lexington, whose parents, however, objected to the union in such troublous times. The ardent swain determined to profit by the present occasion and begged Lieutenant Morton for assistance in stealing the fair maid. With the eager sympathy of youth the plot was prepared. The conspirator invited the young lady to go with him to church, and the unsuspecting parents gave their permission. Arriving at the church door, they were met by the lover, who had provided preacher and license, and the knot was soon tied. The happy pair then sought parental forgiveness, which was not long in forthcoming.

Operations around Jackson.

The fleeing Federals and their pursuers reached Jackson by the evening of the 18th. General Forrest divided his force and sent out small detachments on the various errands of destruction already mentioned, and these operations convinced the Federal officers inside Jackson that the Confederate force was about ten times as strong as

it actually was. Col. G. G. Dibrell charged the stockade at Carroll Station, captured it with one hundred and one prisoners, one hundred rifles, and a great quantity of ammunition, stores, tents, and supplies.* He fired a volley into a passing train, tore up the track behind it, burned the stockade, and within thirty-six hours had rejoined General Forrest. At the same time Colonel Russell and Major Cox had been sent in the direction of Corinth and Bolivar, and, destroying the trestles, culverts, and bridges, and the two railroads leading to these towns, rejoined their commander in twenty-four hours. In the meantime, General Forrest, with Morton's guns, was making a feint on Jackson, which was well garrisoned and strongly fortified. His scouts brought in the information that General Grant had dispatched heavy reenforcements, but no sooner had he sent out the bodies whose movements have been described than there began a fierce show of assault on the city. He drove in the cavalry and infantry with his dismounted cavalry, as the report of Colonel Englemann will show: "At daybreak of the 19th the enemy advanced with heavy columns of cavalry on either flank, when our cavalry retired slowly. They then brought their batteries into position and opened with a well-directed crossfire upon our cavalry. Our position became untenable, and we fell back. The enemy's artillery also got range of this position, and, its cavalry showing itself, our own again fell back."† Farther on in this same report Colonel Englemann said: "The cavalry, both on my right and left flanks, weary from the hardships to which they had been exposed for the two preceding days, and now under fire

*Official Records, Vol. XVII., Part I., page 598. †Ibid., page 555.

from the enemy's battery, fell back about one mile toward Jackson, without having first obtained any orders from me to that effect."* This was a very kindly excuse for an involuntary retreat, and was made, of course, without knowledge of the fact that "the enemy" had, since the 10th, marched on an average of over twenty miles a day, part of the time in rain and sleet, and over roads considered impassable at that season for horsemen and especially artillery; had been without tents or supplies, had had daily skirmishes, had rested undisturbed not a single night, and, finally, only at that very moment when his (Englemann's) troops were retreating "without orders" having for the first time enough ammunition and guns to make a decent attack.

It is a singular fact that the sharp hardships, the incessant action, and the daily conflicts were, in the hands of this mighty Wizard, but crucibles in which he placed raw, untried volunteers, and from which he drew out confident, courageous soldiers—an alchemy that puts to blush the legendary transmutations of base metals into gold, which enchain our wonder and admiration.

General Forrest, after seeing the Federals again retreat within the lines of safety ("As the enemy's artillery began to tell among my men," said Colonel Englemann, "I determined to fall back out of the range of its shells"*), moved north with his usual celerity, leaving only a small force of skirmishers to keep up appearances before Jackson. With his customary quickness he dispatched Dibrell's Regiment, with two pieces of Morton's Artillery, to attack the stockade at Humboldt and destroy the bridge over Forked Deer Creek.

*Official Records, Vol. XVII., Part I., page 555.

Humboldt and Forked Deer Creek.

Morton's guns were posted on the right of the railroad on a slight rise, facing southwest. The first attack resulted in the capture of two pieces of artillery and some prisoners; but the stockade proved too strongly fortified to fall to the guns, and a move was made farther down the road, near a swamp. Hardly had this position been reached and the guns masked than a long train drew up. It consisted of flat cars, and on these were Federal soldiers. Moving slowly they made excellent targets, and their surprise was comical when Morton's guns opened on them. They tumbled off into the swamp, running in all directions, and the murky depths proved a friendly refuge, as the guns could not venture farther in. A recent visit to these positions brought back these incidents very vividly. Humboldt is now a thriving little city, whose precincts have been extended to cover these spots.

Two Phases of Gen. Forrest's Character.

The capture of Humboldt and General Forrest's success at Trenton gave the exhausted Confederates more prisoners than they could handle, saddled, as they were, with those taken at Lexington. Two incidents connected with the surrender of Trenton impressed the writer as so deeply characteristic of the contrasting quick sympathy and fierce spirit of General Forrest that he cannot forbear relating them here. When Col. Jacob Fry came forward to tender his sword in surrender, he remarked sadly that it had been in his family for forty years. "Keep it, then, Colonel," was the ready and sympathetic response of the great Confederate. "But," he added, sternly, "I hope, sir, when next it is worn, it will be in a

better cause than in an attempt to subjugate your countrymen."

The other incident took place shortly afterwards. Smoke was observed to rise from the depot. It had been too long since the shelling to have been caused in this way, and General Forrest, suspecting that some of the Federals wished to deprive him of the fruits of his victory, sprang to the opening from which they were issuing. Drawing his sword, and supported by Major Strange with a pistol, he sternly ordered the men back inside to extinguish the fire. With certain death in front, the men had no choice but to return, and the fire was soon out. The next morning he himself put the torch to the supplies that could not be utilized before setting out for Union City.

INGERSOLL, THE INFIDEL.

The prisoners taken at Lexington had accompanied the command to Trenton, Colonel Ingersoll traveling with General Forrest and his staff and making himself very agreeable, becoming, indeed, quite "chummy" with Dr. J. B. Cowan, General Forrest's Chief Surgeon, who loaned him one hundred dollars when they parted.

Some years ago, when "Bob" Ingersoll visited Nashville on a lecture tour, Dr. Cowan was present at the lecture, with the writer, and met the Colonel, who readily recognized him and seemed overjoyed to have an opportunity of repaying the borrowed money He said that he had tried in vain since the war to locate his obliging friend, and insisted upon paying interest for the score or more years the debt had been running, but the good Doctor would not consent to receive more than the original amount. This was truly a striking exemplification of the return of "bread cast upon the waters."

At Trenton Colonel Hawkins, who had escaped at Lexington, was captured, with ten other officers, making in all something over 1,200 prisoners, a number very little less than the entire Confederate force. In addition to guarding and caring for these there were, according to Jordan and Pryor, "300 negroes, 1,000 horses, mules, etc., 13 wagons and ambulances, 7 caissons, 20,000 rounds of artillery, 400,000 of small arm ammunition, and 100,000 rations, together with a large amount of cavalry equipments, clothing, and quartermaster's stores, and a considerable quantity of soldiers' baggage—in value at least $500,000."

Assembling the prisoners, the commander arranged them in squads, placing guards at intervals. He sent out courier after courier with orders to different generals to bring up their commands and help in the business of guarding and paroling the captured Federals. The couriers, understanding the tactics thoroughly, rode to the depot and exchanged their flintlocks and muskets for the newly captured rifles, supplied themselves with all needed equipments, and were ready when another call was made for fresh messengers. In the gathering dusk fires were built, and in front of these were paraded detachment after detachment of men, giving the prisoners the impression that the reserves were coming up rapidly and in great numbers.

Among other stores captured at Trenton was a fine imported sword of Damascus steel, beautifully fashioned. General Forrest had this blade sharpened on both edges to a fine point, and carried it throughout the rest of the war, using it most effectively. It has been stated that he drew his sword with his left hand, but the writer has seen him draw it hundreds of times and always with his right. Instead of being left-handed, the dauntless caval-

ryman was in reality ambidextrous, with a preference ordinarily for the left hand.

Morton's New Guns on the March.

Most of the night of December 20 was spent in paroling the prisoners. Colonel Hawkins and Colonel Ingersoll were allowed to return home; the others were sent under escort (Col. Richard Collins, who could illy be spared) to Columbus, Ky. Early on the morning of the 21st General Forrest, with his escort, the artillery, and the wagon trains, commenced the march to Union City, leaving the remainder of the command to take a short rest. At Rutherford Station, seven miles from Trenton, two companies of Federals were captured and the trestles and bridges destroyed as far as Kenton, where a Federal force of considerable strength was encountered, and which at first refused to surrender. A few salvos from Morton's artillery, however, brought them to terms, and after paroling the prisoners (about two hundred and fifty) the stockade was burned and the railroad destroyed for about twenty-five miles. This last was a serious damage, as the road runs for miles in this section through the "bottom" lands of the Ohio River, and the recent winter rains had made the swamps impassable.

At 4 P.M. on the 23d Union City was reached, and with his wonted bold front General Forrest dashed in and demanded a surrender. It was made without the firing of a gun, as Captain Logan, in command, seeing the Confederates swarming in everywhere and observing in the distance what he supposed to be a large body of reënforcements (but which was, in reality, Lieutenant Colonel Collins conveying the prisoners of the previous battles to Columbus, Ky., and accidentally passing in view), considered it the better part of valor to yield.

These prisoners were added to Colonel Collins's care, and General Forrest pushed on quickly to the Kentucky border, crossing it that same afternoon, although word had been sent that 10,000 Federals were advancing from Jackson.

The taking of Moscow, Ky., resembled that of Union City With "Rebel yells" the Confederates charged into the town, and the Federals, greatly overestimating their numbers, made no effort to hold their position, but retreated to Columbus.

The work of burning trestles and bridges was carried on without resistance, and by Christmas day every bridge but one on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad between Jackson, Tenn., and Moscow, Ky., had been destroyed.

Christmas day was the first day of real rest that the Confederates had been allowed since leaving Columbus. General Forrest was in fine spirits, and the men were wild with enthusiasm and hope. Riding from company to company, General Forrest visited nearly all the camps, talking to the officers, singling out the men whom he had noticed in action, and encouraging all by his own confidence.

Morton's Battery Formed.

The return was commenced on the 26th and the last bridge was destroyed. At nightfall Dresden was reached and captured, the supplies and the railroad being destroyed, after which the Confederates encamped for the night. Napier's battalion, which had joined General Forrest shortly after the battle of Trenton, contained two mountain howitzers, commanded by Lieut. A. W Gould, and these were consolidated with Morton's guns at Dresden December 27, 1862, forming the battery known thereafter as Morton's Battery, with the following

officers John W Morton, Jr., Captain; A. W Gould, First Lieutenant; T. Sanders Sale, Second Lieutenant. The battery numbered sixty-three noncommissioned officers and men.

Having received information that a large force was moving from Trenton to intercept his crossing at Clifton, General Forrest's ready resourcefulness was taxed; for having himself destroyed all the railroad bridges, and the bottoms being in a state of overflow, it was not possible to cross except at the well-known crossings, which were now guarded by the Federals.

A Desperate Remedy.

But "impossible" was a word literally unknown to the "Wizard of the Saddle." Acting on the principle that "desperate diseases require desperate remedies," he determined to make use of an old bridge which was considered unsafe by both sides and had not been destroyed. This bridge was on a little used country road between McKenzie and McLemoresville, and was approached by long causeways built through a swamp on either side. It was in a very bad condition, and on reaching it at dark the outlook seemed gloomy indeed. However, setting the example of wielding the ax and holding the lantern (or candle when no better lighting facility could be had), General Forrest soon had the tired men working cheerily at the task, despite the mire and the darkness. He was himself here, there, and everywhere, directing, assisting, and encouraging. It must be admitted, too, that the great strain under which he was laboring found vent in frequent profanity, as was his custom in moments of great excitement. The author wishes to place the statement on record, however, and he is sure that all of his old comrades will bear him out in this, that Gen-

eral Forrest was not habitually a user of profane language. Ordinarily his conversation was, while forceful, clean and moderate, but in times of stress he generally swore.

All through the night the work of repairing the bridge went on by torchlight, and early the next morning the fatigued General drove the first wagon over the still wobbly structure. The troops, artillery, and wagons of captured ammunition and equipments followed safely, with slight loss or delay, though the whole command presented the most ludicrous evidence of the toil in the mud and the darkness. These seemingly deterrent and unfriendly elements proved to have been real protectors, however, as it was learned that the Federals had been scouring the country all night and had diligently reconnoitered every spot but the old bridge. At one time two columns of infantry had inclosed the bedraggled workers between them, and, indeed, the signs of their recent marching were so plain where General Forrest emerged from the swamp that he made a halt to allow them to pass ahead out of sight. Reaching McLemoresville, he found they had passed that point only a few hours previously. A short rest was taken here, and early on the morning of the 29th the march was resumed toward Lexington, it having been ascertained that a large force was advancing from Huntington, twelve miles east of McLemoresville. General Sullivan, who had this force in command, having heard that General Forrest had reached McLemoresville, but not knowing how it had been done, was so confident that he could capture him that he telegraphed to General Grant his conviction that he had General Forrest in a tight place and that no escape was possible.

CHAPTER V

Battle of Parker's Crossroads.

General Forrest received news that General Dunham was advancing on one side and General Fuller on the other, in an effort to prevent his crossing the river at Clifton; and realizing that with the poor facilities afforded by the two small boats he would be unable to cope with such a force (which would be augmented, in all probability, by the gunboats now patroling the river), he determined to give battle at once. He therefore dispatched two reconnoitering parties to see where the enemy was. The first of these, commanded by Capt. William Forrest, encountered Dunham's Brigade at Parker's Crossroads. The second detachment made a mistake and took the wrong road, leaving the field clear for the approach of Fuller's Brigade, when they came up later and turned the tide of battle for the already defeated Federals.

Moving down the lane, Dunham's troops were found in a strong position, and with his usual vigor General Forrest placed the artillery at close range and ordered Captain Morton to "give 'em hell," a very emphatic order often given to his artillery commander.

Artillery at Short Range.

Captain Morton has been given the credit, in some quarters, for suggesting to General Forrest that artillery could be fought at as close range as rifles, but this honor does not belong to him. Indeed, he wishes no greater claim to merit than a quick comprehension of, and thorough sympathy with, his commander's ideas. Many of the orders he received were outside of his knowledge of

military tactics, but it never occurred to him to doubt their feasibility nor their success. The author has never forgotten General Forrest's peculiarly penetrating gaze from under the bushy black brows, the dark gray eyes seeming to read the mind before him. The ready conformity he invariably saw in the young artillery commander never drew from him any but the kindest of words. Although witnessing numerous outbreaks of anger and infraction of the Second Commandment, the author was never the recipient of violent language or treatment. Once, indeed, at the battle of Brice's Cross-roads, Captain Morton impulsively advised his chief to get out of danger; and although this advice was followed by a quick apology, he expected a reprimand. To his surprise, however, his commander replied mildly, "Well, John, I *will* rest a few minutes," and withdrew to shelter under a tree.

An incident to be related later will show the only occasion on which Morton met with anything approaching sternness.

The lines were so close that it soon became an artillery duel between the respective sides, the troops of the Confederates being held in reserve to engage Fuller when he should come up. The Union forces made a stubborn fight and defended their position with marked valor, but the Confederate fire was too galling for mortals to stand and they were driven from point to point. By noon they had been repulsed twice, Morton's guns following them with almost equal speed, as the roads had been churned to a deep, muddy paste, making all progress slow. Colonel Starnes was sent to the right and Captain Russell to the left to cut off Dunham's retreat; Biffle's Regiment coming up at the same moment, victory seemed assured. It was at this point that the brave Colonel Napier fell.

In the ardor of the charge he advanced his battalion, without orders and without support, to a position of extreme exposure, and was mortally wounded at once, a number of his intrepid followers falling with him.

Morton and the Playing Cards.

Captain Morton received a saber wound in the thigh during the action, and seeking a handkerchief to stay the flow of blood, he drew out with it a pack of playing cards, which scattered around him, placing him in a light totally new to him. They were very handsomely embossed, imported French cards, and had been taken from the spoils of war at the Trenton depot in youthful admiration of their gorgeousness. The writer had never, at that time, played cards, and as he looked upon the gay pasteboards and thought what his mother's feelings would have been had he been killed with such things in his pockets, he registered a vow never to gamble—a vow which has been kept to the letter.

Col. H. J. B. Cummings says the Confederates advanced to within fifty feet of his troops with their artillery, and "about half of my regiment broke and crossed the road into the cornfield."*

Federals Worsted.

All of the Confederate guns, with the exception of one which had accidentally exploded, were in fine working order and were kept to the front, together with three guns which had been captured with four horses each. When Colonel Cummings's men fled, General Dunham welcomed a flag of truce which General Forrest sent forward. All firing ceased; and when the leaders met to arrange terms, the soldiers in both armies mingled freely,

*Official Records, Vol. XVII., Part I., page 589.

as was their custom. Major Strange, confident of surrender, rode alone to the ordnance train of eighteen wagons, and, taking possession, began to make an inventory. At this moment, when the surrender was all but consummated, there came the sound of firing from the rear. General Forrest, who was on the lookout for his other detachment, pushed heavily in front, and it was not until the newcomers got at close range that he perceived that Fuller's men had slipped in without warning, and that what had looked like a victory began to resemble a defeat, as General Sullivan was also seen advancing from the rear at this time.

Morton's Battery Escapes.

With incomparable address and coolness General Forrest ordered the artillery out between the enfilading lines of fire and rallied his men. Firing as they went and adding to the din and confusion by the "Rebel yell," the bulk of the command escaped, leaving Major Strange, Colonel Cox, and some 300 men, who had dismounted, prisoners, eighteen of these being members of Morton's Battery. A singular fact in this connection lies in the carrying in the Confederate retreat about eighty prisoners—surely it is a doubtful battle where both sides carry away prisoners.

Wyeth says of this movement: "Placing himself at the head of his escort and Dibrell's Regiment, he threw his command as a rear guard between his pet guns and Sullivan's advance. He was not going to give up his artillery without a struggle."*

A Shot Through Forrest's Hat.

With the exception of the exploded gun, all the Con-

*Wyeth's "Life of Forrest," page 134.

federate artillery was safely removed by Captain Morton; but the three captured pieces were left behind, as their horses had been killed and there was not time to substitute others. During the retreat Captain Morton rode by the side of General Forrest at the head of the retiring column. The commanding officer seemed in deep thought, and nothing was said for a time; but as a Minie ball from Sullivan's forces, which had just reached the field in our rear, whizzed by Captain Morton's face, the General dropped his head to his breast. Thinking he was wounded, Captain Morton touched him on the shoulder and inquired: "General, are you hurt much?" General Forrest raised his head, took off his hat, and, noticing that a big hole had been made in the brim, replied: "No, but didn't it come damn close to me?"

Singular Effect of a Cannon Shot.

While the Confederates were advancing and firing down a narrow lane, before reaching the battlefield, one of Captain Morton's guns was fired with a singular effect. The enemy had piled rails along the road to delay approach, and the Confederates were obliged to turn aside and make a detour through some fields. Captain Morton kept his guns trained on the road, and one of the shells, striking a rail, glanced aside and killed three Federal officers and wounded seven men. This incident was reported to the author by Dr. Henry Long, now a prominent physician of Mt. Pleasant, Tenn. Dr. Long saw the occurrence and dressed the wounds of the Federal soldiers.

A Doubtful Victory.

This battle was, perhaps, the supreme test of General Forrest's greatness as a strategist. Knowing that the two divisions of the enemy would meet and, coöperating

with the gunboats, prevent his recrossing the Tennessee, he seized the moment when the two commands were widely separated, and attacked the first with his artillery, holding the infantry for the second attack. But for the miscarriage of his orders, this most brilliant of tactics would have resulted in the defeating and possible capture of the enemy. In the face of disaster he succeeded in withdrawing the greater part of his troops, his artillery, his wagon trains and supplies, as well as some prisoners from the battlefield.

Nevertheless, as everything goes by comparison, the Federals were immensely pleased with the victory and telegrams of a congratulatory nature were showered upon the generals taking part in the achievement. More reenforcements were promised, and on the side of the officers promises of a speedy cleaning out of the Rebels were confidently made. "All the enemies' ferries" were reported destroyed, and the common opinion was that there was nothing left but to "go through the country and pick Forrest and his men up."

In his official report General Forrest commended the action of his artillery. "Captain Freeman and Lieutenant Morton, of our batteries, with all of their men, deserve especial mention, keeping up, as they did, a constant fire from their pieces, notwithstanding the enemy made every effort at silencing them by shooting down the artillerists at their guns."*

General Forrest's achievements for the two weeks between and including December 15 and December 31, 1862, may be summed up as follows: The battles of Lexington, Trenton, and Parker's Crossroads, besides daily skirmishes; 50 bridges destroyed on the Mobile and

*Official Records, Vol. XVII., Part I., page 596.

Ohio Railroad; 20 stockades captured and burned; 2,500 of the enemy killed and captured; 10 pieces of artillery captured; 50 wagons and ambulances and their teams, 10,000 stands of excellent small arms, 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition, and 1,800 blankets and knapsacks were captured. He recrossed the Tennessee River thoroughly armed and equipped, with 500 Enfield rifles to spare and recruits sufficient to cover all losses in men. Many of these recruits were on furlough from other commands and seized the opportunity to join General Forrest's victorious forces.

CHAPTER VI.

Battle of Dover.

New Year's Day, 1863, was a busy one for General Forrest's artillery and cavalry. After a few hours' rest the night before at Lexington, the army was now on its way to Clifton, where it was expected the aforementioned "ferries" would be found and used before they were "picked up." There were now over three hundred prisoners, and these had to be paroled and losses ascertained. While this was in progress scouts brought information that a heavy Federal force was moving from Corinth. Knowing that the troops engaged the day previous would also be in pursuit, the Confederates hurried on and soon encountered a cavalry force of about 1,200. They were stationed across the road in battle array. With Dibrell, Starnes, and Biffle supporting, Morton's Battery charged through the center, and the road was soon cleared. The Federal loss was some twenty or more killed and wounded and about fifty prisoners. The Confederates did not lose a man.

The crossing was reached at noon. The two flatboats, which had been raised from the mud by a detachment sent ahead under Maj. Jeffery Forrest for that purpose, were put into immediate requisition, and Freeman's and Morton's Batteries were first ferried across and posted on the opposite bank. Not a gunboat was in sight, and the crossing was effected with great dispatch. The water was not as cold as it had been two weeks before, and many of the horses were made to swim. This was accomplished by towing a horse across after the boat, while other horses were led to a high bank and pushed off into

the water, where they had to swim, and they followed the horse ahead. In this way there were over a thousand horses in the water at one time; and if the gunboats had come up at that time, the "wiping out" process would have been completed. The river was three-quarters of a mile wide at this point, but the crossing was accomplished in ten hours.

In the meantime, General Sullivan, deceived by General Forrest's tactics, had remained in line of battle all night after the fight, expecting attack. When none came, he set his troops in motion and gave chase as best he could over the miry roads in the wind and rain. Reaching Clifton on the 3d, they found that they had been eluded once more. Colonel Fuller, in his official report, says: "The march on this day was more severe on my command than any I have witnessed. The road was horrible, and the rain, which fell steadily, made it more so."*

Colonel Noyes (Federal) also made complaints of the hardships which his men had undergone (and which the Confederates had experienced just before) "The road was covered with jagged rocks, whose crevices were filled with mud. The men, in stepping from rock to rock, frequently slipped and fell, bruising themselves severely. Twenty of my men are reported missing, and have not since been heard of."*

As General Forrest had just preceded the Federals over this same road without the loss of a man or a wheel, comparison is useless.

That the government at Richmond was duly sensible of the work done by this expedition is attested by the vote of thanks passed by Congress to General Forrest and his troops. General Bragg also complimented the

*Official Records, Vol. XVII., Part I., page 598.

achievement: "General Forrest proceeded with his brigade of cavalry to West Tennessee. His command was composed chiefly of new men, imperfectly armed and equipped, and in his route lay the Tennessee River, which had to be crossed by such means as could be hastily improvised. The result of this expedition was brilliant and decisive. The enemy, in consequence of this vigorous assault, in a quarter vital to their self-preservation, had been compelled to throw back a large force from the Mississippi, and virtually to abandon a campaign which so seriously threatened our safety. The number of prisoners taken by General Forrest amounted to 1,500."*

Columbia Hospitality.

Returning to Columbia, the Federals were found stationed at Franklin, but they were not very active, and General Forrest's force obtained three weeks of much-needed rest. With the quick recuperation in those times they were soon rested; and as nothing presented itself for the exercise of their warlike ardor, they quite contentedly engaged in a round of pleasant visits, dinners, dances, and such other entertainments. Maury County has always been noted for its hospitality and for the beauty of its women, and the good old section never gave a more convincing example of both than in the pleasant recreations provided for the men of General Forrest's cavalry in the spring of 1863. The author loves to turn the leaves of memory and look upon the pictures indelibly imprinted by the beauty, the gentleness, and warm-hearted hospitality of those gracious types of Southern women, and patriotic pride recalls the feasts of dainties pro-

*Official Records, Vol. XVII., Part I., page 592.

vided under circumstances of hardship, cheerfully and willingly sustained.

One of these feasts is remembered with particular distinctness. It was given on the plantation of Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, who was one of the largest slaveowners in that section; but at the time of the dinner all the slaves had deserted their owners, and the abundance of delicious viands to which valiant trenchermen sat down was prepared and served solely by the hands of General Pillow's fair daughters.

A song very popular in the parlors where the young officers visited was "The Homespun Dress," referred to elsewhere in these pages. The first verse ran:

O yes, I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame.
I envy not the Northern girl
Her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck
And pearls bedeck her hair.

This was sung to the air of "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and the men were wont to join lustily in the chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah
For the Sunny South so dear!
Three cheers for the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear!

Another favorite of the ladies was a little ballad, the first stanza of which was:

If ever I consent to be married
(And who would refuse a good mate?)
The man whom I give my hand to
Must believe in the rights of the State.

This song had a good many verses, but the patriotism of one of the last ones appealed to every man who heard it:

And if he should fall in the conflict,
His memory with tears I will grace;
Better weep o'er a patriot fallen
Than blush in a Tory embrace.

The weather was unusually severe at that season, and the men were glad of a time of rest and comparative comfort, but it is to be doubted if they would have enjoyed a longer period of inactivity than the three weeks.

Ordered to the Cumberland.

The news that General Forrest had been ordered to make a raid on the Cumberland was received with acclamation by all except the great leader himself. He pointed out to General Wheeler, his immediate superior, and to General Bragg also, that he had not more than twenty rounds of ammunition for small arms and only about fifty for the artillery, the captured supplies having been sent to General Bragg on arrival at Columbia. Besides this, the equipment was incomplete in some other details. These objections were overruled, however, and General Forrest set out on his march toward the Cumberland on January 28, Dover, a small post west of and adjacent to memory-haunted Fort Donelson, being the objective point. Morton's Battery was selected to accompany the expedition.

Attack on Dover.

At the Cumberland Iron Works, nine miles from Dover, two companies of Federals were seen and quickly charged and captured, with the exception of three men, who escaped and gave the alarm to the fort. On arriving about noon, therefore, it was found that the enemy was ready to repulse an attack. General Wheeler assigned General Forrest to attack on the right simulta-

neously with his own attack from the Fort Henry road. Morton's Battery took position on the right-hand side of the road, less than a mile from the courthouse, where its fire could be most effective. The Federals had a piece of artillery in the courthouse yard on the main street, which was the object of Captain Morton's first fire. It was dismounted after some heavy shelling. As Captain Morton was directing the firing from one of the guns, he saw an approaching shell, and, dropping to the side of the hill to escape it, had his hat taken off by the rebound of the missile as it struck the top of the hill and ricocheted. This shell was found forty years later by the author of this book while visiting the battlefield, and is now preserved among his collection of souvenirs.

As has been stated, it had been arranged that the two commanders make a simultaneous attack, but while waiting for General Wheeler to reach position, General Forrest saw a body of Federal troops marching rapidly from the fort toward the river, and, mistaking this for an attempt to escape, he ordered a charge. The Federals turned and hastened back to the fort, General Forrest pursuing quickly and pushing dauntlessly on toward the works, with the intention of entering with them if unable to capture them before shelter was reached. In this fierce onslaught the Confederates rushed almost into the Federal trenches before the garrison could train their artillery upon them; when they did, however, they created terrible havoc, as the heavy siege guns, double-shotted, poured death and horrible slaughter into the advancing Confederates, only ten feet away. General Forrest's horse was shot under him and the General himself seriously wounded, but he continued the attack with his customary spirit until the bugle sounded retreat and firing ceased.

Night fell, but a brilliant moon rose and flooded the scene with light enough to enable the Confederates to gather up the wounded and bring off the captured blankets and ammunition. Also a detachment succeeded in burning a boat load of supplies at the landing, the garrison evidently contented to rest on its laurels, or else never dreaming that troops which had suffered so severely could recover sufficiently to attempt such movements.

During the afternoon Col. Frank McNairy, a volunteer on General Forrest's staff for the fight, was killed while leading his company of sharpshooters down the road into the town. The author saw the gallant dash, the galling fire, and the fall of the courageous young officer and several of his men.

Retreat.

Camp was made that night four miles from Dover. It was bitterly cold and the wounded men suffered greatly. General Forrest was in agony, too, as he had had two horses shot under him during the action of the day and was severely bruised internally. He felt a bitter regret that the outcome of the battle had borne out his prophecies, and suffered the keenest remorse that he had not refused to lead his men into an action which his judgment so bitterly opposed. Morton's artillery was encamped not far from the cabin which was the headquarters for the night of the two generals. Seeing the condition General Forrest was in, Captain Morton was not surprised to hear the result of the interview between them that night, when General Forrest told General Wheeler that he would never serve under him again. General Wheeler, with that wisdom and generosity which ever characterized him, made no demurrer to this. He realized that the genius of General Forrest was an abnormal

power of intuition and inspiration, and therefore could not be measured nor yoked with technical knowledge nor studied maneuvers. Born to lead, and accustomed from early boyhood to dare and do, he could never submit to military discipline and practice as dictated by the machinery of theory. This was no time to teach him, and the great soul of General Wheeler yielded him the right to go his own way and accomplish in his own fashion the deeds that redounded to the good and the glory of their common cause. General Forrest, too, recognized the nobility of his commander, and never, to the day of his death, did he speak a word of him except in praise. He offered to give up to General Wheeler the troops he had raised, led, and equipped. General Wheeler would not accede to this, but assured him of his willingness to assist him in securing an independent command, and the separation was made in perfect friendliness and good feeling. Although General Forrest acted in coöperation with General Wheeler afterwards, he never again acted under him.

CHAPTER VII.

Battle of Thompson's Station.

The return to Columbia was made with heavy hearts. No encounters took place, except a slight skirmish with a Federal column by a detachment led by Major Rambeaut, who was General Forrest's commissary, and Colonel Carroll, a volunteer aide on General Forrest's staff, both of whom were captured by the enemy. Reaching Columbia on February 17, General Forrest's troops went into quarters for recuperation, but there was hardly a day without a sharp engagement with the Federal forces stationed at Franklin and Triune. General Forrest had asked permission the day after reaching Columbia to make a raid on the suburbs of Nashville for the purpose of capturing a large number of mules that were reported to be there. This permission was refused him, and he determined to spend the time by adding to the efficiency of his men by daily drills. While he had always depended upon his own inspiration and the force of his personal example to get the best results from his men, he had by this time seen enough of the rules of war and grasped enough of their importance to wish to give his troops the full benefit of such training as they had time to take. General Lord Garnet Wolseley, who was sent by the English government to study American war tactics, says of General Forrest: "He possessed that rare tact—unlearnable from books—which enabled him not only to effectively control these fiery, turbulent spirits, but to attach them to him personally 'with hooks of steel.' There was a something about the dark gray eye of Forrest which warned his subordinates he

was not to be trifled with and would stand no nonsense from either friend or foe. He was essentially a practical man of action, with a dauntless, fiery soul and a heart that knew no fear."

Of General Forrest's men he says: "They possessed as an inheritance all the best and most valuable fighting qualities, accustomed as they were to horses and the use of arms from boyhood."

These characterizations are, perhaps, as fair as could be expected from an Englishman visiting this country for the first time and under such circumstances. Captain Morton found the artillerymen especially apt at learning artillery tactics, and the study and drill of this period resulted in a great improvement in the management and serving of the guns.

As General Forrest kept himself fully informed of the plans of the enemy, he was prepared for the sortie that set out from Franklin on the 4th of March in the direction of Spring Hill. Major General Van Dorn, who had come from Mississippi with fresh troops, had been placed in command of the left wing of General Bragg's army. He took position near Thompson's Station, and General Forrest was ordered to join him.

Captain Morton Is Excited.

On the march to Thompson's Station a halt was made at Spring Hill. The Morton Battery rested in a fine grove opposite the residence of Major Cheairs. As this was early in the forenoon and the order was given to move at 2 P.M., an opportunity offered for a social visit to a relative, Dr. McMurray, and incidentally to some beautiful and patriotic young ladies of the village. The bright eyes and friendly farewells held the artillery Captain rather later than he had planned, and when he re-

turned a few minutes before 2 o'clock he was disappointed to find that not a horse had been taken from the prolonge and the whole battery still at rest. It had been, and is, a matter of pride with Captain Morton that he never uttered an oath, but it must be admitted that a greater temptation to do so never assailed him than at that moment, for it was General Forrest's wont to assert "I can always count on John getting his men anywhere promptly." One of the gunners, Joe T Ballanfant, has ever since been fond of relating this incident, and he declares that, though there was no swearing, "there was some mighty loud talking," and that no battery was ever hitched up more quickly

Van Dorn's forces included Armstrong's Brigade, consisting of the First Tennessee Cavalry, Col. James T Wheeler; General Forrest's old regiment under Maj. E. B. Trezevant; Second Mississippi, Lieut. Col. James Gordon, Saunders's Battalion, Maj. Ed Saunders; Third Arkansas, Colonel Earle; King's Battery, Whitfield's Brigade, consisting of Third Texas, Colonel Mabry; Sixth Texas, Colonel Ross; Ninth Texas, Colonel Jones; Whitfield's Legion, Colonel Brooks, Cosby's Brigade, consisting of Twenty-Eighth Mississippi, Col. F. B. Starke; Ballentyne's Regiment, Col. J. G. Ballentyne; Second Kentucky, Colonel Woodward, First Mississippi, Col. R. A. Pinson.

To these three brigades—about 4,500 rank and file—were added General Forrest's force of about 2,000, although Cosby was detained at the crossing of Duck River and did not arrive in time for the subsequent action. General Forrest was placed on the extreme right and General Jackson was sent ahead to ascertain the movements of the enemy. When within four miles of Franklin he encountered the column of Col. John Coburn,

of the Thirty-Third Infantry. A slight engagement ensued; but, dark coming on, the two armies withdrew and bivouacked in parallel lines for the night. Quietly the soldiers slept who to-morrow would engage in mortal combat.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch fires are gleaming.

General Forrest and Colonel Coburn.

It was evident to Colonel Coburn that he had before him a desperate encounter, and, as was always the case when an estimate of General Forrest's troops was made, his numbers were greatly exaggerated. The Federal officer, therefore, while not fearing to face the issue, deemed it prudent to return a portion of his supplies and all his surplus baggage to Franklin. He also addressed a dispatch to his commanding officer, telling of the great number of the Confederates and asking for instructions.

As early at 5 A.M. on the 5th of March Major General Van Dorn was ready for an attack, and General Forrest's command was eager for an opportunity to wipe out the disappointment of Dover. Colonel Coburn, however, moved forward slowly, and it was 10 o'clock before he advanced within fighting range. His cavalry, under Col. Thomas J. Jordan (no relation, as far as is known, to the Gen. Thomas Jordan who was the joint author with Mr. J. P Pryor of the interesting "Life of Forrest" so frequently referred to in these pages), well supported

by the artillery and infantry, opened a charge in fine style, but were quickly repulsed. General Forrest, taking advantage of the confusion, hurried Morton's and Freeman's Batteries to the front, where they swept not only the advancing Federal infantry but enfiladed their battery, causing it to limber up and leave its position. Colonel Jordan says of this movement: "In a moment a battery of the enemy, of four guns, which had heretofore been masked, opened on our flank, completely covering the ground upon which our infantry and cavalry were placed, and also completely flanking our guns."*

Meanwhile General Starnes had been ordered to move around by the right upon the Federal artillery and its supports, and, executing his orders with his habitual energy, opened with a deadly fire from his rifles. This forced the infantry across the railroad, where they took position on a ridge and made a most stubborn stand, supporting the artillery, which had been forced from its position by Morton's and Freeman's guns. By a quick movement Captain Morton got his guns into a position which commanded the new position taken by the Federals and at the same time cut off their retreat toward Franklin. General Forrest, forming his escort, made a bold dash up the hill, but in the face of a galling fire; advanced up the steep slope of the ridge until within thirty paces of the Federal commander, whose surrender he demanded at the point of a leveled revolver. Colonel Coburn, seeing Jordan's Cavalry pushed from the Union left and the Indiana troops fleeing from the field in great disorder, was forced to succumb. General Forrest was on foot, his horse having been shot under him as he dashed up the ridge.

*Official Records, Vol. XXIII., Part I., page 81.

Major General Van Dorn, who was busily engaged with the Nineteenth Michigan and Twenty-Second Wisconsin Regiments, had not observed this movement of General Forrest and his artillery, and it had been accomplished without orders. In fact, at the moment of surrender, Major General Van Dorn ordered King's Battery to open fire at that particular point and greatly endangered the lives of both General Forrest and Colonel Coburn.

In addition to Colonel Coburn and his force of 1,500 men, there surrendered at the same time to General Forrest Colonel Gilbert and Maj. W R. Shafter, who during the Spanish-American War fought in Cuba by the side of General Wheeler. General Forrest permitted these officers to retain their horses and side arms.

The command surrendered consisted of the Thirty-Third and Eighty-Fifth Indiana, Nineteenth Michigan, and Twenty-Second Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry. The One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Ohio was held in reserve at the wagon trains and escaped as a unit to Franklin. This action Colonel Coburn denounced in the bitterest terms.

The Confederate loss was heavy, being nearly 400. Col. Samuel G. Earle, of the Third Arkansas Cavalry, Colonel Trezevant and Captain Little, of General Forrest's escort, Captain Dysart, of the Fourth Tennessee, and Rev. Stephen D. Crouch, of Jackson's Brigade, were killed. Lieut. John Johnson, of Biffle's Regiment, was killed while advancing with the colors; but they were seized by Private Clay Kendrick, who, though shortly afterwards shot through the right arm, continued to bear them until Colonel Coburn's surrender.

Major General Van Dorn has been strongly censured for not taking a greater advantage of the information

General Forrest had given him in advance of the battle and for not pushing the advantage gained by the latter in the capture of Colonel Coburn, but it must be remembered that Major General Van Dorn, like many another West Pointer and experienced army officer, conducted his warfare on scientific principles, and very naturally he was not inclined to place reliance on the impressions of an untutored man. "Had Forrest been in command," says Wyeth, "the tactics of Brice's Crossroads and the terrible pursuit made on that famous field would, in all likelihood, have been anticipated at Thompson's Station."*

Major General Van Dorn, along with the powers at Richmond, learned by experience that General Forrest's undeniable intuitive powers were perfectly reliable, but they learned it too late to give him the assistance he needed for the success of the cause.

Picket Duty.

Soon after this was to come an escape from a face-to-face meeting with General Sheridan. General Forrest, retiring to Columbia after the battle of Thompson's Station, was apprised of the advance of General Sheridan in the direction of Rutherford Creek, and was sent to cover the withdrawal of pickets on duty there. He saw at once that the enemy were too strong for an attack, and contented himself with harassing their rear.

The return to Columbia was signalized by a number of gay parties and entertainments. One of the songs in vogue at this time was a parody on the college song, "Upidee," called "That Bugler:"

*Wyeth's "Life of Forrest," page 163.

The shades of night were falling fast,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la;
The bugler blows that well-known blast,
Tra-la-la;
No matter should it rain or snow,
That bugler he is bound to blow.

But, soldiers, you were made to fight,
To starve all day, to watch all night;
Should you, by chance, get bread and meat,
That bugler will not let you eat.

Another popular drawing-room favorite was a ballad descriptive of the attitude of the soldier and the fair sex:

SOLDIER.

Lady, I go to fight for thee,
Where glory banners wave,
To fight for thee, and O, perchance,
To find a soldier's grave!

LADY.

Soldier, I stay to pray for thee,
A harder task is mine;
Which is, a long and lonely grief,
That victory may be thine.

Two weeks of comparative quiet ensued, broken by a number of infantry skirmishes, but the artillery was not called into action. Two stockades at Brentwood were captured.

On April 10 Major General Van Dorn moved to attack Gen. Gordon Granger at Franklin. This was intended as a ruse to draw reënforcements from General Granger, thus weakening General Rosecrans's forces and giving General Bragg a better chance at Tullahoma. Major General Van Dorn, with Morton's Battery, supported by a cavalry division under General William H. Jackson, moved along the Columbia Turnpike, while the remainder

of the troops were pushed along the Lewisburg Turnpike, which merges into the first-named just outside of Franklin. As the Confederate forces were only 3,100 strong, and the Federals had nearly three times that number, it was intended, as before stated, to merely make a feint of assault.

An early start having been made and the morning promising a beautiful day, the troops marched along in good time and the best of spirits. Encountering the Federal pickets about 10 o'clock, they were driven in with a rush. The Fortieth Ohio Infantry was also encountered and forced back into the town with slight resistance. General Granger, whether acting from his own conclusions or from information he had received, became convinced that the attack was merely a feint to draw attention while another attack was made on Brentwood, and sent all of his cavalry in great haste to the relief of that post. After he had so weakened his force he gave orders that the guns from the fort on Figuers's Hill, just across the river, be fired at every sign of movement in the neighborhood of the town in any direction. As the fort was admirably situated to command the approaches on all sides, this was a very effective order and checked the Confederate advance.

Death of Captain Freeman.

At the same time, by the luck that seemed to attend the Federals that day, General Stanley had, without orders, moved his position on the Murfreesboro Turnpike and collided with Colonel Starnes on the Lewisburg Turnpike, along which the Confederates, in fancied security, were marching in column. The collision was equally unexpected to both commanders. Captain Freeman, who was in advance in personal command of his battery, im-

mediately threw his four pieces into position, but before he could fire a single shot the enemy was upon him and he was captured, with the major portion of his battery. This was, to the author, one of the saddest episodes of the whole four years of struggle, for the killing of the Confederate artilleryman because he could not move faster was not only a gross violation of the rules of military propriety, but it removed a man whose character was of the highest in every capacity he was called upon to fill. A personal friend of long standing and tried under the hardest circumstances, the writer felt his loss keenly; and although it has been over forty years since his brutal taking-off, he cannot now recall it without a thrill of indignation and regret. Dr. Skelton and Lieut. Nat Baxter, who were captured at the same time, report that the circumstances were nothing more nor less than sheer brutality. The Federals, being obliged to retreat, came running back to the rear, and, not wishing to give up their prisoners, forced them at the point of their pistols to a quick run. Both Dr. Skelton and Captain Freeman told them they could not move any faster, as they were already exhausted with the efforts they had made, and Dr. Skelton, putting up his hand as an appeal for mercy, was shot through that member. Captain Freeman received a charge through the head and fell. His body was left lying on the road and was recovered by friends and taken to Spring Hill, where it was buried the next day. The death of Captain Freeman was universally regretted by General Forrest's Cavalry, from its commander to the privates.

How true it is that Comedy hangs upon the skirts of Tragedy! General Forrest sent a courier, Bob Dalton, with a message to Captain Morton when Captain Freeman fell, and the messenger, riding up to the rear of

Morton's Battery, which was on the Columbia Turnpike, inquired where Capt. Morton was. "At the head of the column," was the reply. As he rode along he asked again one of the gunners where he could find the Captain, and was given the same reply. Nevertheless, when he reached the head of the battery and saw it led by a slim youth with a beardless face, he hesitated and asked again. "I don't want to make a mistake and give this message to the wrong person," he confided to the man he questioned. "If I give this order to that boy, Forrest'll give me hell!"

CHAPTER VIII.

In Pursuit of Streight.

While these skirmishes were going on in Tennessee, affairs were more serious in Alabama. Col. Abel D. Streight, from Indiana, an accomplished and experienced officer, had devised a plan for destroying all railroad connections in that and the neighboring States by raiding in General Forrest's own effective style. It was well known that the southeastern portion of Tennessee and the adjoining parts of Alabama, Mississippi, and Georgia, being inhabited sparsely by a class of non-slaveowning people, were strongly Union in sentiment, and it was thought that, with the assistance of these inhabitants and a strong, efficient army, incalculable damage could be done in a short time. Starting at Nashville, Colonel Streight conveyed the troops down the Cumberland to Palmyra, where he disembarked and marched across the country to Fort Henry, where again he entered the transports and was conveyed up the Tennessee to Eastport, Miss., from which point it was his intention to begin the raid. From its inception to the present day Colonel Streight's raid has been the object of more or less derision and ridicule, not so much from its lack of success nor from any defect in its plans and subsequent carrying out as the extreme weightiness of the preparations. If this raid had been directed toward the inhabitants of darkest Africa, its originators could not have shown a greater ignorance of the character of the country they were to march through, nor of the men they were to meet. It was decided, after long and careful discussion, that mules would be the only safe means of getting over

the wild and rugged country, and after equally mature deliberation the proposition to equip the soldiers "in the promiscuous Southern style" (whatever that may have been construed to mean) was abandoned.

The Mule Cavalry.

From the beginning the mules gave no end of trouble. Being hard to manage, they caused endless confusion, and the appearance of the "Jackass Cavalry" caused amusement wherever they went. They kept the whole countryside informed of their presence morning, noon, and night. The idea of conducting a raid mounted on a thousand noisy mules filled the whole country with laughter. Their stubbornness when urged forward, the impossibility of stopping them when in full flight, and their general intractableness made their use the height of folly.

However, having once embarked on the scheme, and laid his plans with the greatest care, Colonel Streight, after landing at Eastport, hastened to Bear Creek for a consultation with General Dodge. A detachment of Colonel Roddey's men at Tuscumbia, whether informed of their presence by the brays of the mules or whether merely hovering around to see what damage they could inflict, succeeded in stampeding the whole army of beasts. Two days were spent by the Federals in search of the runaway animals, and then they were forced to give up nearly four hundred of them as lost.

General Forrest in Pursuit.

At Spring Hill, on April 23, General Forrest received orders to proceed to the relief of Colonel Roddey, and he put the Eleventh Tennessee—six hundred strong—in motion the same night. The next morning Morton's Battery, with the Fourth, Ninth, and Tenth Tennessee,

set out, and such good time was made that the crossing of the Tennessee River was effected at Brown's Ferry two days later, one gun being left with General Dibrell to protect the north side.

Colonel Streight had by this time got fairly started on his enterprise, with the assistance of friendly native guides, and did not know that General Forrest had started in pursuit of him.

Morton's Battery at Tuscumbia.

Reaching Tuscumbia and conferring with Colonel Roddey, General Forrest attacked General Dodge at dawn on the morning of April 28. All preparations were made with that extreme noiselessness that ever characterized General Forrest's movements, and the opening gun fired by Captain Morton was the first intimation the Federals had of the presence of the dreaded cavalryman. Of this attack General Thomas Jordan says: "The aim was skillful. In another instant the inmates of the building in question swarmed forth, and armed men rose from the earth all along the Federal lines—literally like those of the Grecian fable, born of the dragons' teeth sown by the enemy. Their artillery, speedily placed in position, now began to play upon that with which Forrest as rapidly confronted them on a ridge seven hundred yards distant. The Federals had eighteen guns in position, Forrest no more than eight pieces, of which only two were rifled and of long range. The cannonade soon waxed violent. Open fields intervened on both sides, unobstructed by a single tree, except the few that fringed the immediate bank of the creek, and behind which sharpshooters kept up a warm, incessant fire on both sides. For five hours this was maintained, and for a time the artillery fire was

very severe and the skirmishing excessively warm."* Continuing, he says: "For a time the Federal artillery—superior in weight of metal as in numbers—was gaining some advantage over the short-range guns of their adversary, but the well-handled rifled section of Morton's Battery, under Lieutenant Sale, was soon brought into play at close range, with such effect that the Federal pieces, cavalry and train, were quickly withdrawn out of range."

Meanwhile, rumors of General Forrest's advance and the immense size of his force had reached General Dodge, and that officer notified Colonel Streight of his intention of retreating to Corinth, at the same time giving him the cheering intelligence that General Forrest was in the neighborhood, adding, however, that the Confederate leader had designs on Corinth.

Capture of Three Federals by Two Girls.

General Forrest, learning of Dodge's retreat, was well pleased, and at once made his plans for the pursuit and capture of Colonel Streight. Leaving Hannon's Regiment, Baxter's Battalion, and a section of Morton's Battery at Tuscumbia, he fell back that night to Courtland. Here he completed his preparations for a chase which has no equal in history or legend for endurance, accomplishment, and romantic incident. The capture of three Federal cavalrymen by two barefooted country girls alone would make the excursion worthy of commemoration in song and story; the further advent of aid from the gentler sex in the person of that modern Joan of Arc, Miss Emma Sanson, is a lighter but no less telling feature than the desperate rides of forty miles a day, with less

*"Campaigns of Lieutenant General Forrest," page 252.

than five hours' sleep in the twenty-four, the furious hammering against the dismayed enemy, and the final capture of a force so large that the aid of the citizens of the surrounding country had to be invoked to guard them. These deeds are comparable only to the achievements of the inspired crusaders of old, and some day a poet of the South will preserve in fit measure all the fullness of their glory.

THE POEM THAT WON A PENSION.

BY JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

The courage of man is one thing, but that of a maid is more,
For blood is blood and death is death, and grim is the battle gore;
And the rose that blooms, though blistered by the sleet of an open sky,
Is fairer far
Than her sisters are
Who sleep in the hothouse nigh.

Word came up to Forrest that Streight was on a raid—
Two thousand booted bayonets were riding down the glade.
Eight thousand were before him—he was holding Dodge at bay—
But he turned on his heel
Like the twist of a steel
And was off at the break of day.

Six hundred troopers had he, game as a Claiborne cock,
Tough as the oak root grappling with the gray Sand Mountain rock;
And they fought like young Comanches by the flash of the Yankee gun,
And they fell at the ford,
And they shot as they rode,
And fought from sun to sun.

But Streight went shirling southward with never a limp or a lag;
His front was a charging huntsman, but his rear was a hounded stag.
For the gray troops followed after, their saddle blankets wet
With the bloody rack
From the horses' back—
And Streight not headed yet.

A fight to the death in the valley, and a fight to the death on the hill,
But still Streight thundered southward and Forrest followed still:
And the goaded hollows bellowed to the bay of the Rebel gun,
For Forrest was hot
As a solid shot
When its flight is just begun.

A running fight in the morning and a charging fight at noon,
Till spurs clung red and reeking around their bloody shoon—
The morning paled on them, but the evening star rose red
As the bloody tinge
Of the border fringe
That purpled the path of the dead.

A midnight fight on the mountain and a daybreak fight in the glen,
And when Streight stopped for water, he had lost three hundred men.
But he gained the bridge at the river and planted his batteries there,
And the halt of the gray
Was a hound at bay,
And the blue—a wolf in his lair.

And from out the bridge at the river a white-heat lightning came,
Like the hungry tongues of a forest fire, with the autumn woods aflame;
And the death smoke burst above them and the death heat blazed below,
But the men in gray
Cheered the smoke away
And bared their breasts to the blow.

Should they storm the bridge at the river through melting walls of fire,
And die in the brave endeavor to plant their standard higher?
Should they die at the bridge on the river or die where they stood in their track
Like a through-speared boar
With death at his door,
But tossing the challenge back?

"To the ford! To the ford!" rang the bugle, "and flank the enemy out!"
And quick to the right the gray lines wheel and answer with a shout.

But the river was mad and swollen—to left, to right, no ford—
And still the sting
Of the maddened thing
At the bridge, and still the goad.

"To the ford! To the ford!" rang the bugle. "To the ford! Retreat or die!"
And still the flail of a bullet hail from out of a mortar sky,
And they stood like a blue bull, wounded in wallowing mud and mire,
And still the flash
From a deadly lash
And still the barbs of fire.

Then out from a near-by cabin a mountain maiden came.
Her cheeks were banks of snow drifts, but her eyes were stars of flame;
And she drew her sunbonnet closer as the bullets whispered low.
(Lovers of lead,
And one of them said,
"I'll clip a curl as I go").

Straight through the blistering bullets she fled like a hunted doe,
While the hound guns down at the river bayed in her wake below.
And around their hot breath shifted and behind their pattering feet,
But still she fled
Through the thunder red
And still through the lightning fleet.

And she stood at the General's stirrup, flushed as a mountain rose,
When the sun looks down in the morning and the gray mist upward goes.
She stood at the General's stirrup, and this was all she said:
"I'll lead the way
To the ford to-day.
I'm a girl, but I'm not afraid."

How the gray troops thronged around her! And then the Rebel yell.
With that brave girl to lead them they would storm the gates of hell.
And they tossed her behind the General, and again the echoes woke,
For she clung to him there
With her floating hair
As the wild vine clings to the oak.

Down through the bullets she led them, down through an unused road,
And when the General dismounted to use his glass on the ford,
She spread her skirts before him (the troopers gave a cheer):
"Better get behind me, General,
For the bullets will hit you here!"

And then the balls came singing and ringing quick and hot,
But the gray troops gave them ball for ball and answered shot for shot.
"They have riddled your skirt," the General said;
"I must take you out of this din."
"O that's all right,"
She answered light,
"They are wounding my crinoline."

And then in a blaze of beauty her sunbonnet off she took,
Right in the front she waved it high, and at their lines it shook.
And the gallant bluecoats cheered her—ceased firing to a man—
And the gray coats rode
Through the bloody ford
And again the race began.

Do you wonder they rode like Romans adown the winnowing wind,
With Mars himself in the saddle and Minerva up behind?
Was ever a brave foe captured and conquered by such means
Since days of old
And warriors bold
And the Maiden of Orleans?

The courage of man is one thing, but that of a maid is more,
For blood is blood and death is death, and grim is the battle gore.
And the rose that blooms, though blistered by the sleet of an open sky,
Is fairer far
Than her sisters are
Who sleep in the hothouse nigh.

Miss Sanson's brave deed was rewarded by the Legislature of Alabama in 1864, which gave her a section of land; but the next session, under reconstruction rule, refused the grant, and it was only after publication of

this stirring ballad in the *Confederate Veteran* that an enthusiastic wave of public opinion in the State resulted in the Legislature giving her six hundred acres of land.

Morton's Battery Protects Decatur.

Captain Morton, greatly to his regret, was assigned to other duty at this time. The fiery commander, in making his plans for the pursuit, selected Ferrell's Battery from Roddey's command and Morton's rifled section to accompany him. Captain Morton was directed to fortify Decatur and prevent General Dodge from recrossing at that point; and acquiescing without demur to the wishes of his revered leader, he placed Lieutenant Gould in command of the two guns selected—a most unfortunate selection, as events proved. It will be remembered that Lieutenant Gould had been in command of two guns in Napier's Battalion before it was merged with Morton's Battery. He was an old schoolmate and prison mate of Captain Morton's, and a young man of rare courage and efficiency. The subsequent disagreement between him and his chieftain was a most mournful mischance.

Reaching Decatur, Captain Morton found it in a state of panic over the threatened return of the Federal forces, accounts of General Dodge's wholesale pillaging and destruction having made his name a terror to North Mississippi and North Alabama. Decatur was almost deserted, the citizens refugeeing in Georgia, removing all their household property that would bear transportation. It was impossible to secure even sufficient help to ferry a reconnoitering party across the river, the ferrymen being in hiding and no one being found willing to undertake the work. Thus confronted with the difficulty of ascertaining conditions on the other side of the river, Captain

Morton set his wits to work to provide a substitute for ferryboats.

A Novel Ferry System.

A consignment of cotton, consisting of about one thousand bales, was lined up on the river bank on the Decatur side. One of these bales was thrust into the stream and, seizing a board, Captain Morton attempted to guide it to the other side. A short experience, however, showed the bale to be too short for the leverage required, as it would do nothing but turn around and around. Springing ashore, the Captain ordered two bales lashed together and pulled up the bank. Making another effort, he succeeded, with the aid of the current, in reaching the opposite shore, an example which was quickly followed by his men. A ferryman and some hidden boats were found on that side, and these were put in use after the boatmen were convinced there was no danger. A fortification was then made of the bales of cotton and manned with the guns.

This proceeding restored confidence in the town, and during the remainder of the sojourn the people of Decatur furnished every assistance and entertainment in their power to Captain Morton and his men. Only one occasion for alarm occurred, and that was the report of General Dodge's advance on May 5; but this proved to be of no moment, as the wily Union officer fell back to Corinth, probably on receipt of the news of General Forrest's capture of Col. Streight. The rumor, however, cut short the festivities arranged at Rome and along the route of the victorious Confederates' return, as General Forrest was in the saddle again as soon as he heard of it, exchanging his jaded and foot-sore mounts for the best of the captured horses and filling in with the remnants of

the famous mules. The residue of the captured animals were sent under escort to General Bragg, with the request that they be distributed throughout the country from which General Streight had impressed them.

When the issue between the two brave spirits—pursuer and pursued—was brought to a finish near Rome, Ga., on May 3, the whole South was wild with delight. Everywhere the papers were filled with accounts of General Forrest's daring exploits, his relentless chase after his quarry, and the generous terms accorded the surrendering army. The retention of horses and personal arms by the officers was a courtesy in common practice, but that the hostile natives of that section, who had aided and abetted the enemy, should be treated as prisoners of war was something unusual. It is of interest to note that Colonel Streight, who was sent to Libby Prison, escaped therefrom some months later and resumed his service in the Union army.

Congress voted its thanks once more to General Forrest and his men for their effective service, and at both Rome, Ga., and Huntsville, Ala., the citizens presented him with a superb horse. Other presentations and celebrations were planned, but these were cut short by the news of General Dodge's advance.

Return to Columbia.

Reaching Decatur on May 10, and having sent back two detachments for the care of the sick and wounded and the gathering up of abandoned supplies, General Forrest was joined by the various details which had been on duty elsewhere, and at once recrossed the Tennessee River. Captain Morton was joined by Lieutenant Gould, and the battery returned to Columbia.

General Forrest and Lieutenant Gould.

The unfortunate difficulty between General Forrest and Lieutenant Gould is a very painful recollection, and equally painful to describe, but perhaps there is no one better qualified to describe it impartially than the author of this book, esteeming, as he did, both men as close personal friends, and being under the immediate command of the one, while having the other under his own command. As has been said, there never was a braver spirit than Lieutenant Gould. Cool, daring, and resourceful, he had given signal example of his ability in a great many instances, yet his judgment was only fallible after all, and when, at Sand Mountain, when Edmondson and Captain Bill Forrest's scouts had fallen back on his guns and found they could not hold them, Gould thought it best to abandon them, as nearly all the horses had been shot and had become entangled in the gearing. To General Forrest this seemed an unforgivable offense, and he personally rallied the men in an effort to retake the battery, but it proved unsuccessful. On reaching Columbia he was assigned to the command of the cavalry on General Bragg's flank, as General Van Dorn had been killed in his absence. One of his first acts on taking command was a request to have Lieutenant Gould transferred to some other command, though there was no charge made against the Lieutenant in any way. The latter, quick of temper and remembering the statements made in the excitement of the loss on the battlefield, construed this as a reflection on his personal honor, and sought an interview with General Forrest. The General was at a friend's house when the request was made, but agreed to meet the Lieutenant at 3 o'clock at headquarters in the Masonic Building.

Captain Morton heard the news of the appointment, and made an effort to see General Forrest in the hope that he could explain the matter satisfactorily to both parties; but he was unable to find the General, and when he returned to camp Lieutenant Gould had gone.

Both kept the appointment promptly, and the Lieutenant immediately demanded in excited tones why the transfer had been made. At this point a flat contradiction must be made of the story which has been current in the press for some years concerning the reason given by General Forrest for his action. It has been asserted that he replied: "Because, sir, you have been reported repeatedly by your commanding officer for cowardice." No such reply was made, and it was impossible for it to have been made, for Captain Morton was Lieutenant Gould's commanding officer, and so far from reporting him for cowardice at any time or on any occasion, he had repeatedly commended him to General Forrest for courage and gallantry. As it was equally impossible for General Forrest to have claimed a false reason for his action, this should prove conclusively that such an answer was not and could not possibly have been given. General Forrest simply replied that his mind was made up and that he would not change the order. The now thoroughly incensed Lieutenant put his hand into his coat pocket and fired a pistol he had there. The ball, passing through his coat, struck General Forrest above the left hip. General Forrest had a small penknife which he was idly handling, and at this action on the part of the Lieutenant he opened a blade and struck him in the chest, exerting very little conscious force, as he told Captain Morton afterwards. Lieutenant Gould ran through the hall and into the street, and General Forrest, passing through the hall also, entered the office of Dr. L. P

Yandell, a few doors down the street. Relating the occurrence, General Forrest asked the Doctor to examine the wound. After a hasty examination, Doctor Yandell pronounced it a dangerous wound and was advising the patient to go to the hospital for treatment when General Forrest broke from him, crying: "No d—d man shall kill me and live!" He ran in the direction Lieutenant Gould had taken, snatching a pistol from the holster of a saddled horse which stood in front of the Doctor's office.

Lieutenant Gould had run into a tailor shop and was lying on a counter, bleeding profusely, when General Forrest was seen by some of the men who had gathered around the wounded man. At their warning Lieutenant Gould sprang up and, running toward the back part of the store, jumped from the door to the ground, a distance of four or five feet. As he was in the act of jumping, a bullet from his pursuer's pistol missed him. In his haste Lieutenant Gould fell to the ground as he leaped out of the door, and this created the impression that the shot had taken effect. "You have killed him, General!" cried the onlookers, as General Forrest reached the spot. In great pain as he was, and excited at the thought that he himself might be mortally wounded, General Forrest expressed regret that he had been forced into the affair, and ordered that Lieutenant Gould be sent to the Nelson House. He then went to the house of Col. William Galloway, where Dr. Yandell dressed his wound.

Hearing of the dreadful encounter, Captain Morton came in from camp and immediately visited both principals in the sad affair. To him both expressed their deep regret and each condemned his own hastiness. After some days, during which the writer was a daily visitor to each of the injured men, it became apparent that, while

the Chief would recover, the Lieutenant could not do so, and this cast a pall of deep sadness over the entire camp. One other interview took place between the two men. Knowing that he could not live, Lieutenant Gould sent for General Forrest, who rose from his own bed to make the visit. An eyewitness to this meeting related it to Dr. Wyeth as well as to the writer. "The officer took the General by the hand and held it in both of his, saying: 'General, I shall not be here long, and I was not willing to go away without seeing you in person and saying to you how thankful I am that I am the one who is to die and that you are spared to the country. What I did I did in a moment of rashness, and I want your forgiveness.' "

As General Forrest leaned over the bed on which the young man was lying he told him that he forgave him freely and that his own heart was full of regret that the wound he had inflicted was fatal.

CHAPTER IX.

From Spring Hill to Chickamauga.

Numerous sharp and short encounters marked the time between the 16th of May, when General Forrest assumed command at Columbia, and the movement out of Middle Tennessee after General Bragg. One of these is especially worthy of mention, showing, as it does, that the great commander bore a charmed life and could and did take risks that would have been fatal to any one else.

Hearing that General Granger had changed his headquarters from Franklin to Triune, fifteen miles to the east, he determined to see how great a force had been left in the former place. On the 4th of June he led two brigades and two guns from Morton's Battery toward Franklin, one brigade going by the Franklin Turnpike and the other by the Lewisburg Turnpike. The Federal pickets were encountered on both pikes about three miles from the town, and both brigades successfully chased them in. Following close after their heels, the Confederates entered with them and boldly charged down the main street. The Federals ran up a white signal flag, and General Forrest, thinking it was a flag of truce, sent forward a similar banner of peace, and, ordering the artillery to cease firing, rode in to arrange the terms of surrender. He had not proceeded far when a Federal officer ran toward him, calling in a frenzy of earnestness: "General Forrest, go back! Go back! That is no truce; it is a signal flag. I don't want to see you hurt!" General Forrest, overcome with this generosity, thanked him and withdrew. As he retired he looked again at the

hedge behind which the officer had stood to warn him, and observed his magnanimous foe still standing in the same spot with a detachment of soldiers. Again saluting in sign of his appreciation, General Forrest rode on. He soon met his own flag of truce returning with the information that the flag on the fort was a signal to General Granger at Triune. This was exactly what General Forrest desired to know; and taking a section of Morton's guns and two companies, he again entered the town. The horses were unhitched from the battery, which was rolled along the main street by hand, thus protecting the Confederate force and shelling the houses and the fort. Under this protection he proceeded to the jail, battered in the doors, and liberated the Confederate prisoners; then, opening the commissary stores, a large supply of wagons and necessaries was hauled away. Night was now coming on; and retiring in the direction of Spring Hill, the command bivouacked that night three miles from Franklin, returning to headquarters early next morning. No attempt was made by the Federals to follow.

At Triune.

A rest of two weeks was enlivened with more or less brisk skirmishes, and on June 20 the artillery was called into play again for the purpose of "worrying" our friend, Colonel Granger, at Triune. Crossing the Harpeth, the Federal pickets were driven in and hotly followed until within four hundred yards of the camp, where Captain Morton planted two guns and a brisk duel began. The Federals advanced in force; and having found out their strength, General Forrest retired. As a diversion from the main object of the assault, Major Jeffrey Forrest had driven off a large herd of cattle and horses, which were

pasturing close by, and these were the most valuable trophies of the expedition.

At Shelbyville.

General Rosecrans began his advance on June 22. General Bragg ordered General Forrest to withdraw his pickets and proceed to Tullahoma, meeting General Wheeler at Shelbyville. The enemy was known to be in large force around Shelbyville, and this made the crossing of Duck River at that point exceedingly hazardous. General Wheeler had succeeded in crossing, and was about to burn the bridge behind him when it was reported that General Forrest was coming in one direction and a body of Federal cavalry in another. General Wheeler's men had been engaged in lively skirmishing all the afternoon in an effort to get the supply wagons safely across the river, and were somewhat exhausted, but the noble heart of the "little giant" did not for a moment entertain any thought save that of helping out his brother officer. He immediately recrossed the bridge with five hundred men and two guns, and met the Federal charge in full force. His two guns were immediately captured, and a caisson was overturned to blockade the bridge. Seeing himself hemmed in, the doughty little Confederate took a chance as daring as that of Israel Putnam, the Revolutionary hero. Spurring his horse, he plunged over the bank to the swift, muddy stream, fifteen feet below, and was quickly followed by his men. As they struck the water they went under for a moment, and the Federals on the bank were too surprised to do more than stare until they saw heads coming up in all directions and horses swimming valiantly across the strong current. They then opened fire, and it is estimated

that between forty and fifty Confederates were killed and drowned.

In the meantime General Forrest, in whose behalf this brave effort was being made, heard the firing, and with his accustomed intuition scented the danger and made a rapid detour to a bridge four miles above, and reached the train in safety. With Morton's artillery in advance, the whole army then entered Shelbyville in triumph.

John Hickman Captured.

As the victorious Confederates entered Shelbyville they supplied themselves with both necessary and unnecessary stores. John P Hickman, now a prominent leader in United Confederate Veteran affairs, at that time a clerk in the Commissary Department, under Major Brown, was riding along with a bolt of gayly colored calico under his arm. In the rapid movement the bolt slipped from his grasp, and his efforts to regain it only entangled him in its unwinding folds. The Federals, dashing in at this moment, seized the bolt and, drawing it taut, captured the bold Confederate. The writer, entering the town immediately after this occurrence, found it the principal topic of discussion, much sympathy being expressed for the unfortunate ending to Commissary Clerk Hickman's first battle. He was sent to Rock Island prison, where, although exchanges were frequently made, Colonel Hickman languished without exchange until the close of hostilities liberated him.

Tullahoma was reached June 28. Much excitement was felt at the prospect of General Bragg's retreat on Chattanooga, and the cavalry now found itself in a country totally different from the territory hitherto operated in. It was a rough, mountainous section, affording excellent protection for the ambushes of the enemy. In-

stead of the dashing, sledgehammer tactics hitherto practiced, it now became necessary to adopt the most wary and adroit strategy. It is a tribute to the height and depth of General Forrest's genius to say that he proved fully equal to the demands of the occasion. On June 30 the Confederates suffered the loss of Colonel Starnes, than whom there never was a braver or more popular man in the service. An energetic and resourceful officer, a cultured and polished gentleman, and a physician of unusual ability, his death was deeply mourned. The writer always felt a degree of safety when Starnes's Regiment was close at hand.

It was on this same day that General Forrest had an exciting encounter with a detachment of mounted Federals. The rain was falling heavily, and, muffled in oilskins, the escort rode on in advance of the main body of troops, intending to reach Pelham and intercept General Wilder at that point. Advancing quickly and silently around a sharp turn of the road, they encountered a body of men, similarly covered with oilskins, but who, General Forrest's quick sense told him, were not Confederates. Riding straight on, without even quickening his pace, he greeted them companionably and carried on a conversation of some moments, finding out what company they were and some other points. He passed on, expecting to turn and attack their rear when they should come up with Morton's guns in advance of his detachment; but perceiving General Wilder coming on in full column, he was compelled to retreat before he had planned to do so. At a wild gallop the escort charged through their whilom companions, causing a stampede and making some captures. Reaching his command, he immediately returned, but the astute Wilder had placed himself out of harm's way

At Cowan.

It was a few days later that General Forrest was hailed as a coward by a fiery dame of Cowan. The mountain passes were thick with the enemy, and in the daily skirmishes it frequently happened that "discretion was the better part of valor." General Forrest's reputation as a daring and hot-headed fighter, however, was so strongly impressed on the people of that section that when they saw his army in retreat they always mistook it for some other command. One day as he rode rapidly down the street, with a body of Federals in plain pursuit, a mountain woman ran to her door and shouted: "You great, big coward, you, why don't you turn and fight, instead of running like a cur? If old Bedford Forrest was here, he'd make you fight." This incident was never related in General Forrest's presence without embarrassing him, and it is probable that the good woman never knew whom she addressed on that occasion.

The Federals realized fully the importance of locating and detaining General Forrest. An examination of their telegraphic dispatches of that period show a preponderance of questions as to General Forrest's whereabouts and suggestions for holding him in check. Following his habitual cunning plans, "deserters" began to appear in various Federal camps and give out information concerning the movements of the dreaded cavalryman. At one and the same time posts in Kentucky, Georgia, and Tennessee, and even as far north as Ohio, were apprised of intended raids in their directions. Several attacks were made on commands supposed to be under other Confederate leaders, and the discovery that they were General Forrest's men led to precipitate retreat and more bewildering dispatches. No wonder that the authorities at

Washington complained of an inability to get "reliable information," but in justice to the Federal commanders it must be said that they were not to blame for the unreliability of their dispatches, for it was not their fault that when they had reported retreating from General Forrest one day they should find him attacking their rear the next. No power on earth could calculate with any degree of certainty the movements of a man who rushed around and over mountains as easily, apparently, as he did over plains, to whom the burning of bridges offered no hindrance, and who planned and carried out his attacks without considering food, rest, or sleep necessary. It is a singular fact that, although neat and tidy in dress and person, General Forrest rarely carried any of "the comforts of home" with him on any campaign. When such comforts were offered by the hospitable people of the section he visited, or when they fell by right of conquest, their enjoyment was the very last item on his program, the first being invariably the care of the wounded, the second the inventory of supplies and the burial of the dead and the care of his horses (he was an ardent lover of the horse), and last, if there was time, he had no objection to any form of enjoyment that was available.

Water Sports at Kingston.

From Cowan to Kingston a move was made in the hottest part of July. The roads were rough and rugged and in many places almost impassable for the artillery. Added to this, the section was hostile and the entertainment scanty and ungracious. Reaching Kingston, where the sparkling Clinch enters the turbid Tennessee, now famous for the production of fine pearls, the writer was delighted to find himself in a fruitful and smiling valley of plenty once more. During the long, hot days a great

portion of the time was spent in water sports. Many of the soldiers swam both streams on wagers. General Forrest, coming to the bank one day, asked: "Who is my best swimmer?" "Captain Morton," was the reply of one of the swimmers. "Then he must prove his right to the championship," declared General Forrest. Seating himself on the bank, he called for contest after contest in the various forms of this delightful exercise. The discipline and activities of camp life had changed the writer, to whom, it will be remembered, General Forrest had referred at their first meeting as a "little, tallow-faced boy," to a sun-browned, sturdy, though still slender body, with a great deal of muscle and endurance; and, as has been stated, swimming had been his favorite pastime from early youth, so that it was not difficult to maintain the reputation so kindly pronounced by those who had not had his experience. He treasures to this day the kindly commendation of his beloved chieftain on this occasion.

The summer waned slowly Short, peppery engagements, necessitating the use of the artillery, were of almost daily occurrence, and had the effect of keeping the Confederates well supplied with food and ammunition and keeping Washington busy trying to strike a balance between the conflicting reports of General Forrest's whereabouts and intentions. General Bragg had determined to evacuate Chattanooga, and on the last day of August General Forrest received orders to repair to that place to cover and protect the retreat, ascertaining the enemy's plans as he approached.

On the Way to Chickamauga.

On September 10 he learned that two divisions of Federals had crossed the Chickamauga at the Red House bridge, on the Ringgold road; and knowing that they

were thus cut off from the rest of the Federal army, he planned their surprise and capture. He dispatched to General Bragg for help, and, expecting to attack their rear, engaged guides; but he received no response from General Bragg, and at midnight, impatient of further delay, he rode hurriedly to headquarters, only to find that General Bragg had gone to Lafayette and that all the infantry was under orders to repair there also. Hastening back, General Forrest placed himself in front of the Federal line of march. Four pieces from Morton's Battery stubbornly opposed the advance of the Federal leader; but the stress of numbers proved too great for a complete check, and the Confederates, still doggedly disputing the passage, were forced back to Tunnel Hill, where the cavalry were dismounted and fought as infantry, and Captain Morton's guns brought to such close range and fired with such excellent effect that the Federals, in their turn, were forced to retire. They remained two days at Ringgold; and had General Forrest received the support he asked for, they could have surrounded and captured the enemy with the utmost ease. This was the beginning of the unfortunate clashes of judgment and opinion between the two Confederate generals which later was to end in open rupture. Without attempting to lay the whole blame on General Bragg's procrastination or on General Forrest's inability to brook command, it is quite plain that the dissensions arose from the wide difference in the training of the two officers, resulting in methods as irreconcilably divergent as the two poles.

Opportunities similar to this, palpably discernible and even conspicuous to General Forrest but invisible to General Bragg, occurred frequently during this campaign, and General Forrest chafed and fretted at these repeated failures to destroy the enemy. They enabled

General Rosecrans to concentrate his forces, although he was puzzled at General Forrest's apparent indifference, as is shown by his dispatch to General Burnside on September 16 "It is of the utmost importance that you close down this way to cover our left flank. We have not the force to cover our flank against Forrest now. He could cross the river above us before we could discover it. I want all the help we can get promptly."*

"Pop Goes the Weasel," a song very much in vogue at that time, quite admirably fitted the situation:

All around the cobbler's house
The monkey chased the people,
And after them in double haste
Pop goes the weasel.

When the night walks in as black as a sheep,
And the hen on her eggs was fast asleep,
When into her nest with a serpent's creep,
Pop goes the weasel.

*Official Records, Vol. XXX., Part III., page 691.

CHAPTER X.

Battle of Chickamauga.

Early on the morning of September 18 General Bushrod R. Johnson, under orders from General Bragg to take the offensive, moved out from Ringgold toward Reid's Bridge. General Forrest's Command, which had been resting in the neighborhood for a few days, joined General Johnson, and was sent to the front to develop the enemy. Finding they were gathered at Pea Vine Creek, General Forrest sent Morton's guns forward to a position on a slight bluff near Alexander's Bridge, from which point of vantage, although exposed, it was able to render efficient aid. Two men were wounded.

An amusing incident occurred at this stand. Jimmy Woods, acting No. 5, was bringing cartridges from the caissons and limbers to the guns. Captain Morton noticed that he had them in armful lots and reprimanded him. "Jimmy," he said, "don't pile the cartridges at the guns that way. A spark from a friction primer or piece might cause a serious explosion. Just bring two—give one to No. 2 and hold the other until the gun is fired, and then return for more." Jimmy, elated at the way things were going for the Confederates, took the reprimand gayly, exclaiming: "All right, Captain; we'll whip this fight, or Molly Stark's a widow." He turned and went capering down the bank to the stream for more shells.

Federals Fall Slowly Back to Reid's Bridge.

A brisk skirmish ensued, the Federals falling slowly back to Reid's Bridge. Here they made a resolute stand;

but the guns were pressed so close and were so heavily reenforced by the infantry and cavalry that they were forced to retreat precipitately, not even taking time to burn the bridge. The entire force now crossed the Chickamauga and marched up the creek in the direction of Alexander's Bridge. "Thus it happened," says Capt. J. Harvey Mathes, "that Forrest brought on the great battle."* And it may be added, in justice to all, that this clear-headed decision and quick, daring action were the very qualities most deeply needed for such a battle, and the very ones whose lack brought on the subsequent lamentable mishap. General Hood, arriving on the field in the afternoon, assigned General Forrest to position in his rear, with scouts and pickets out for the protection of the main body.

General Forrest was instructed to develop the enemy as early on the next morning as possible, and was promised reënforcements if he brought on a general engagement. General Walker was ordered to hold himself in readiness to go to General Forrest's assistance September 19.

Accordingly, the day had hardly dawned on the 19th before the cavalry was in motion toward Reid's Bridge and Chattanooga. He found the enemy at the bridge in such strength that he sent a courier after the promised help, meanwhile deploying his forces to the best possible advantage. He saw at once that General Rosecrans had put into operation a superior piece of strategy; for while General Bragg's forces had been moved up the Chickamauga the night before, General Rosecrans had moved his army in the opposite direction, which brought him nearer to Chattanooga and kept that place as a con-

*Mathes's "General Forrest," page 139.

venient refuge. Gen. D. H. Hill reported: "I found that while our troops had been moving up the Chickamauga the Yankees had been moving down, and thus outflanked us."*

Nevertheless, General Forrest hoped to worst the wily Federal with the aid of the infantry, which he looked for momentarily. Morton's Battery and Freeman's Battery (the latter in command of Captain Huggins since the death of Captain Freeman) were placed directly in front, General Forrest's favorite style of using his guns, and were effectual in holding the enemy in check until the arrival of a part of General Dibrell's Brigade, which General Polk sent in response to General Forrest's appeal. The promised infantry still not appearing, General Forrest rode out to reconnoiter, leaving Pegram to hold the position, "no matter what might happen," until he returned with help.

The brave Pegram did as he was ordered, though at what cost may be seen from his simply worded report: "In obeying this order our loss was about one-fourth of the command."

General Forrest, hurrying back with Col. Claudius C. Wilson's Brigade, saved the rest of Pegram's command.

Wilson's men swept into General Forrest's line without pause and dashed into the attack. All the field was filled with admiration of the gallant action of this brigade. Truly they fulfilled the noble ideal of Tennyson's braves at Balaklava:

> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do or die.

Under this vigorous attack the Federals were driven back and hotly pursued. The first and second lines of

*Official Records, Vol. XXX., Part II., page 140.

battle crumbled before the vigor of the onslaught, but the third lay behind defenses of exceptionally fine construction. The enemy defended valiantly a battery on the second line, but this too yielded to the Confederate persistence, which carried the whole force with a sweep to the edge of the third line. General Forrest, quickly seizing the situation, ordered the attack to wait for further reënforcements, and began to rearrange his forces. The Federals in the meantime had been reënforced, and now turned on their recent aggressors in a fierce charge. General Ector had just reported to General Forrest, but before he could be assigned to position the Federal assault carried the entire line back. The horses in the captured battery had been killed; and though the Confederates tried to roll them off by hand, they could not succeed, and these guns again fell into the hands of their former owners. Indeed, it was hard to bring away the cherished guns of the Confederate batteries, the dense undergrowth and thick forest making progress most laborious. The fixed bayonets of the assailing Federals, however, hastened the surmounting of many obstacles. At one point, when all of the horses at one of the guns were killed or wounded, General Forrest ordered four of his retreating escort to dismount, and the harness was hastily adjusted to cover the troopers' accouterments, thus saving the precious gun. This incident is characteristic not only of the General's resourcefulness but of the importance which he attached to his artillery. The retreat was made in good order, the Federals not pursuing beyond their original lines; and General Walker coming up at this moment with the long-delayed infantry, the troops were re-formed and the tide of battle quickly turned the other way. It was now half-past 1 o'clock. General Forrest's men had been fighting since early dawn,

and General Walker was amazed when he heard what had been done. It was, he declared, "unparalleled," and the troops deserving of "immortal honor for the part borne in the action." In the thickest of the fray General Forrest's horse was shot from under him, this being the one presented to him by the citizens of Rome, Ga., on the capture of General Streight. General Forrest was himself in great danger all day, but remained in the hottest part of the action, directing, assisting, and encouraging in all directions. As the sun waxed higher and higher, the smoke, powder, dust, and heat became insufferable, and the men moved in a grimy, reddish haze. General Forrest wore a linen duster, with his pistol belt buckled on the outside.

The following incident occurred to Captain Morton:

It was Capt. John W Morton's twenty-first birthday on the 19th of September, and his entrée upon man's estate was amid the roar of the tremendous battle of Chickamauga. He had just received a new suit of artillery uniform clothes, which he had packed away nicely in a wagon; but a hungry mule had taken a fancy to them and had masticated the treasures. He had three horses at dawn, and at night one had been killed, two wounded so as to be unserviceable, and, to crown his mishaps, his colored servant "Bob" had got "scared" of the battle and run off with all his rations. To add to his misfortunes, he was a long way from home with not a dollar in his pocket. 'Twas thus he stepped across the threshold of manhood.

CAPT. JOHN W MORTON, C. S. A.

Of Forrest's brave artillery sons,
  John Morton was the chief,
Who in the thunder of his guns
  Oft sought his soul's relief.

As Pelham of the West, may he
  Be hailed throughout the South!
His war-time eloquence, most free,
  Came from his cannon's mouth.

In him our Wizard found a man
On whom he could rely;
And when his service first began,
His fame was made on high.

General Forrest I have always regarded as the untrained and perhaps the most remarkable genius of our Confederate war, and you are one of the military jewels which cluster in his diadem.—CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES, Augusta, Ga.

The conflict never became general, owing to the fatal lack of concerted action and concentration on the part of the Confederates. At nightfall General Armstrong arrived with his second brigade, and the Confederates went into bivouac upon the ground on which they had opened the contest, but with very little more advantage. An early moon came up and lighted the general readjustment of the battle lines, the work with the wounded, and all the stir incident to a night after a great battle. The pale faces of the dead were on every side, the acrid smell of gunpowder hovered thickly in the air, and the melancholy winds whispered through the pines the mournful story of the day's losses. Cleburne's Division had captured two guns, which were added to Morton's Battery, increasing Morton's to six guns.

A GLOOMY SUNDAY.

Saturday night was a busy one for the Union troops. All night the sound of their axes and picks could be heard as they toiled to strengthen their position. General Thomas's Corps, by a long forced march, arrived to reenforce General Rosecrans, and daybreak found them much better prepared to face the foe than they had been the day previous. September 20 was a brilliant autumn Sunday. General Forrest's men had been placed in line with Gen. John C. Breckenridge's Division, and it was

the understanding that the battle was to open promptly at daybreak. The lines were ready at the appointed time, but the order was not given until half-past nine, thus wasting three hours of the precious morning. The delay is assigned to various causes, some asserting that the order was not delivered to General Hill in time, others declaring that he received it, but delayed in order to give his men their rations. Be that as it may, the troopers stood in line from dawn until the sun was well on toward the meridian, fuming and fretting at the delay, waiting for the sound of the opening fire from Generals Polk, Breckenridge, and Hill.

General Breckenridge made the first move at half-past nine, and met with determined resistance. The Federals were strongly intrenched, and their well-aimed shells dealt death and destruction throughout the Confederate ranks. General Forrest's Cavalry, with General Armstrong, moved to the right, and advancing Morton's Battery, aided by Huggins's and Gracey's, to the front, gave the opposing infantry a splendid example of artillery and cavalry charging.

Sighting a column of Federals approaching from the direction of Rossville, and believing them to be in charge of his old-time opponent, General Granger, of whose approach he had been warned, General Forrest directed the three batteries to open simultaneously. The Federals were forced to form in line of battle and fight their way through to the Union lines. The whole road, with the Federal camps and hospitals, together with a number of prisoners and considerable spoils, were now under General Forrest's control, and he swept General Granger (for it proved to be indeed that able officer) back again and again. General Thomas, seeing the plight of his assistant, at last sent a stout body of troops to his aid, and

by making a wide detour they succeeded in gaining the Union lines and also in forcing the Confederates back to some extent. Captain Morton's artillery kept up a fierce fire in the effort to regain the advantage, but the plucky and stubborn resistance of the Federals stood them well in hand, and nightfall found General Breckenridge's Division just six hundred yards in advance of the position from which it had attacked in the morning.

General Hill's Compliment.

In these two days' fighting General Forrest's Cavalry and Artillery not only sustained the reputation that they had won on other hard-fought fields but gained fresh laurels. Hotly engaged in the first day's fight, they swept the enemy before them at every point. The second day showed an equally glorious list of achievements, and when night closed the bloody contest, their claim to a share of the honor of the victory was not disputed by any on that stormy field. The comment of Gen. D. H. Hill is worthy of notice. General Hill, fresh from the mighty battles of Virginia, riding with his staff through the Confederate lines, was attracted by the precision and steadiness of movement of a body of men on the field and inquired whose command it was. On being told that it was General Forrest's Cavalry and Artillery, he asked to be taken to him. In Major Anderson's Company he rode up to their rear, and General Forrest, perceiving them, went back to meet them. What followed can best be shown by quoting from Dr. Wyeth's account, which he received from Major Anderson. (See Wyeth's "History," page 252.)

"Armstrong and Forrest moved over to the right, and reaching a little bayou the Federal intrenchments found open going and pushing. As Forrest approached, Gen-

eral Hill, raising his hat in salutation, said: 'General Forrest, I wish to congratulate you and these brave men moving across that field like veteran infantry upon their magnificent behavior. In Virginia I made myself extremely unpopular with the cavalry because I said that, so far, I had not seen a dead man with spurs on. No one can speak disparagingly of such troops as yours.' General Forrest, concealing whatever of pride or elation he felt at this high compliment to himself and his troops, simply said, 'Thank you, General,' waved his hand, wheeled his horse, and galloped away to his favorite position by Morton's Battery."

General Rosecrans, in his effort to help General Thomas repulse General Forrest, so weakened the other end of his fighting line that it had been routed completely by Generals Longstreet and Stewart. The Federal right wing and center were turned back, and in wild confusion they fled to Chattanooga, ten miles away. Nothing can be imagined to equal the disorder of the flying soldiers, blocked wagon trains, overturned guns, knapsacks, and accouterments, which choked the road leading to the city. Mr. Charles A. Dana, Assistant United States Secretary of War, who was on the field, has described this confusion in a magazine article of some ten years ago: "Everything on the route was in the greatest disorder. The whole road was filled with flying soldiers, and here and there were piled up pieces of artillery, caissons, and baggage wagons. When I reached Chattanooga, a little before 4 o'clock, I found Rosecrans there. In the helter-skelter to the rear he had escaped by the Rossville road. He was expecting every moment that the enemy would arrive before the town, and was doing all he could to prepare to resist his entrance. Having been swept bodily off the battlefield, and having made my way

into Chattanooga through a panic-stricken rabble, the first telegram I sent to Mr. Stanton was naturally colored by what I had seen and experienced. I remember I began the dispatch by saying: 'My report to-day is of deplorable importance. Chickamauga is as fatal a name in our history as Bull Run.' "*

A large number of prisoners were captured, and the pursuit continued until nightfall, when the Confederates bivouacked on the field, while the Federals collected, for the most part, within General Thomas's fortifications on Snodgrass Hill. Had General Forrest been in command he would have pressed the advantage if it had kept all hands busy all night, but General Bragg took the chances of the rout being complete and lost out.

General Hill, speaking of the events of these two days, said: "No eulogy of mine could add to the reputation of General Forrest and his soldiers, who, though not under my command, most heartily coöperated and rendered the most valuable service. I would ask no better fortune, if again placed on a flank, than to have such a vigilant, gallant, and accomplished officer guarding its approaches."

In Thomas's "Memoirs" General Forrest's actions are thus described on that day: "Forrest's men had passed beyond Van Derveer's left, and formed for assault on his front, and also directly on his flank. The line presented an obtuse angle opening toward the enemy. Into this, and heavily against the left of it, Forrest hurled his columns, four deep. On came these men in gray in magnificent lines, which showed clearly through the open forest, bending their faces before the leaden sleet of the storm, and firing hotly as they advanced. As they came

*_McClure's Magazine_, February, 1898.

within range of the oblique fire from Van Derveer's right, they halted within forty yards of his left, and for a few moments poured in a destructive fire. A wheel of Smith's regular battery and of a section of Church's guns, which had reported, brought them where they poured a nearly enfilading fire of canister down those long lines, standing bravely there and fighting almost under the mouths of the guns."*

A Barren Victory.

The victory of Chickamauga is claimed by both sides, but to the author of this book it seems a well-defined conclusion that an army that makes a hot retreat to a point ten miles distant, leaving its artillery and thousands of muskets and prisoners on the field, can scarcely be entitled to much claim of victory.

General Forrest's command slept on the field the night of the 20th. Men and horses were slightly provided with rations, and there was scarcely any water to be had, so that the suffering from the cold mountain wind, the dust, and thirst was intense. Everywhere the dying and the dead, the blue and the gray were mixed indiscriminately. The smoke-begrimed, powder-blackened, exhausted Confederates gave to friend and foe alike what assistance they could. The scanty supply of water was given to the wounded and dying, fires were built and the sufferers brought close to them, and many messages were written by the firelight for the loved ones at home so far away. In one spot a group of the wounded engaged in prayer and singing. In others men raved of wife and home and children, or begged piteously for water. It was a heartrending scene, yet so exhausted were the Con-

*"Life of General George H. Thomas," page 395.

federates that many were able to sleep at last in the horrid and depressing confusion.

SEPTEMBER 21.

Monday, September 21, was a clear, cold morning. A frost had fallen the night before and the men and horses felt it very keenly. There were no rations for breakfast, but everybody expected to move forward, and all were eager to follow the advantage gained the day before. With Morton's Battery in advance, supported by a strong guard from General Armstrong's Brigade, General Forrest moved toward Chattanooga on the Lafayette road. Nearing Rossville a rear guard of Federal cavalry was encountered, and Morton's Battery was thrown into position for a charge. The Union troopers returned the first fire, and then fled precipitately in the direction of Chattanooga. A Minie ball passed through the neck of General Forrest's horse from this volley and severed a main artery. General Forrest pressed his finger into the opening and the horse carried him on. When the enemy was in full retreat, General Forrest, removing his finger, dismounted and the faithful animal fell to the ground. When the pursuit ceased, Morton's Battery was thrown into position on the bank of a creek, and soon engaged a battery at the Star fort in Chattanooga, near where the Stanton House stood. Another move was made to a little knoll on the right of the road, and a vigorous fire opened on a detachment of Federals behind a hedge there. They were soon driven from their position. The knoll is visible to-day and has a cedar growing on its top. No other trees or shrubs are near, and the site is thus plainly marked, and is often pointed out as the most advanced position taken by Morton's Battery during the battle. A recent visit to this spot was made with

Maj. M. H. Clift, who pointed out the tree, now sixteen or eighteen feet tall, although at the time of the battle it must have been only a small shrub.

General Forrest in the Signal Tree.

General Forrest next captured four Federals who had been on signal duty in near-by trees; and taking a pair of glasses from one of them, he mounted an observation tree, from which he could plainly see the whole city and the soldiers within the forts. He sent a message to General Bragg, on the point of Missionary Ridge, asking for a division, saying he could capture the entire army, as they were in great confusion, crossing in boats, on planks, and anything that would serve to bear weight. No answer being made to this request, he sent another message, more urgent than the first, saying that he could take the enemy with only a brigade, if sent at once. General Bragg ignored this request also, and General Forrest was compelled to see the glorious opportunity slip from his itching fingers.

General Longstreet says that General Bragg had decided to march away and leave General Rosecrans; but concluding from General Forrest's information that they were abandoning Chattanooga, he decided to make another attack.

General Forrest, receiving no answer to his dispatches, moved on to within three miles of Chattanooga and shelled the city for several hours, but could not dislodge the batteries there. Darkness compelled camp to be made, and General Forrest paid a visit to General Bragg's headquarters, where he was reassured as to Bragg's plans and was ordered to be ready for a general advance in the morning.

More Procrastination.

General Forrest accordingly moved into the suburbs of Chattanooga early the next morning. With Morton's Battery in advance, the enemy's pickets were driven to within a half mile of the town. Dismounting his men, he formed them into line and occupied and picketed the different roads leading into the city. Some sharp skirmishing attended the effort to picket the road leading around the northern end of Lookout Mountain.

No reënforcements arrived and no further orders. McLaws's Division arrived about noon, but proved to have orders merely for picket duty. General Forrest, eating his heart out as he saw written over the bloody field the same legend of "failure" that he had seen at Donelson, Shiloh, and Stone's River, proposed to McLaws to join in an attack without orders, but this McLaws was not willing to do. Hour after hour passed in this enforced inaction, and the great leader, galled inexpressibly at being sent on a wild goose chase and at the unnecessary loss of his men for so poor a result, made then and there the determination which led to the final rupture between him and General Bragg. All night his troops were kept in line of battle, and he was not relieved until the next day at noon, when he was ordered into camp at Tyner's Station for rest and forage and to shoe horses and cook rations.

In twenty-four hours he was again under orders to move; this time to Harrison, where General Burnside was reported. Setting out in this direction, he had covered only a short distance when a courier overtook him with another change of orders, necessitating an attack on the enemy at Charleston, on the Hiwassee.

Under cover of Morton's and Huggins's Batteries he

moved down the road until the Federal pickets were encountered. These were driven back with little resistance to the other side of the river, where their troops lay. In the face of the enemy General Forrest ordered the artillery to be posted on the bank, and this, done under a heavy fire, protected the crossing of the Confederate troops. Following his usual tactics of close-range attacks, General Forrest ordered the guns to the front and dismounted his men, pushing the Federals in double-quick retreat toward Athens, Tenn.

Surprising Orders.

The chase was continued hotly as far as Loudon, the enemy turning frequently for short brushes, but showing their sore straits by abandoning supplies all along the road.

At Loudon further pursuit was checked by the following order from General Bragg:

Missionary Ridge, Sept. 28, 1863.

Brigadier General Forrest, near Athens.

General: The General commanding desires that you will without delay turn over the troops of your command, previously ordered, to Major General Wheeler.*

In consideration of the feeling General Forrest had manifested at Dover against serving under General Wheeler, of which General Bragg was well aware, there was no construction to be placed on this order other than a personal affront. He dictated a red-hot letter to his chief, telling him plainly what he thought of the deep injustice that had been shown him (Forrest), and adding that he would follow the letter shortly by a personal visit and would in no way shirk the consequences of what he had said. The whole army was, of course, aware

*Official Records, Vol. XXX., Part IV., page 710.

of the ignominy thus heaped upon the head of their commander, and all were loud in their expressions of displeasure and sense of injustice.

Visit to General Bragg.

Of this visit, paid two days later, General Forrest's Chief Surgeon, Dr. J. B. Cowan, who accompanied the great cavalryman, gives the following account:

When we entered the tent, where this officer was alone, General Bragg rose from his seat, spoke to General Forrest, and, advancing, offered him his hand. Refusing to take the proffered hand, and standing stiff and erect before Bragg, Forrest said: "I am not here to pass civilities or compliments with you, but on other business. You commenced your cowardly and contemptible persecution of me soon after the battle of Shiloh, and you have kept it up ever since. You did it because I reported to Richmond facts, while you reported damn lies. You robbed me of my command in Kentucky and gave it to one of your favorites—men that I armed and equipped from the enemies of our country. In a spirit of revenge and spite, because I would not fawn upon you as others did, you drove me into West Tennessee in the winter of 1862, with a second brigade I had organized, with improper arms and without sufficient ammunition, although I had made repeated applications for the same. You did it to ruin me and my career. When, in spite of all this, I returned with my command, well equipped by captures, you began again your work of spite and persecution, and have kept it up; and now this second brigade, organized and equipped without thanks to you or the government, a brigade which has won a reputation for successful fighting second to none in the army, taking advantage of your position as the commanding general in order to further humiliate me, you have taken these brave men from me. I have stood your meanness as long as I intend to. You have played the part of a damn scoundrel, and are a coward; and if you were any part of a man, I would slap your jaws and force you to resent it. You may as well not issue any more orders to me, for I will not obey them, and I will hold you personally responsible for any further indignities you endeavor to inflict upon me. You have threatened to arrest me for not obeying your orders promptly. I dare

you to do it, and I say to you that if you ever again try to interfere with me or cross my path it will be at the peril of your life."*

Some discussion has arisen lately concerning General Forrest's use of such language and General Bragg's submitting to it, but it seems to be the general consensus of opinion of those who knew both men that the facts are about as here set down. Maj. M. H. Clift has told Captain Morton that he had heard of the incident at the time it took place and took occasion some years after the war, when General Forrest and his wife were visiting at his house, to ask the General about it. The General told him the facts were about as he had heard. General Bragg took no official notice of the incident.

President Davis was at headquarters when the quarrel occurred, and, without taking official action in the matter, wrote General Forrest a personal letter in his own hand, appointing a meeting at Montgomery, Ala., to which place he was on his way. At the same time he was given to understand that General Bragg would be willing to restore his command to him when General Wheeler should return from his pursuit of General Rosecrans. Resting on this assurance, he obtained leave of absence for ten days in order to pay a visit to his wife at LaGrange, Ga., the first meeting with his family for eighteen months. He had hardly reached LaGrange when he received another order, which placed him directly under General Wheeler's command; but he took no notice of this fresh indignity, knowing that he was soon to have an opportunity to talk with President Davis.

A New Field.

The meeting took place at Montgomery, as scheduled,

*Wyeth's "Life of Forrest," page 265, 266.

and the President promised to arrange for an independent command for the cavalry officer.

For some time the people of West Tennessee and Northern Mississippi had been petitioning the government for protection, and General Forrest had been the recipient of repeated appeals to come to their aid, and in accordance with these requests the President transferred General Forrest to this section, leaving the selection of his troops, however, to General Bragg.

Leaving President Davis at Atlanta, General Forrest presented himself at headquarters once more and was received with the promise of a transfer, with the major portion of the troops which he had raised, equipped, and taught, but time went on, and General Bragg needing first one portion of the effective men and then another for service, the final transfer was not made until October 29, 1863, thus forcing the active, diligent spirit of General Forrest into a month of inactivity extremely trying to one of his restless, eager nature. To make matters worse, his command, as finally selected, was reduced to such slim proportions that it could not hope to accomplish any serious work.

The members of General Forrest's old command were extremely indignant when they learned that they were not to go with him, and they united in a petition against separation from their beloved chief; but General Bragg declared that this was no time for the consideration of private feelings, and that he could not spare more than he had designated. Morton's Battery was fortunate enough not to be excluded, and, numbering sixty-seven men and four guns, set out for Okolona, Miss., going by way of Rome (where two days were spent in outfitting and recruiting), Tuscaloosa, Ala., and Columbus, Miss. The parting with the old command was a very affecting

one, and the men could hardly restrain their feelings in bidding farewell to the brave chief who had led them so often to victory and frequently inspired them to attempt the seemingly impossible and wrest victory from the jaws of defeat. The force comprised the following:

Escort Company	67
Field and Staff	8
McDonald's Battalion	139
Morton's Battery	67

With this force of 281 men he was expected to secure recruits and arms as he had done before. It was near the middle of November when Okolona was reached. A force of 2,000 under Col. R. V. Richardson had been promised at this point, but the number actually found was 250, a great part of the men having gone home for heavy clothing and being caught within the enemy's lines. Another regiment promised arrived shortly after, with only 150 men, and less than half of these were armed. General Forrest's own command was decimated by the long march and sickness, but as soon as the news got abroad that the "Wizard of the Saddle" was in Mississippi men began to flock to his standard. Communication was quite difficult, as the enemy was in strong force throughout this section and very watchful. General Hurlbut also heard the news, and announced to his men that he expected "more dash" in the efforts of the Confederates in consequence.

CHAPTER XI.

Second Expedition into West Tennessee.

The best ground for securing supplies for his new troops seemed to General Forrest to be in West Tennessee; and although the enemy held a rigid guard over all possible openings, he was fully confident of being able to dash through the lines, secure recruits, and then rush back before he could be captured. Gen. S. D. Lee, Colonel Richardson, and General Forrest met for consultation on November 29, and it was decided to make this attempt at once, General Lee covering the movement with two detachments. Col. Tyree H. Bell was sent into West Tennessee in advance to raise interest in the proposed expedition. General Forrest and Colonel Bell also secured the assistance of several other officers of great ability in organizing the new command. Cols. A. N. Wilson, R. M. Russell, and John F. Newsom and Lieut. Col. D. M. Wisdom were well known to the people of this section, and succeeded in arousing great interest everywhere they went.

The supply of horses was so inadequate that many of the able cavalrymen had to be left behind. Only two guns of Morton's Battery could be carried, as the artillery horses were too worn and exhausted for such a long and arduous trip. The first step of the expedition was the building of a bridge across the Tallahatchie, which was accomplished, and a crossing effected by December 3.

General Lee, aided by General Chalmers, feigned an attack on Memphis, and this drew a concentration of troops in that direction, and in the confusion General Forrest's small body of soldiers passed over the danger

line without being discovered. At Salisbury a body of Federal pickets was encountered, and these were driven back by a brisk fire from Morton's guns. This gave the Federals their first intimation of General Forrest's plans. General Sherman seemed to think that such a poorly equipped force could be safely neglected for larger bodies, and General Forrest was left unnoticed for some time—an advantage of which he was not slow to avail himself. So well had Colonel Bell and his assistants done their work that General Forrest found everywhere an eager welcome. Colonel Bell was a man of unusual military and social qualities—genial, companionable, and a shrewd judge of men and things. Captain Morton always entertained for him the deepest admiration and respect, and in action always felt safe when supported by Bell's Brigade.

On December 6 General Forrest wrote to General Johnston that he had gathered 5,000 men, and this in the face of numerous Federal recruiting stations scattered throughout West Tennessee and Kentucky and Federals in occupation of most of the important towns. Nevertheless, the soldiers reaped a harvest of delightful entertainment everywhere. At Bolivar there was a big wedding, one of General Forrest's men marrying a belle of the town. At Jackson, which was reached December 6, abundant food, forage, and entertainment were provided by the patriotic ladies. Dinners, parties, and other gayeties were treats to the weary soldier after the long marching and insufficient supplies.

The author received, some years ago, a reminder of these pleasures in a letter from a lady who recalled herself as Miss Sue K—. She was remembered as a very beautiful and winning girl, graceful and vivacious and admired by every man in the company. The recent letter

was a request for the return of a photograph which the beardless artillery officer had abstracted from the parlor mantel during the winter of 1863. She gave as the reason for wanting it returned that she desired to give it to one of her grandchildren, of whom she had thirteen.

The night before leaving Jackson a dance was given at the courthouse, at which all the city was present. The dancing was kept up all night and the soldiers marched out with the dawn.

Sufficient men for three regiments were recruited, but not armed, though President Davis had promised to send arms, and General Forrest now wrote requesting that they be sent so that he could occupy that portion of the State for the Confederacy. It was his opinion that with arms and food for his new troops he could destroy the Memphis and Charleston Railroad and drive back into Mississippi large herds of beef cattle. The destruction of the railroad would have made it easy to blockade the Mississippi River. This request was also made of President Davis; but it was not acceded to, the authorities at Richmond having in mind a movement to the South, which called for all available troops. General Forrest was promoted at this time, however; but the honor did not compensate him for the risk and danger of getting his men safely back into Mississippi without arms, nor for the $20,000 he had spent from his own purse for food and supplies.

Difficulty in Returning.

The Federal commanders, hearing of the Confederate success in recruiting in West Tennessee, were preparing to advance on General Forrest from all directions. He apprehended no danger except in the direction of Memphis. Sending a regiment of the raw and unarmed men

through the country by night marches, he dispatched to General Chalmers to meet him at Estenaula, where he would have food and forage and boats for crossing. Detachments from Columbus, Ky., from Memphis, from Corinth, from LaGrange, and even from Huntsville, Ala., were sent to intercept him, "and cure him," said General Hurlbut, "of his ambition to command West Tennessee." Thus hemmed in on all sides, it behooved the wily General to move with more than his ordinary caution, and he proceeded to divide his men into three portions, the untried and unarmed troops forming the greater part. These, with two of Morton's guns which accompanied the expedition, were sent in advance, escorted by Colonel Bell, and carrying the provision wagons and the beef cattle. Moving with such celerity as was possible in the horribly muddy condition of the roads, the 24th and a part of the 25th (Christmas day) were consumed in crossing the Hatchie at Estenaula, which had been appointed as the rendezvous for the three different divisions of the forces. The Federals had expected the crossing to be made at Bolivar, where it had been crossed on the journey into the interior and where General Forrest had repaired a bridge, looking to the possibility of its use. The Federal scouts had entered Bolivar and made an effort to find the ferryboat, but were told that it had been taken by General Forrest's orders farther up the river, where vigorous search failed to disclose it.

This boat was now utilized to ferry Colonel Bell's men and Morton's Artillery over, a very slow and tedious process. Christmas day was bright and sunny, but the cold was intense, and the two days' and nights' encounter with the freezing mud and water was an almost unbearable hardship. The other divisions came up with some of the enemy in making for the rendezvous, but at

last all were safely across and the march to the south continued.

Crossing Wolf River.

Heavy and constantly increasing forces being still in motion to cut off his return, General Forrest determined to evade them by crossing the line at a point not expected. It was necessary to cross Wolf River, which empties into the Mississippi at Memphis, and this was possible only at Lafayette, where a bridge had been partially burned by the Federals and extinguished by some patriotic citizens of the place. Word of this crossing was sent to General Forrest; and although it brought him into dangerous proximity to Memphis, he determined to make the crossing at this point. His only hope of safety lay in getting over before he was observed. Sending Colonel Faulkner and Major Strange with a small body of men to make a feint on Memphis, he passed with the main portion of his troops and Morton's Artillery in the direction of Somerville. An encounter with Federal pickets took place a short distance from the town, but Morton's guns soon drove them back and the way was open to Lafayette. Small forces were sent in various directions to create the impression that they were the advance of the main body, and in the meantime the work of tearing up the railroad track and the crossing of the bridge went on. As usual "deserters" began to appear in various Federal camps, rural citizens were encountered all along the roads leading out of Lafayette, and all told stories of the immense numbers of the Southern forces and gave different directions toward which they were tending. While these conflicting reports were being telegraphed into Memphis and Washington, the main body of General Forrest's troops were quietly crossing

over the repaired bridge. The supplies and raw troops were then sent on to Holly Springs, Miss., while General Forrest, with Morton's Artillery, supported by three hundred men, proceeded in the direction of Collierville, where a large Federal force had been reported. Scarce two miles had been covered when a body of Federal cavalrymen was met, coming in double-quick time to Lafayette in the hope of cutting off the progress of the wily Confederate. These were charged in General Forrest's usual impetuous, stormy fashion, with Morton's guns in front, and after a few volleys the enemy beat a hasty retreat. A torrential rain had been falling for some time, and this assisted in hiding the paucity of the Confederate forces. At the moment of the enemy's retreat scouts brought in information of a body of Federals moving from LaGrange, and General Forrest was obliged to send skirmishers out to meet them and hold them in check as long as possible. He himself, with the artillery, pushed rapidly on to join the train, but at 10 o'clock the enemy overtook him, and a two hours' fight ensued in the mud and darkness. It resulted in the retirement of the Federals in two bodies, one to the fortifications at Lafayette and the other to the works at Collierville. General Forrest pressed immediately on in the direction of Holly Springs, following his train, and reaching Mount Pleasant, Miss., by daylight on the 28th, he allowed his weary troops a much-needed rest. By short, slow marches he then proceeded across the country to Como, Miss.

Of General Forrest's superb strategy in thus passing through the net which the enemy had so carefully drawn for him the Memphis correspondent of a Cincinnati newspaper said: "Forrest, with less than four thousand men, has moved right through the Sixteenth Army Corps, has

passed within nine miles of Memphis, carried off over 100 wagons, 200 beef cattle, 3,000 conscripts, and innumerable stores, torn up railroad tracks, cut telegraph wires, burned and sacked towns, run over pickets with a single Derringer pistol—and all, too, in the face of ten thousand men."* All of which has a sufficient coloring of truth except the burning and sacking of towns.

Cincinnati Commercial, January 12, 1864.

CHAPTER XII.

Defeat of Gen. William Sooy Smith.

At Como a short period of recuperation was enjoyed while the officers consulted as to the best means of consolidating the newly recruited troops. Many of them had been incorporated in small companies, and some of them had been on their way to join other commands. All were united, however, in a desire to serve under General Forrest, and it was decided to disregard the previous formations and reorganize the whole force at once. This plan was approved by the War Department and an order issued annulling all previous authority which had been given to raise troops.

The fragments of companies caused a great deal of trouble, as they had elected their own officers, and it required all of General Forrest's energy, personal magnetism, and authority to make the necessary consolidations satisfactory to all.

General Forrest at this time received his promotion to the rank of major general, although, by a singular coincidence, it was issued on December 4, the very day that he had set out upon his fruitful expedition—a sort of anticipatory reward.

The weather continued bitterly cold—much colder than had been known for years. Many of the new recruits were without blankets—all were without tents. The empty slave quarters of the neighboring homes were utilized for shelter, but these were not entirely adequate, as will be shown by the following incident, written for "Lindsley's Annals" by Sergt. Frank T Reid, of Morton's Battery, now a prominent citizen of Seattle, Wash.:

The weather was intensely cold. The guns were parked in an open space where once had stood a large dwelling house, the charred remains of it still in part standing, and were inclosed by a half-dozen or more substantial cabins—servants' quarters—that had escaped the fire uninjured. The mess of which I was a member had succeeded in seizing and appropriating one of the largest and best of these, and each man had with considerable labor constructed a rude bedstead, and had filled it with cotton secured from a gin not far off. We were snugly and warmly housed. The wintry scene outside—snow covered the ground—and the recollection of recent hardships made the big wood fire on the hearth diffuse a double sense of warmth and comfort. At this moment came a knock on the door, and one of the men entered with an order from Captain Morton that our cabin must be vacated, as it was wanted by the officers of Rice's Battery. By this time all the cabins were occupied. For the moment there was blank silence, and then from every throat a cry of indignation.

At this juncture a lieutenant in Rice's Battery rode up in front of the door and inquired when we would leave. Finally it was agreed that the question of which cabins should be given to the officers should be determined by casting lots that evening at roll call. This was done and, strange to relate, the lot fell on us.

It must be borne in mind that the men composing this army were born of the most independent stock on earth and were not used to having their freedom controlled in any way. Those who had followed the mighty General Forrest in battle needed no other guide for their conduct than his wishes. The new recruits soon absorbed this spirit, for it took only a short acquaintance with this marvelous character to discern that, whatever its faults, lack of earnestness and thoroughness were not among them. He was as easily approached by a private as by an officer; and as no rules of military etiquette could keep him from speaking his mind plainly, a complaint made to him was sure to meet with justice; and when he considered the complainant in fault he had no hesitation in personally attending to his punishment.

REORGANIZATION.

Four small brigades were formed. The first, under Brigadier General Richardson, consisted of the Twelfth Tennessee, under Lieut. Col. J. U. Green; Fourteenth Tennessee, under Col. J. J. Neely; Fifteenth Tennessee, under Col. F. M. Stewart, Sixteenth Tennessee, under Col. Thomas H. Logwood; Seventeenth Tennessee, under Major Marshall; Street's Battalion, Bennett's Battalion.

The second consisted of the Second Missouri Regiment, under Col. Robert McCulloch; Willis's Texas Battalion, under Colonel Willis; Col. W W Faulkner's Kentucky Regiment; Keizer's Tennessee Battalion, Lieut. Col. Alex Chalmers's Battalion, and Captain Cochran's Second Arkansas Cavalry, all under command of Col. Robert McCulloch.

The third brigade, Col. Tyree H. Bell in command, was formed of Colonels Russell's, Greers's, Newsom's, Wilson's, and Barteau's Tennessee Regiments.

The fourth was made up of McDonald's Battalion, the Seventh Tennessee, McQuirk's Regiment, Third Mississippi, Fifth Mississippi, Duff's Mississippi Battalion—all under command of Col. Jeffery E. Forrest.*

These details were adjusted and, an excellent discipline having been established, General Forrest moved his headquarters to Oxford, Miss., as affording a better vantage point to watch the operations both from Memphis and Vicksburg. Here he received information of a large body of cavalry setting out from Memphis and intuitively divined, with perfect correctness, as it afterwards proved, the Federal plans for making a destructive raid into Mississippi from Memphis, as far as Meridian and from there

*Jordan and Pryor's "Campaigns of Forrest," page 383.

on to Selma and Mobile, effecting a junction with troops from Vicksburg.

Meridian Expedition.

Gen. William Sooy Smith had been placed in command of all the Union cavalry in Tennessee, with orders to break up the railroad connections between Memphis and Meridian, Miss., at which point he was to be met by Major General Sherman, who, having accomplished a similar work from Vicksburg on, would then have been in a position to occupy the whole State. This movement was excellently planned by General Sherman, and after much consultation with Generals Grant and Smith, the latter was given the most careful chart of the territory he was expected to cover, with explicit directions as to what he should do and what he should let alone. General Smith had at his command 7,000 picked troops, and the gunboats and transports along his line of march were at his disposal. Everything was planned with that care of detail which ever marked the work of General Sherman, and had he been confronted with a less adroit foe than General Forrest he would have had no difficulty in attaining his wish as expressed in a letter to General Grant, January 6, 1864: "I will aim to reënforce him [Smith] with cavalry, and with infantry occupy the attention of the enemy, so as to enable him to reach Meridian, and, if possible, Selma."*

General Grant was even more hopeful, as is shown by his letter on the 15th of January to Gen. W H. Halleck, in Washington. After speaking of General Sherman's intended march to Meridian, he says: "He will then re-

*Official Records, Vol. XXXII., Part II., page 36.

turn, unless the opportunity of getting into Mobile with the force appears perfectly plain."*

The soldiers were commanded to set out in light marching order, supplying themselves along the route with whatever the country afforded.

SMITH'S DELAY.

General Smith was ordered to leave Collierville on the 1st of February, 1864, and proceed, by way of Pontotoc, Okolona, Columbus Junction, and Macon, to Meridian, where General Sherman, having started from Vicksburg on the 3d of February, was to meet him. So certain was General Sherman of the success of the movement that he started on the 3d without attempting to ascertain whether or not General Smith had left on the 1st as ordered, although he could have done so very easily, as telegraphic communications were open to him between Memphis and Vicksburg. As a matter of fact, General Smith had been delayed in his start by the heavy rains and swollen streams, and did not leave Collierville until February 11, at which date he should have been in Meridian over twenty-four hours. General Sherman, carrying out his part of the program with scrupulous exactness, reached Meridian at the appointed time and waited in vain for the appearance of his colleague. Unable to hear from him, he occupied himself burning railroads and public property, sending out detachments in quest of information as to General Smith's movements, but without success. On March 6, then, he commenced his return to Vicksburg, wholly mystified as to what had befallen General Smith.

In the meantime General Polk had notified General Forrest on February 7 of General Sherman's approach,

*Official Records, Vol. XXXI., Part II., page 100.

and General Forrest's own scouts had brought in tidings of the preparations at Memphis, so that, with his usual astuteness, he was able to work out the plan of the whole movement. This enabled him to meet General Smith's feints of attack with effective feints of resistance, meanwhile keeping his main body close at call. General McCulloch, General Chalmers, and Col. Jeffrey Forrest were sent to Penola, Houston, and West Point respectively, while General Forrest, with his escort and Morton's Battery, supported by Bell's Brigade (now under command of Colonel Barteau in the illness of Colonel Bell), passed rapidly by night marches from Oxford to Grenada and Starkville. An accident quoted from Sergeant Reid's article, mentioned before, will show the perils and obstacles encountered on this march:

> About the middle of February the battery, then at Grenada, was ordered to West Point to aid in intercepting and frustrating General Grierson's march to join Sherman at Jackson. The road lay through dismal swamps, and was almost impassable from the heavy rains which had been falling for days uninterruptedly. The command marched day and night. On this march Captain Morton had a remarkable escape from death. It was at night, and the light from the one or two pine torches we had could pierce only a few feet through the solid black darkness. Every few minutes the wheels of the gun carriages and caissons would mire up to their hubs in the sticky mud, and to extricate them the gunners would be forced to put their shoulders to the wheel, and the drivers would stimulate the broken-down horses to renewed effort by loud cries and blows. In crossing a corduroy bridge over one of those black, snaky, Styx-like streams peculiar to the swampy regions of Mississippi, now swollen to a raging torrent, at this point confined between high, perpendicular banks about fifty feet apart, Captain Morton's horse carried him over the edge of it. How he succeeded in extricating himself from what seemed inevitable destruction, I have never been able to understand.

This is only one of the many hardships and discomforts attendant upon this, the West Point campaign. Captain Morton, in the discharge of his duty, attempted

to pass over the bridge to see if it was safe for his men and guns. One side of the bridge was lower than the other, and the passing of the cavalry had caused the timber to slip down for some distance, reaching this insecure footing, Captain Morton's horse swerved and fell over the unprotected side into the black depths about fifteen feet below, carrying the rider with him. The water was cold, but not very deep, and the animal, righting himself by a mighty effort, began to make his way to the other side. The rider, struggling under the weight of water-soaked accouterments, managed to keep himself afloat, and called for a prolonge, which was speedily brought and lowered by the light of a torch. Nothing beyond a severe chill followed the wetting, and the horse, rescued also by means of a prolonge, seemed to recover quite as quickly as his rider had done.

At West Point it was found that the enemy was in such superior numbers and occupied such an impregnable position that General Forrest reluctantly retreated. The Federals then began a wholesale destruction of property and supplies. General Forrest, under orders from Generals Polk and Lee to retire as long as he could, and thus draw the enemy as far from Memphis as possible before turning on him, had up to this time offered slight resistance—merely enough to let the Federal general think that he was not making an absolutely easy triumphal march—but on the 20th and 21st he kept them busy all day and every day and nearly all night. A slight skirmish resulted in the enemy's retreat, and before he could re-form his scattered forces another attack engaged his attention, so that General Smith could no longer doubt that he was now face to face with "that devil Forrest," of whom General Sherman had warned him. Small engagements had been tabooed in General Sherman's orders. "Do not let

the enemy draw you into minor affairs," he wrote General Smith on January 27, his last letter before the departure from Memphis, "but look solely to the greater object—to destroy his communications from Okolona to Meridian, and thence eastward to Selma."

General Smith was powerless, however, before the purpose of the Confederate general. In vain he retreated before the "small engagements," and sought another opening that would permit him to pass on along the line mapped out. Every avenue was blocked by a provokingly small force of Confederates, who, by various strategies, led General Smith's army into small pockets, where the very size of his force made it awkward for him to handle them, while the Confederates, fewer in numbers and more lightly equipped, dashed rapidly from one point of attack to another, inflicting unlimited annoyance and some actual damage. The Confederate artillery had cut up the roads badly, and General Smith was further hampered by the presence of hundreds of negroes who had fled to him from the Mississippi plantations.

Drilling Recruits.

During these skirmishes an incident occurred which was made much of at the time by the Northern press, and which, while thoroughly characteristic, was not of frequent occurrence. General Forrest, dashing to the thickest of the fray, encountered a soldier running from the field in great terror. In his fright or his ignorance he paid no attention to the commander's order to halt, and General Forrest rode him down, caught him, and, dismounting, picked up a large branch that had been shot from a tree and gave the renegade a severe thrashing. Facing him to the front, he thundered: "Now go back to the fight, sir! I'll kill you if you run away again, and

you might as well get killed there as here." This scene was made the subject of a wood cut in a New York illustrated weekly, and under the caption of "Forrest Drilling a Conscript" obtained wide circulation as a typical example of his methods.

Battle of Okolona.

The battle of Okolona was fought on February 22, 1864, Washington's birthday. Capt. H. A. Tyler, with his Kentuckians, had kept up a spirited pursuit the day before, and, with the aid of McCulloch's Brigade and General Forrest's escort, had driven the harassed and demoralized enemy to within three miles of Okolona, at which point, just before midnight, they were allowed to stop, the jaded and hungry Confederates occupying their abandoned camp and enjoying the fire, food, and forage left behind.

After a good night's rest the Confederate troops were again in motion by 4 o'clock. Colonel McCulloch, Morton's Battery, and Col. Jeffrey Forrest moved toward Okolona, the latter with directions to throw his brigade over on the Pontotoc road and cut off retreat in that direction.

Early as the hour was, it was not too early for Colonel Barteau to keep the rendezvous ordered by his General for that date (22d) By daylight he was in sight of Okolona with Bell's Brigade, which he now commanded, and before he could ascertain that the Federals were between him and the main body of his own army he was in a seriously exposed position. General Forrest, who had made a rapid dash to the front with his escort, saw his plight, and by a swift movement managed to join him. Without hesitation the fearless Confederate colonel had thrown his troopers into line and begun a series of ma-

neuvers which the Federals paused to study before attacking. This gave time for General Forrest, who had just driven the pickets and rearguard into the town, to observe the plight of his newly arrived assistant, and by a brilliant dash he brought his escort to the rescue before the Federals had decided to attack. McCulloch's Brigade and Morton's Battery arriving at this juncture, the pursuit of the demoralized Federals was resumed. Five pieces of their artillery were left behind, as their horses were killed.

General Forrest made a ringing speech to Barteau's men, and this, added to the knowledge that among General Smith's forces were the Fourth Regulars, who had captured and so mercilessly murdered Captain Freeman near Franklin, made the onslaught of the Confederates furious and pitiless. The Federals, beginning an orderly retreat, were soon thrown into a panic. Lieut. I. W Curtis, of the First Illinois Light Artillery, thus reported the retreat

> We had not proceeded very far when we were unexpectedly surprised by the presence of flying cavalry on both sides of us. They were in perfect confusion, some hallooing, "Go ahead, or we will be killed!" while some few showed a willingness to fight. After several unsuccessful attempts to form my battery, I gave it up and marched as best I could until I received an order for me to try to save the artillery by marching through the fields to the right. I proceeded to comply with orders. After crossing some two or three almost impassable ditches, and my horses being nearly exhausted, I came to another ditch some six feet deep. I managed to get one gun over safely by the men dismounting and taking it over by hand, and one other, which by the time we got it over was broken, so that we had to leave it.*

Colonel Waring made a stand five miles away, and some effort was made to recover from the confusion, but he was forced back. A mile farther on a more deter-

*Official Records, Vol. XXII., Part I., page 301.

mined effort was made in a strong and easily defended position. Massing his artillery, General Smith threw up temporary breastworks of rails and logs between the buildings of a large plantation. This position was approachable only by a long narrow road and was excellently well chosen. General Forrest, coming up, saw the strength of General Smith's situation, but, determining on a concerted assault, hoped to dislodge him. Colonel Jeffrey Forrest's Brigade was formed on the right of the road in columns of fours, and Colonel McCulloch's Brigade in like manner on the left, with orders to change formation into line when within three hundred yards of the enemy's position. The combined strength of the two brigades was less than 1,200 men. With the utmost ease the two brigades swung down the road as ordered, and changing conformation assaulted the first line, carrying it resistlessly back to the second line, which was very strongly intrenched.

Death of Colonel Jeffrey Forrest.

Under a galling fire the second charge was made. When within fifty yards of the Federal lines a bullet struck Colonel Forrest. His men halted as they saw their leader fall, and all through the lines of both armies there seemed to run an electric message that he was mortally wounded. For the moment firing ceased on both sides, as General Forrest rushed to the spot and took the now dying man in his arms. His passionate grief for this youngest and favorite brother evoked the profoundest sympathy of all spectators. It is well known that the death of General Forrest's father had made him, at the age of sixteen, the provider for the family, consisting of six brothers and three sisters, besides his mother and the infant born four months after his father's death. This child

was Jeffrey, and he was always the object of the tenderest care from the brother who had taken the place of a father to him since the moment of his birth. He had been well educated and gave promise of a fine career when the war opened. He entered the service and rose by merit to the command of a brigade at twenty-four years of age. It is a noteworthy fact that General Forrest had four brothers in the war, and although none of them ever received any favor because of their relationship to him, all rose beyond the ordinary ranks. Their implicit obedience to his wishes, their courage, and will so like his own, set an excellent example in the army.

It was a pathetic sight to see the usually strong and stern man melt with grief at the side of his dead brother. His exhibition of manly sorrows was of short duration, however. Placing the dead man's hat over his face, he called to Major Strange to take charge of the body, and looking around called in a ringing, passionate voice to the bugle to sound the charge once more.

Animated by sympathy with their leader, the Confederates renewed the charge with a furious vehemence, which caused a precipitate retreat. General Forrest pressed hotly on their rear, his escort, Morton's Artillery and McCulloch's Brigade, engaging in a hand-to-hand combat as they ran. "The lion-hearted McCulloch" had been wounded in the hand, but he never left his command for a moment. A hasty dressing on the field was the only attention the wound received until after midnight, when the enemy had been put to complete rout. It is said of this plucky Missourian by Capt. H. A. Tyler, who took part in the charge: "McCulloch with his bandaged hand, all blood-stained and raised high above his head, recalled the plume of Henry of Navarre, and we rode after it as faithfully as did the followers of the peerless prince."

Two horses were killed under General Forrest in this battle.

It must be said of General Smith that he made valiant efforts again and again to take a stand and re-form his men, but each time they were driven back by the determined assault of the Confederates. At 8 o'clock on the evening of the 22d General Gholson came up with fresh troops and the pursuit was turned over to him, General Forrest's exhausted men and horses being glad of a rest.

Reports of Generals Forrest and Smith.

It is interesting to note the difference in the tone of the reports of the two generals commanding during these fights. General Smith wrote:

> Exaggerated reports of Forrest's strength reached me constantly, and it was reported that Lee was about to reënforce him with a portion or the whole of his command. Columbus had been evacuated, and all the State troops that could be assembled from every quarter were drawn together at my front to hold the Okatibbee against me, while a heavy force was seen coming to my rear. About 3,000 able-bodied negroes had taken up with us, mounted on as many horses and mules brought with them. We had also 700 pack mules. All these incumbrances had to be strongly guarded against the flank attacks constantly threatened. This absorbed about three thousand of my available force.
>
> There remained a little less than 5,000 men who could be thrown into action. The enemy had every advantage of position. The ground was so obstructed that we must fight dismounted, and for this kind of fighting the enemy, being armed with Enfield and Austrian rifles, was better prepared than our force, armed mainly with carbines. There was but one of my brigades that I could rely upon with full confidence. The conduct of the others on the march had been such as to indicate a lack of discipline, and to create in my mind the most serious apprehensions as to what would be their conduct in action.
>
> I was ten days late with my movement, owing to the delay of Waring's Brigade in arriving from Columbus, Ky., and every reason to believe that General Sherman, having accomplished the purpose

of his expedition, had returned to Vicksburg. Under the circumstances I determined not to move my incumbered command into the trap set for me by the rebels. We had destroyed 2,000,000 bushels of corn, 2,000 bales of Confederate cotton, and thirty miles of railroad. We had captured about two hundred prisoners and 3,000 horses and mules, and rescued as many negroes, well fitted for our service.

I therefore determined to move back and draw the enemy after me that I might select my own positions and fight with the advantages in our favor. In this I succeeded perfectly, disposing my forces behind every crest of a hill and in every skirt of timber that furnished us cover, inflicting heavy losses upon them at every attack, while our losses were uniformly light, until we reached Okolona. There, after the Fourth Regulars had driven one entire rebel brigade out of the town three times, a portion of McGrilli's Brigade, sent to the support of the Fourth, stampeded at the yells of our own men charging and galloped back through and over everything, spreading confusion wherever they went and driving Perkins's Battery of six small mountain howitzers off the road into a ditch, where the imperfect carriages they were mounted upon were all so wrecked that we could not get the battery along, and had to abandon it after spiking the guns, chopping the carriages to pieces, and destroying the ammunition.

I then moved back to Memphis with everything that we had captured, content with the very great injury we had inflicted upon them and feeling that everything had been achieved that was at all practicable under the circumstances. Returning, I drew the enemy after me and inflicted heavy losses upon them, and saved my command with all our captured stock and prisoners and rescued negroes with very trifling losses, except in stragglers captured. Attempting to cut through to Sherman, I would have lost my entire command, and of course could have rendered him no assistance.

The incumbrances which already overburdened me would have increased, and it was impossible to shake them off; and involved in an exceedingly intricate and obstructed country, I would have been compelled to contend with a force numerically largely superior to my own. Looking back upon the movement, I would in no way have been justifiable in moving at the time appointed without the whole force which I was ordered to take.

This much I feel constrained to write in the nature of a defense for the sake of my command, as it must participate in the morti-

fication of a supposed failure, when we have with us the consciousness of success and duty well performed.*

General Forrest's Report.

Contrast this with General Forrest's report to Lieutenant General Polk:

I am also gratified at being able to say that your wishes in regard to Generals Smith and Grierson are realized; at least to the extent of their defeat and utter rout. We met them on Sunday morning last (21st) at Ellis's bridge on Sook-a-Toncha Creek, three miles south of West Point, in front of which Colonel Forrest's Brigade was posted to prevent the enemy from crossing. After a brisk engagement for an hour and a half, the enemy retired toward West Point. It was not my intention to attack them or bring on a general engagement, but to develop their strength, position, and movements. I moved forward with my escort and a portion of Faulkner's Kentucky Regiment, and found the enemy were in a rapid systematic retreat; and being unwilling that they should leave this section without a fight, I ordered the advance of my columns.

It is sufficient for me to say here that with 2,500 men the enemy, numbering 6,000 to 7,000 strong, were driven from West Point to within ten miles of Pontotoc in two days. All his efforts to check our advance failed, and his forces at last fled, utterly defeated and demoralized, leaving six pieces of artillery, 100 killed, over 100 prisoners, and wounded estimated at 300 or over.

It affords me pleasure to mention the fortitude and gallantry displayed by the troops engaged, especially the new troops from West Tennessee, who, considering their want of drill and experience, behaved handsomely, and the moral effect of their victory over the best cavalry in the Federal service will tell in their future operations, inspiring them with courage and confidence in their ability to whip them again.

Considering the disparity in numbers, discipline, and drill, I consider it one of the most complete victories that has occurred during the war. A great deal of the fighting was almost hand-to-hand, and the only way I can account for our small loss is in the fact that we kept so close to them that the enemy overshot our men. Owing to the broken-down and exhausted condition of our

*Official Records, Vol. XXII., Part I., pages 254-260.

men and horses, and being almost out of ammunition, I was compelled to stop pursuit. Major General Gholson arrived during Monday night (22d), and, his command being comparatively fresh, continued the pursuit, and when last heard from was still driving the enemy, capturing horses and prisoners.*

Speaking of the rescue of Barteau's Command and the attack on the Federals with no reënforcements in sight, he merely said: "General Grierson left a weak place in his line, and I carried my men right through it."

General Sherman's Opinion of General Smith.

In spite of the excuses made by General Smith, General Sherman never forgave the latter for the failure to carry out the brilliant plan, and in forwarding the report quoted above to the adjutant general at Washington merely indorsed it as follows: "I have heretofore reported in this case, and could now only add that General Smith should have moved on time at any and every risk. His instructions (of January 27) are as specific as could possibly have been made before the occurrence of the events."

Years later, in writing his "Memoirs," he said

> I explained to him [Smith] personally the nature of Forrest as a man and his peculiar force; told him that in his route he was sure to encounter him [Forrest]; that he always attacked with vehemence, for which he [Smith] must be prepared, and that were he repelled at a first attack he must in turn assume a most determined offensive, overwhelm him, and utterly destroy his whole force. General Smith never regained my confidence, though I still regard him as a most accomplished gentleman and a skillful engineer. Since the close of the war he has appealed to me to relieve him of that censure, but I could not do it because it would falsify history.

General Grant was inclined to be more lenient, and in his "Memoirs" he says of this occurrence:

*Official Records, Vol. XXXII., Part I., page 350.

Smith's Command was nearly double that of Forrest, but not equal man to man, for the lack of a successful experience such as Forrest's men had had. The fact is, troops who have fought a few battles and won, and followed up their victories, improve upon what they were before to an extent that can hardly be counted by percentage. The difference in result is often decisive victory instead of inglorious defeat. This same difference, too, is often due to the way troops are officered; and for the peculiar kind of warfare which Forrest had carried on neither army could show a more effective officer than he.

This, it seems to the author, while very kind in spirit as an excuse for General Smith's lack of success, is a misrepresentation as to the experience of the men under General Forrest; and as for characterizing any of General Forrest's battles as "that particular kind of warfare which Forrest had carried on," this seems rather absurd in the face of the different battles General Forrest had won under widely divergent conditions. It must be admitted, however, that it does require a "particular kind of warfare" to confront defeat and pursue for more than fifty miles 7,000 picked cavalry troops, backed by twenty pieces of artillery, with a force of 3,000 newly organized and insufficiently armed men and only two guns.

However, be that as it may, General Smith returned to Memphis a sadder and a wiser man. General Sherman, having wasted two weeks at Meridian without a word from General Smith, returned to Vicksburg, where he learned to his disgust of the defeat. General Forrest, having rested a day at Okolona, returned to Starkville, where he was joined by the details of his command and by General Lee. General Lee was highly pleased with the effective work done by General Forrest, and the latter, in turn, expressed his conviction that Morton's Artillery had contributed materially to his success. General Polk, the Department Commander, complimented the troops handsomely "It marks an era in this war," he

said, "full of honor to our arms, and calculated to teach a useful lesson to our enemies. The Lieutenant General commanding tenders thanks, and the thanks of his countrymen, to Generals Lee and Forrest and the gallant spirits who follow them."

On the 27th of February General Forrest established his headquarters at Columbus, Miss.

CHAPTER XIII.

Camp Life in Mississippi.

Columbus was in *ante-bellum* times one of the most delightful places that can be imagined. Inhabited by a people of boundless hospitality, the stately homes set amidst the noble oaks fairly radiated with good fellowship and sympathy for the soldiers of the stars and bars. The ladies were unwearying in their efforts to relieve the tedium of camp life. The most delicious dinners, the most comfortable clothing, and the rarest of entertainment were provided with a lavishness that could not be surpassed. Sometimes there were as many as three parties in a single night, and frequently all-night parties were turned into all-day picnics the following day. A pontoon bridge connected the camps with the town, and many of the officers were comfortably quartered in citizen's homes.

Captain Morton has preserved the following invitation in mock military form:

> Headquarters, Cupid's Brigade, Columbus, March 19, 1864.
> (Special Order No. 28.)
> 1. Paragraph IV. of General Order No. 16, current series, is hereby revoked.
> 2. Captain John W. Morton is hereby assigned to duty at these headquarters as Aid-de-Camp, and will report as soon as practicable.
> By order Miss Emma Durward,
> *Brigadier General Commanding.*
> (Official: R. L. Teasdale, Capt. and A. A. Gen.)

Col. George Harris, a wealthy and whole-souled citizen of the place, invited Captain Morton to be his guest, and he had the assistance of a remarkably attractive young

niece, Miss Renie Harris, in making his home a center of pleasures. This young girl was still at school, and it was the delight of the young artillery officer to accompany her on her way to her classes in the morning, carrying her books and discussing the problems they presented. It will be remembered that the problems in question had been a schoolboy's work at the outbreak of the war, and the experiences of the battlefield had not deprived him of an interest in class work.

Arrival of the Kentuckians.

General Forrest's talents had now begun to win recognition at Richmond, and as a slight mark of their confidence the authorities there sent him three small regiments of Kentuckians, with instructions to supply them with clothing, horses, and arms as he had done for his commands before. These were mere fragments of regiments, decimated by battles, exposure, and illness, poorly clothed and only about one-third of them mounted, although many of them came from the best families of Western Kentucky.

To secure these supplies it was necessary to enter West Tennessee again, and General Forrest decided to do this, extending his field of operations into a corresponding portion of Kentucky. The unmounted Kentuckians agreed to march back to their old home. Four small brigades were organized—the First commanded by Col. J. J. Neely; the Second, by Col. Robert McCulloch; the Third, by Col. A. P Thompson; and the Fourth, by Gen. Tyree H. Bell. General Chalmers was assigned to the command of the First Division, composed of the First and Second Brigades, and also General Richardson's Brigade. General Buford's Division consisted of Thompson's and

Bell's Brigades, the Seventh Tennessee, and McDonald's Battalion.

Battery Battalion Organized.

Desiring to get his whole force in excellent trim before starting out on this expedition, General Forrest decided to organize his artillery force into a battalion. There were four batteries with the following organization:

Forrest's Artillery Battalion, as Organized May 13, 1864.

Morton's Battery.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Election or Appointment.	Remarks.
John W Morton.	Captain.	Dec. 23, 1862.	Acting Chief of Artillery, with R. M. Blakemore as Adjutant, and S. K. Watkins, Assistant Quartermaster.
T. Saunders Sale.	1st Lieut.	Dec. 23, 1862.	Commanding Battery
G. Tully Brown.	1st Lieut.	Aug. 28, 1863.	Relieved Sept. 13, 1864
Joseph M. Mayson.	2d Lieut.	Nov. 26, 1863.	Wounded at Harrisburg, July 14, 1864.
James P. Hanner.	Surgeon.	July 14, 1863.	

Rice's Battery.

T. W. Rice.	Captain.	Aug. 15, 1861.	
B. F. Haller.	1st Lieut.	Aug. 15, 1861.	Transferred with one section to Morton's Battery in January, 1865. Surrendered in that battery.
H. H. Briggs.	1st Lieut.	Jan. 1, 1862.	
Daniel C. Jones.	2d Lieut.	April 1, 1862.	
Jacob Huggins, Jr.	Surgeon.	March 26, 1863.	

Hudson's Battery.

(This battery is spoken of generally in this work as "Walton's Battery.")

Edwin S. Walton.	Captain.	March 7, 1863.	Severely wounded during siege of Vicksburg in spring of 1863.
Milton H. Trantham.	1st Lieut.	April 12, 1862.	
Green C. Wright.	2d Lieut.	Oct. 3, 1863.	
Willis O. Hunter.	2d Lieut.	Oct. 3, 1863.	
R. P. Weaver.	Surgeon.	July 9, 1863.	

Thrall's Battery.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Election or Appointment.	Remarks.
J. C. Thrall.	Captain.	May 12, 1862.	Wounded at Yazoo City, Miss., March 5, 1864.
R. S. Anderson.	1st Lieut.	May 12, 1862.	Wounded at Shiloh, April 16, 1864.
J. C. Barlow...	2d Lieut.	May 14, 1862.	
W. J. D. Winton.	2d Lieut.	May 12, 1862.	
J. L. Grace..	Surgeon.	July 1, 1862.	

When this battalion was suggested, Captain Morton recommended Captain Carnes, of Memphis, for commander. Familiar with Captain Carnes's military record, he would have deemed it an honor to have served under him. Captain Carnes, however, failed to respond, and General Forrest announced that he would place Captain Morton in the responsible position. The young officer protested that he was only twenty years old and junior in rank to a number of men in the artillery, whose age and experience fitted them better for the position; more than that, he was contented to command his own battery, to which he was devotedly attached, believing it to be one of the best batteries in the Confederate Army But General Forrest had his own notions about things, and, having made up his mind to place Captain Morton in command, did so, in spite of protests. A few days later the young Captain expressed the wish to accompany his chief to West Tennessee, but the reply was: "I have placed you in command of the battalion of artillery. You must remain and get it in fighting condition by the time I return."

Captain Morton took small care of official orders after they were executed, and cannot, therefore, state positively that any written order was ever issued conferring upon him this command. In the confusion of the times it is possible that no formal order was written, but a few

orders of that date, having been preserved, show the condition of the organization about that date.

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY, JACKSON, April 15, 1864.

Captain: The General commanding directs me to say that the order sent you to move your batteries to Tupelo is revoked, and that you will move your batteries and the other two now at Columbus to Aberdeen, unless otherwise ordered by Lieutenant General Polk, and await further orders.

The General commanding requests me to state that he has two 10-pound Parrotts and two 12-pound field howitzers, which will be fitted up for the Hudson Battery. He also has two 6-pound guns which can be made available with cavalry.

He has forwarded to Captain Russell requsition for what is required for the guns, and will, on his return, bring men to man your batteries.

You will endeavor to get horses and harness to complete the batteries.

Respectfully, J. P STRANGE, *A. A. G.*

To CAPT. JOHN W MORTON, *Acting Chief of Artillery.*

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY,
TUPELO, MISS., May 12, 1864.

Capt. John W Morton is relieved temporarily from duty with his battery, and assigned as Acting Chief of Artillery.

Lieutenant Sale will assume command of Morton's Battery.

By command of MAJOR GENERAL FORREST.

W N. MERCER OTEY, *A. A. A. G.*

To CAPT. MORTON, *Commanding Battery.*

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY,
TUPELO, MISS., May 13, 1864.

Captain: I am instructed by the Major General commanding to inclose you the within order revoking the assignment of batteries per S. O. 54, Par. I.

I am further instructed to say that the four batteries of this command—to wit, Morton, Rice, Thrall, and Hudson—will be formed into a battalion of artillery. You are instructed to take any surplus lieutenants in any of the batteries and temporarily assign them to duty with those batteries which are deficient in said officers. From among these lieutenants, if they can be spared, you will select one as the adjutant of the battalion. If no such officer can be spared from his regular duties, you will give notice of the fact, and one

such officer will be assigned you for that purpose. You will also select a quartermaster and commissary of the battalion.

I am, Captain, your obedient servant,

W H. BRAND, *A. A. G.*

To CAPT. JOHN W MORTON, *Acting Chief of Artillery.*

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY, TUPELO, May 13, 1864.

V Part I., S. O. 54, assigning Morton's, Rice's, Thrall's, and Hudson's Batteries to the two divisions in this corps of the army, is revoked.

The four batteries named are hereby constituted a battalion of artillery. Capt. John W. Morton, Acting Chief of Artillery, will select a quartermaster, a commissary, and an adjutant for the battalion, the latter officer to be taken from the lieutenants of the battalion; provided, in his opinion, the exigencies of the service will justify it.

By order of MAJOR GENERAL FORREST.

W. H. BRAND, *A. A. A. G.*

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, FORREST'S CAVALRY,
VERONA, June 28, 1864.

Special Orders No. 79—V.

Hudson's Battery is relieved from duty with this division, and will report to Captain Morton, Chief of Artillery, at Tupelo.

By order of BRIGADIER GENERAL CHALMERS.

W A. GOODMAN, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY, TUPELO, July 8, 1864.

Special Order No. —.

Capt. John W Morton, Chief of Artillery, will order the Hudson Battery to report to Brigadier General Buford to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock, fully supplied with ammunition for the field; with two days' rations of corn for horses and three days' rations for men. He will leave his ordnance wagons.

By order of MAJOR GENERAL FORREST.

CHAS. W. ANDERSON, *A. A. A. G.*

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY, OKOLONA, July 18, 1864.

Captain: I am directed by the Major General commanding to say that you will move your artillery to the neighborhood of Gladley's Mill or Pikeville. Select your camp and recruit your stock, supplying your four batteries with two hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition to the piece. There will be fifty or more horses up to-day or to-morrow for you.

Rody's Battery will move with his command to Aberdeen, but the General wants you to supply it with two hundred rounds of ammunition to the piece.

By order of MAJOR GENERAL FORREST.
CHAS. W ANDERSON, *A. A. A. S.*
To CAPT. JOHN W MORTON, *Chief of Artillery.*

INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE, FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS.
January 22, 1865.

Captain: You will have all the companies of the battalion prepared for inspection at 2 o'clock this evening. I prefer to inspect them by companies as camped, instead of a general review and inspection, from the fact that a portion of their equipments are not here, and the object being to get as near as practicable the condition of each company, the condition of its equipments, wagons, horses, etc. I will at the same time muster any of the companies whose rolls are ready.

Respectfully, CHAS. W ANDERSON, *A. I. G.*
To CAPT. JOHN W MORTON, *Chief of Artillery.*

With Buford's and Chalmers's Divisions General Forrest set out on March 15 for his third raid into West Tennessee, leaving the rest of his command at Columbus for the protection of that section of the country The Federals seldom came near that neighborhood, and when they did were repulsed with slight trouble, so that the social gayeties continued undisturbed while the West Tennessee expedition was away It was the 5th of May before they returned.

GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE'S WEDDING.

It was during this time that the wedding of Gen. Stephen D. Lee occurred. The bride was Miss Regina Harrison, daughter of one of the most prominent citizens of the State. Her family was a very wealthy one and lived in magnificent style in a large, stately home near the edge of the town. The festivities incident to the wedding began several days beforehand, and the wedding feast it-

self was unsurpassable for splendor and lavish hospitality. There were dainties and delicacies of all kinds and, in addition, a host of substantial viands. Very lovely and fair the bride looked as she came up the aisle leaning on the arm of her father, her soft hair crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms, from which floated a filmy white veil; and very gallant the bridegroom appeared in full regimentals, as he met her at the altar. The young lady attendants were also attired in white, and the groomsmen, of whom Captain Morton was one, were in full uniform. The next day was the occasion of the "in-fair," according to the custom of the period, and in these and similar gayeties the hardships of war were lost sight of for a brief period at least.

Since the above was written General Lee has been called to eternal rest, following the lovely and noble helpmate to whom, till her death, he was the chivalrous, tender lover she had espoused in the dark days of war.

General Lee, apparently in excellent health, visited Vicksburg and spoke at the dedication of a Confederate monument, and passed away suddenly that evening. His remains were conveyed to his home at Columbus and followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends from all over the South. The loss of the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans is a heavy blow, and the loss to those who enjoyed the privilege of his genial, whole-hearted, devoted friendship is irreparable.

Resolutions of Morton's Battery.

In the latter part of April, the term of the majority of the members of Morton's Battery having expired, a meeting was held and it was unanimously resolved to reënlist. The minutes of the meeting are here appended:

MORTON'S BATTERY, IN THE FIELD, May 17, 1864.

The members of Morton's Battery, having called a meeting for the purpose of considering the necessity of reënlisting for the war, unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas our enemies are still occupying our soil, violating our hearthstones, and desolating our once happy homes, their efforts for our subjugation being determined and fraught with all the malice of a barbarous nation, we hereby

Resolve: 1. That we renew to our comrades in arms our pledges of fidelity, and extend to them our assurances that we will wield our arms as long as the invader's tread shall pollute our soil.

2. That we express our supreme confidence in our noble and daring leader, General Forrest, and, as in the past, desire no other assurance of victory than the justice of our cause and his presence in the field.

3. That Morton's Battery take the lead and set the noble example of reënlistment to the rest of our gallant command, and be the first to receive the approving smile of our glorious Forrest.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to General Forrest, and sent for publication to the Memphis *Appeal*, Mobile *Advertiser*, and the *Daily Mississippian*.

SERGEANT F. T. REID, *Chairman;*
A. M. HADAL, *Secretary;*
SAMUEL ABNEY,
J. D. VAUTER.

RETURN FROM TENNESSEE.

Flushed with success, splendidly mounted and equipped, General Forrest and his men returned from West Tennessee early in May, and headquarters were transferred from Columbus to Tupelo, Miss. The Kentucky Brigade, which had entered the campaign one thousand and four strong, with only one-third of the men mounted, now numbered seventeen hundred and seventeen effective men; Bell's Brigade, beginning with one thousand and fifty-four, had increased nearly one thousand men, and all were well mounted and armed.

The raid and return seem to have been satisfactory to all parties concerned, as Major General McPherson expresses himself in a letter to Major General Washburn

as "gratified to know that Forrest has been driven out of West Tennessee and Kentucky."*

Gholson's Mississippi State Cavalry was transferred to the government service, and for the remainder of the month General Forrest gave himself up to the complete reorganization of his forces, the weeding out of supernumerary officers, and the drilling and equipment of his troops. On May 13 the organization of the battalion of artillery was made complete, as will be shown by the following order:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, FORREST'S CAVALRY,
TUPELO, MISS., May 29, 1864.

General Order No. 21—II.

Captain Morton, Chief of Artillery, will hold the battalion ready to move to-morrow morning with five days' rations cooked and three days' forage prepared from to-morrow. He will see that he is supplied with three hundred rounds of ammunition to the piece.

By order of BRIGADIER GENERAL BUFORD.
THOS. M. CROWDER, *Capt., A. A. G.*

The detachments were sent in various directions, Morton's artillery being ordered to Verona.

MORTON REFUSED PERMISSION TO VISIT COLUMBUS.

Captain Morton was desirous of keeping up communication with his friends in Columbus; and knowing that his father was there (in the medical department of the army), he asked permission to visit that point, but was refused with the only show of sternness that his beloved commander ever displayed toward him. Entering General Forrest's tent, he met Major Strange coming out. With only a passing salutation and the reflection that Major Strange looked rather glum, the Captain passed inside and proffered his request.

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part II., page 29.

"No," replied General Forrest, turning abruptly away, "you can't go."

"But, General," the Captain urged, "I want to go to see my father to get the money for a horse. One of my horses was shot and I haven't the money to get another one, and want to get it from my father."

"Got your horse picked out?" asked the General.

"Yes, sir; he is up here now in the camp."

"Does he please you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is the price?"

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars, sir."

He stepped to his handbag and took from it a roll of bills. "Here," he said gruffly, but with a certain twinkle in his eye, "I'll buy you a new horse, but I'll not let you go to Columbus. I'll not let either you or Strange leave camp to-night. I've got two good officers, and I don't want 'em running off. First thing I know they'll be getting married."

He refused to listen to assurances of thanks, and the Captain retired.

The best of discipline now prevailed in the army, and preparations for a new expedition moved on apace. Although a man of strong and determined nature, General Forrest had the knack of inspiring the best principles in his men, as he himself was so earnestly and thoroughly sincere. He did not use tobacco or liquor in any form, and he always had prayers in his tent and grace at meals, as well as divine services every Sunday, issuing formal orders for the attendance of the troopers. On one occasion, Dr. D. C. Kelley related, he sent for a captured chaplain to come to his tent; and arriving at the supper hour, he was invited to sit at the table. The man had supposed General Forrest to be a creature of scarcely civ-

ilized training or instinct, and when asked by his captor to say grace could not conceal his astonishment.

As usual General Forrest's actions mystified the enemy, and the influx of "deserters" and "escaped" prisoners to the various camps led to conflicting dispatches. "Forrest is returning north to West Tennessee," warns Major General Washburn on May 19, "and a portion of his forces is now north of the Hatchie."*

On the 20th of May General Washburn writes Major General Halleck that he thinks General Forrest and General Lee are at Corinth. "They may intend to attack Memphis,"† he says. On the 20th of May General Washburn declares that "he [Forrest] ought to be attacked where he is at once, and not allowed to carry out his plans, for if not interfered with he will do us incalculable damage."‡ The same day Major Yorke reports General Forrest at Corinth and promises to "go as near him"|| as he can, while Colonel Waring writes that he is in Tupelo on that date‡ and has 15,000 men. On the 25th Colonel Waring informs Major General Washburn that "Forrest is opening the railroad north of Corinth instead of west," and that he had 30,000 men.§ On the 26th Major General Halleck writes that "he may attack Columbus and Paducah again," and adjures Brigadier General Brayman to "prepare for him,"¶ while the very next day Major Yorke dispatches to Colonel Waring that General Forrest is reported to have captured Huntsville, Ala.**

Colonel Waring also, who had met in gallant combat more than once the dreaded cavalry leader, was likewise uneasy at General Forrest's silence. "I do not like the

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part II., page 40.
†Ibid., page 41. ‡Ibid., page 43. ||Ibid., page 42.
§Ibid., page 49. ¶Ibid., page 54. **Ibid., page 55.

dearth of news," he writes on May 18 to Major General Washburn. "In view of the uncertainty of Forrest's movements, I think I ought to send one hundred good men, under first-rate officers, as far as LaGrange or Salisbury, to ascertain more surely the position and movements of the enemy. I don't understand why Henderson's scouts are constantly about us. They usually have some communication with Forrest."*

The March to Russellville.

While in quarters General Forrest was not neglecting the study of the enemy's plans and whereabouts. From the news brought in by his trusty scouts he came to the conclusion that a large force was preparing to set out from Memphis for Mississippi, and believing that it was wiser to attack them before they had completed their preparations, he suggested a raid on Memphis to General Lee. General Lee, however, did not concur in these conclusions, and thought it would be better to raid Middle Tennessee again and thus annoy General Sherman's rear. Accordingly General Forrest marched from Tupelo on June 1, 1864, for a junction with Roddey in Alabama. A part of Buford's Division, Morton's and Rice's Batteries, and his personal escort accompanied him, numbering in all something over 2,000. A heavy rain set in, and the three days' march to Russellville, Ala., was made in a constant downpour. Here orders reached General Forrest from General Lee to return at once to Tupelo, as a large body of cavalry and infantry was moving in that direction from Memphis. The weather improving somewhat, the return march was made in two days, although the roads were still bad and the country desolate and almost deserted.

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part II., page 37.

CHAPTER XIV

Morton's Artillery at the Battle of Brice's Crossroads.

General Sherman's astuteness enabled him to see the importance of General Forrest's operations in the rear, and he had arranged for Gen. S. D. Sturgis to draw him back to Mississippi. General Sturgis had been sent to overtake and capture the wily Confederate when he was coming out of Tennessee, but had been obliged to confess his inability to reach him, owing, he says in his report, to the fact that General Forrest "was able to travel day and night."* After showing that it was impossible for him (Sturgis) to travel day and night also, he closes with the hope that, "though we could not catch the scoundrel, we are at least rid of him, and that is something." General Sherman, however, could not take such a sanguine view of the situation. "That devil Forrest" out of sight was not Forrest out of the way, by any means. General Forrest at rest meant General Forrest studying the Federal moves and laying plans to sweep down upon them at some unexpected point and throw the whole machinery of war into confusion. He must be destroyed at all hazards. Upon General Sherman's urgent request Major General Washburn arranged General Sturgis's expedition with even more care than had been displayed in the selection of troops for General Smith. General Sturgis was placed in chief command, with the cavalry in charge of Brigadier General Grierson, and the infantry in that of Col. W. L. McMillin. General Sherman declared only 6,000 troops would be needed, but General

*Official Records, Vol. XXXII., Part I., page 697.

GENERAL FORREST AND STAFF.

ENTIRE STAFF OF GEN. N. B. FORREST.

ANDERSON, CHARLES W....Captain, Major, A.D.C., A.A.G.
BRAND, W. H.....A.A.A.G.
COWAN, J. B.....Surgeon, Chief Surgeon.
DASHIELL, GEORGE.....Captain, Paymaster.
DAVES, J. N.....Lieutenant, A.D.C.
DONELSON, SAMUEL.....Captain, A.D.C.
DUNNINGTON, FRANK C.....Volunteer, A.D.C.
FORREST, WILLIAM H.....Lieutenant, A.D.C.
GALLOWAY, J. G.....A. and I. General Ordnance Dept.
MANN, JOHN G.....Engineer Officer.
MANSON, RICHARD M.....Major, A.Q.M.
MAY, A. WARREN.....A.Q.M.
MORTON, JOHN W.....Captain and Chief Artillery.
NEWMAN, J.....Surgeon Medical Division.
OTEY, N. MERCER.....Lieutenant, A.A.A.G.
PITMAN, R. W.....Captain, A. I. G.
RAMBANT, G. V.....Major, Chief of Subsistence.
ROBINS, THOMAS.....Captain, A.A.D.C.
SAUNDERS, JAMES.....Colonel Volunteers, A.D.C.
SEVERSON, CHARLES S.....Major, Chief Quartermaster.
SPOTTSWOOD, E. A.....A.A.A.G.
STRANGE, JOHN PRES.....Major, A.A.G.
TATE, T. S.....Lieutenant, A.I.G.
TREZEVANT, EDWARD B.....Lieutenant, A.A.A.G.
WARREN, ARCHIBALD.....Major, A.Q.M.
WHITTHORNE, W. C.....Adjt. Gen. of Tenn. Vol., A.D.C.

MORTON'S (FORMERLY PORTER'S) BATTERY.

Capt. John W. Morton, Jr.....December 27, 1862.
Lieut. A. W. Gould.....December 27, 1862.
2d Lieut. T. Sanders Sale.....December 27, 1862.
Lieut. G. Tully Brown.....July 20, 1863.
Asst. Surg. James P. Hanner.....July 13, 1863.
Lieut. Joseph M. Mayson.....November 28, 1863.
2d Lieut. J. W. Brown.....September 13, 1864.

Washburn took the precaution of increasing this number. "I sent a larger force by 2,000 than Major General Sherman declared necessary," he wrote on June 12.* There were sixteen pieces of artillery, and General Washburn personally supervised the preparations, looking to it that they lacked nothing to insure success. As is shown by the official dispatches, no effort was to be spared to defeat and crush General Forrest.

They left Memphis on the 1st of June. General Forrest had proceeded as far north as Booneville, Miss., a small town on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, not far from Corinth. The soldiers were made welcome by the patriotic people; and, the weather being beautiful and clear, the stay at this point would have been without a cloud on its memory had it not been for the execution of two deserters there.

Deserters Executed.

A quotation from the article of Sergt. Frank T. Reid, Orderly Sergeant of Morton's Battery, mentioned before, will best serve to describe this gloomy but necessary military practice:

> On the 8th of June the command reached Booneville, a small station on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. The battery was encamped a few feet from the track, where stood a box car, in which three deserters were confined, who were to be shot the next day. A preacher was with them, and I can still hear their voices in prayer and singing hymns. The next morning the clouds had passed away and the woods were jubilant with the twittering of birds. The command was drawn up in an old sedge field, in the center of which three newly dug graves opened their mouths to swallow the three blindfolded victims of war who knelt at their brink. How awful it was! The clear, blue, unsympathetic sky so far away overhead, the world so full of freshness and joyous life, and before the bandaged eyes of these poor human beings doubtless

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part II., page 107.

the picture of their childhood's home, where sits at the open window this bright June morning the old mother with her knitting in her lap, the wife with her little children about her knee, all unconscious of the tragedy that is about to becloud their lives forever. A sharp command, a crack of musketry, and two lives are snuffed out like worthless tallow candles. One of them was spared on account of his extreme youth. Will he ever forget the moment he knelt by that open grave and heard that crack of musketry?

General Forrest had with him at Booneville only his escort and Morton's and Rice's Batteries from the artillery battalion and Rucker's Brigade. Bell's, Johnson's, and Lyon's Brigades were within close call, but Chalmers's and Roddey's were not immediately available. General Lee arrived at Booneville on June 9, and it was his opinion that an effort should be made to draw General Sturgis as far as possible from the base of his supplies before giving battle. General Forrest, calling a council that night with General Buford, Colonel Rucker, and Chief of Artillery Morton, stated that both refugees and scouts reported that the enemy had passed Ripley and were on their way to Guntown, burning and pillaging as they went. It was decided to concentrate all available forces and get between the enemy and Tupelo, giving General Lee time to fall back to Okolona, where it was expected Chalmers would join him. Three days' rations were ordered, and before dawn of the 10th the troops were in motion in the direction of Pontotoc, passing through Baldwin. Only a few miles had been covered when scouts brought in word of the presence of the enemy on the Ripley-Guntown road, only eight miles from the intersection of the Confederate line of march (the Baldwin-Pontotoc road). General Forrest decided to engage them at the crossing known as "Brice's Cross-roads," from the fact that the store, dwelling, and plan-

tation and the junction were the property of a family by the name of Brice.

Hard Work for "Morton's Bull Pups."

Word was sent back to the batteries to move forward as rapidly as possible, but the horses were so jaded from the long march to Russellville and back that it was almost impossible for them to drag the guns over the eighteen intervening miles of unusually deep mud. It was almost impassable for the cavalry horses, comparatively lightly burdened, and the artillery horses made scarcely perceptible progress. The whole command passed them, and about six o'clock the sound of firing told that the engagement had begun. Every few minutes orderlies would dash up with "hurry orders" for "Morton's Bull Pups," as the guns were affectionately denominated by the boys, and renewed efforts on the part of men and horses would result in a desperate gallop. The last few miles were made in a frantic run, and the two batteries crossed the creek "bottom" and passed up a rise which brought them to the scene at what has been described by General Lee as "the critical hour of the battle."*

The Confederates, having been driven back, were recovering themselves, their fire from small arms being rapid and most effective. The Federal cavalry had retreated and the infantry was coming into position. As Morton's and Rice's Batteries came in sight, General Forrest rode up to Chief of Artillery Morton and directed him to post the two batteries on the southern slope of a

*"Battle of Brice's Crossroads and Harrisburg," by Gen. Stephen D. Lee. Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society, Vol. VI., Chapter III.

ridge in front of Rucker and Lyon, both of whom were hard pressed. The enemy was at close range, although a stretch of woods afforded some protection. The first shots were directed at two guns which protected Brice's house at the junction of the road. Capt. H. A. Tyler, who had been ordered to make a detour and attack the enemy's rear, made a diversion which brought him within immediate range of the Confederate artillery. Captain Morton discovered his identity, however, before any damage had been done, and ordered the artillery to cease firing until Captain Tyler and his men were safely out of the way.

Two Guns Captured.

After a brisk duel with the two guns on the north side of the house, Morton's Artillery moved down the road toward Tishomingo Creek, and with the aid of the cavalry captured the two Federal guns. These proved to be two fine 3-inch steel Rodmans, greatly to the gratification of the Chief of Artillery and the men of the Morton Battery, who had been hoping ever since the capture of two guns of this superior make at Lexington to secure a complete battery of Rodman's rifle guns. With a shout of wild triumph the artillerymen of this battery, without waiting for orders, bore down upon the captured pieces and quickly exchanged them with the two 12-pound brass howitzers, which were still warm from action, and turned the newly acquired pieces upon the now fleeing enemy.

The Federals were now driven back at all points and were making for the bridge which spanned Tishomingo Creek, just north of Brice's house. Infantry, cavalry, and wagon trains became entangled in a hopeless coil. Upon this mass Captain Morton brought to bear Morton's and Rice's Batteries with fearful carnage. The road to the

GENERAL FORREST AT BRICE'S CROSSROADS.

1. Forrest. 2. Buford. 3. Lyon. 4. Morton. 5. Tyler. 6. Will Forrest. 7. Anderson.

bridge being narrow, made it impossible to turn. The result was an inextricable tangle of human bodies, agonized horses, and immovable vehicles. The teamsters and unwounded soldiers cut the horses loose, mounted them, and, riding over all obstacles, made their way to the rear. The creek banks at the bridge were very high, and many men jumped into the swift stream below, taking their chances at getting across without being drowned or killed by the incessant fire from Morton's Artillery on the bank. General Forrest, in a frenzy of gratification at the success of what had looked at one time a desperate chance, hurried along his line, encouraging his men with reports of the rout everywhere. The bridge was cleared in a short time by the simple expediency of throwing the wagons and dead animals over the sides into the stream.

The Pursuit Continued.

Morton's Artillery now forded the creek and moved through the swamp. The cavalry dismounted, acting as support, charging the enemy whenever an attempt was made to halt, one of these being at Brice's gin, several hundred yards beyond the bridge, and another at Holland's house, nearly two miles from the battlefield. Holland's house was situated on a ridge leading up from the Tishomingo Creek bottoms on one side and down to Dry Creek on the other. Across the creek, on a parallel ridge, the enemy made a desperate effort to rally and organize an orderly retreat. It was now 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and fighting had been going on since 5:30 o'clock in the morning. The demoralization of the enemy was so apparent that many commanders would have been content to rest in possession of the battlefield, but rest either for himself or the enemy was no part of General

Forrest's plan. With his usual relentless tenacity he continued the pursuit.

Morton's Rashness.

At this point an incident occurred to which allusion has been made in these pages, but which will bear another reference here. General Forrest, coming up while the guns were in action, dismounted a short distance below them and walked up to them, thus exposing himself as a target for the enemy's fire.

"General," called Captain Morton impulsively, "you'd better get lower down the hill; they'll hit you there."

The bullets were cutting the limbs, striking the guns, and occasionally killing a cannoneer. Realizing his rashness, the young officer quickly apologized, but expected, nevertheless, to be invited to attend to his own "d—d business;" but to his surprise the chieftain replied mildly, "Well, John, I will rest a little," and, retiring to the root of a tree, he made himself comfortable for a short time until Bell's and Buford's Brigades were seen coming up.

Morton Charges the Enemy without Support.

General Forrest now determined to make an assault with his whole force. Calling his Chief of Artillery to him, he said: "John, do you see that column coming up the road yonder?" pointing to the rear.

"Yes, General," was the reply.

"Well, I am going to take command of that column and move across this open field right in front of us and strike their column over yonder on that parallel ridge. We'll double 'em up on the road right up yonder where that piece of artillery is. And when you hear Gause sound the bugle for the charge, you take your artillery and charge right down the road, and get as close as you

can. Give 'em hell right up yonder where I'm going to double 'em up."

This is believed to be the first time in the history of warfare that a commander ordered his Chief of Artillery to charge the enemy's line of battle without support. Captain Rice, who had come up at that moment, thought he must have misunderstood the order.

"Captain Morton," he inquired, "do you reckon the General meant for us to charge sure enough without support?"

Captain Morton, equally in the dark as to the matter of support, replied, "You heard the order, Captain Rice. Be ready," and hastened to the guns. In a few moments the clear notes of Gause's bugle sounded the charge. Captain Morton ordered the guns limbered to the right and moved the batteries forward down the road at a rapid gallop. Halting within about sixty yards of the enemy's position on the hill, the guns were ordered into action. Every regiment had been dismounted, and these, after the artillery charges, sprang from the timber into the open field and struck them on the flank. The Federals made a gallant defense of their position, but no mortal could support the incessant terrible fire of the artillery at short range.

There was not a moment's faltering anywhere in the Confederate ranks. The Federals made desperate efforts to countercharge, but with no more effect that to meet the Confederates in a hand-to-hand struggle when too close for the guns.

By this time six guns had been captured and another battery was attacked some three hundred yards westward of the Ripley road. The Federals fell back on this battery, and Captain Morton, urging Morton's and Rice's Batteries forward at a gallop, poured a blazing

hail of canister into their lines. The havoc was ghastly and the battery was abandoned, as the enemy crowded back along the Ripley road toward Dr. Agnew's house. Thirty-five wagons, stocked with ten days' rations, were abandoned here.

Dark came on and the artillery went into bivouac; but the chase was kept up, General Forrest relieving his force in squads and himself superintending and encouraging all.

"Come on, men!" he shouted to the almost exhausted troopers, as they halted at a stream which the Federals were crossing. "In a rout like this two men are equal to 100. They will not stop to fight."

The Federals were not allowed to stop a moment. Even the Confederate horse-holders were allowed to take a turn at harassing them in their wild flight up the Ripley road.

On to Ripley.

From 1 until 3 o'clock was the period allotted General Forrest for complete rest. Having been in the saddle since daylight and fighting since 1 o'clock amid the roar of cannon and a shower of Minie balls, with no dinner, the order to rest and eat was most welcome. The men were allowed to forage for themselves among the captured Federal wagons, and they very quickly emptied their haversacks of the cold meat and corn bread they contained. The abundance and variety of the rations provided by "Uncle Sam" were fairly bewildering to the ever-hungry Confederates. With ham, bacon, coffee, sugar, cheese, and such unusual delicacies to choose from, it is small wonder that the haversacks were filled and refilled as the tempting edibles came to light. The horses, too, munched their rare treats of shelled corn, dry oats, and hay, with evident satisfaction.

Charlie Brady, one of Morton's gunners, was a jovial Irishman, with all the recklessness and wild spirits typical of his country. When the wagon train was captured on the ridge the author recalls seeing him emerge from a commissary wagon, which he had been searching for spoils. Among other things he had found a bottle of whisky and had evidently tapped it freely, for as he jumped down he began to sing in wavering tones, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Captain Morton admonished him mildly, and he took it in good part, turning the bottle again to his lips and jogging merrily down the road, apparently oblivious of the scenes of carnage and suffering on all sides.

At 3 o'clock the whole force was again put in motion, Morton's Artillery in its customary position in the front, General Forrest riding with his Chief of Artillery and appearing in buoyant spirits. He spoke at some length of his ideas on the conduct of his battles. "Get 'em skeered," he said, "and then keep the skeer on 'em."

On every hand were evidences that "the skeer" was still on the Federals. Knapsacks, guns, belts, and various articles of superfluous clothing lined the road. The bushes were tramped down for twenty feet on each side, and, as the morning broke, many prisoners were captured in the woods, having lost their way.

Lieut. William Witherspoon, of Jackson, Tenn., has written a very entertaining account, showing the humorous side of this battle. He says at this point:

> We moved on sometime between midnight and daybreak, and soon came to a wide slough or creek bottom. It was miry, and truly the old slough of despond to the Yanks. Their artillery and wagons, which had heretofore escaped capture, were now bogged down and had to be abandoned. This slough was nearly knee-deep in mud and water, with logs lying here and there. On top of every log Yanks were perched as thick as possible, for there

were more Yanks than logs. I was reminded of chickens at roost, except that each Yank held a lighted candle above his head, calling: "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!"

Two hundred and seventy-five men and eighteen pieces of artillery were captured there. After passing through the slough we were very close to the rear of the Federals. In fact, we were so close and it was so dark they thought we were a part of their force and talked with us about the fight. One of them fell in with me and remarked: "Old Forrest gave us h-ll to-day."

"Yes," I replied, "we were fooled about old Forrest's strength. He certainly had 50,000 men in that fight."

"You have it about right," was the reply. "The woods were full of them. I don't know how many of my regiment got away, but I'm safe and will take care of No. 1 from now on. I have a good horse and can do so."

I thought the joke had been humored long enough, so, clicking my navy six and pointing it at his breast, I said: "You are now with Forrest's men. Hand over your arms and roll off that horse."

He thought I was joking, but I soon convinced him. Similar instances happened to a number of men who were in the front.*

Within a few miles of Ripley General Grierson rallied his men in a last forlorn hope, but they could not keep their lines in the face of the swift charge of the seemingly tireless Confederates. Like the flotsam on the bosom of a flooded stream they were swept through Ripley and out on the Memphis road. All day the disheartened Federals raced on, harried by the relentless General Forrest and hurried by the persistent showers of shot from Morton's Artillery. The road was narrow, with dense woods on each side, so that it was not possible to use more than four pieces of artillery at one time; but these were kept close upon the heels of the retreating enemy in murderous activity and prevented them from making a stand.

Major Hanson, of the Federal army, says:

All through the night the beaten army kept on their way, reaching Ripley, twenty-two miles from the battlefield, on the morning of June 11. During the retreat the enemy captured fourteen pieces

*"Tishomingo Creek as I Saw It," pages 13 and 14.

of our artillery, our entire wagon train of two hundred and fifty wagons, and their ten days' rations. The bitter humiliation of the disaster rankles after a quarter of a century. If there was another engagement like this during the war, it is unknown to the writer; and in its immediate results there was no success, among the many won by Forrest, comparable to that of Guntown.*

Near nightfall Salem, the home of General Forrest's boyhood, was reached, and here the dauntless leader was compelled to yield to physical fatigue, falling from his horse in sheer exhaustion. The enemy did not slacken their pace, however, and by the next morning they had reached Collierville, having made a record in retreating that was not thereafter equaled by any force during the war—that is, having covered in thirty-six hours the distance which it had taken them nine days to travel in their march from that place.

Returning to the Battlefield.

General Forrest, remaining all night at the home of his uncle, Mr. Beck, returned to Ripley the next morning, where he was received with great acclamations by the citizens. He went the next day (the 13th) to Brice's Crossroads. At Ripley a prominent citizen sought for General Forrest to arrange for a public celebration of the victory. By accident he met the General himself, but not recognizing him and supposing him to be merely an officer, told him of the plan and asked: "Where are General Forrest's headquarters?" "In the saddle," was the quick reply, followed by a courteous explanation of the pressure which made it impossible to stop for social or civic honors.

He gave orders for the transportation of the wounded of both sides to the nearest hospitals, and took stock of

*Wyeth's "Life of Forrest," page 420.

the value of his capture. There were about three hundred and fifty wagons, sixteen guns and ammunition, arms and stores in excess of the needs of even the ever-needy Confederates. This done, he returned to Tupelo.

The captured stores were abundant and exceedingly valuable. General Sturgis's own headquarters wagon was among them, and in it were found the reports for the morning of the 10th, showing 10,065 men on the muster rolls, although it is probable that these were not all present, as several hundred had been sent back before the battle took place. Five fine new ambulances, well stocked with medical supplies, sixteen pieces of artillery, and twenty-one caissons were a part of the spoils. More than 2,000 officers and men were taken prisoners (General Washburn's first report made it 3,000).* Nineteen hundred dead were left upon the wayside between the battlefield and Ripley The scene around the house at Brice's was especially sad and noticeable, even amid the turmoil of battle. Fully eight hundred Federals lay dead in the immediate vicinity of the house. Many of the slightly wounded wandered into the woods and roamed about all night in fear of capture.

A Spicy Correspondence.

Of the 1,300 negro troops 800 escaped. These, it was reported, had worn badges inscribed, "Remember Fort Pillow," which they tore from their coats in the retreat, but Captain Morton does not recall seeing one of these emblems. At any rate, their capture was the subject of a spirited correspondence between General Forrest, General Washburn, and General Lee, which is reproduced herewith:

*Official Records, Vol. XXXII., Part II., page 107.

FORREST TO WASHBURN.

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY, IN THE FIELD, June 14, 1864.

General: It has been reported to me that all your colored troops stationed in Memphis took, on their knees, in the presence of Major General Hurlbut and other officers of your army, an oath to avenge Fort Pillow, and that they would show my troops no quarter. Again, I have it from indisputable authority that the troops under Brigadier General Sturgis, on their recent march from Memphis, publicly and in many places proclaimed that no quarter would be shown my men. As they were moved into action on the 10th, they were exhorted by their officers to "remember Fort Pillow." The prisoners we have captured from that command, or a large majority of them, have voluntarily stated that they expected us to murder them, otherwise they would have surrendered in a body rather than have taken to the bushes after being run down and exhausted. The recent battle of Tishomingo Creek was far more bloody than it would otherwise have been but for the fact that your men evidently expected to be slaughtered when captured, and both sides acted as though neither felt safe in surrendering, even when further resistance was useless. The prisoners captured by us say they felt condemned by the announcements, etc., of their own commanders, and expected no quarter.

In all my operations since it began I have conducted the war on civilized principles, and desire still to do so; but it is due to my command that they should know the position they occupy and the policy you intend to pursue. I therefore respectfully ask whether my men now in your hands are treated as other Confederate prisoners of war; also the course intended to be pursued in regard to those who may hereafter fall into your hands.

I have in my possession quite a number of wounded officers and men of General Sturgis's Command, all of whom have been treated as well as we were able to treat them, and are mostly in charge of a surgeon left at Ripley by General Sturgis to look after the wounded. Some of them are too severely wounded to be removed at present. I am willing to exchange them for any men of my command you have, and, as soon as able to be removed, will give them safe escort through our lines in charge of the surgeon left with them. I made such an arrangement once with Major General Hurlbut, and am willing to renew it, provided it is desired, as it would be better than to subject them to the long and fatiguing trip necessary to a regular exchange at City Point, Va.

I am, General, etc., N. B. FORREST, *Major General.**

*"Campaigns of Lieutenant General Forrest," pages 485, 486.

WASHBURN TO FORREST.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE,
MEMPHIS, TENN., June 19, 1864.

Maj. Gen. N. B. Forrest,
Commanding Confederate Forces.

General: Your communication of the 14th inst. is received. The letter to Brigadier General Buford will be forwarded to you.

In regard to that part of your letter which relates to colored troops I beg to say that I have already sent a communication on the same subject to the officers in command of the Confederate forces at Tupelo. Having understood that Maj. Gen. S. D. Lee was in command there, I directed my letter to him. A copy of it I inclose.

You say in your letter that it has been reported to you "that all the negro troops stationed in Memphis took an oath on their knees, in the presence of Major General Hurlbut and other officers of our army, to avenge Fort Pillow, and that they would show your troops no quarter." I believe it is true that the colored troops did take such an oath, but not in the presence of General Hurlbut. From what I can learn, this act of theirs was not influenced by any white officer, but was the result of their own sense of what was due to themselves and their fellows who had been mercilessly slaughtered. I have no doubt that they went into the field as you allege, in the full belief that they would be murdered in case they fell into your hands. The affair of Fort Pillow fully justified that belief. I am not aware as to what they proclaimed on their late march, and it may be, as you say, that they declared that no quarter would be given to any of your men that might fall into their hands.

Your declaration that you have conducted the war on all occasions on civilized principles cannot be accepted; but I receive with satisfaction the intimation in your letter that the recent slaughter of colored troops at the battle of Tishomingo Creek resulted rather from the desperation with which they fought than a predetermined intention to give them no quarter. You must have learned by this time that the attempt to intimidate the colored troops by indiscriminate slaughter has signally failed, and that, instead of a feeling of terror, you have aroused a spirit of courage and desperation that will not down at your bidding.

I am left in doubt by your letter as to the course you and the Confederate government intend to pursue hereafter in regard to colored troops, and I beg you to advise me, with as little delay as possible, as to your intention. If you intend to treat such of them as fall into your hands as prisoners of war, please so state. If you

do not so intend, but contemplate either their slaughter or return to slavery, please state that, so that we may have no misunderstanding hereafter. If the former is your intention, I shall receive the announcement with pleasure, and shall explain the fact to the colored troops at once and desire that they recall the oath that they have taken. If the latter is the case, then let the oath stand, and upon those who have aroused this spirit by their atrocities and upon the government and people who mention it be the consequences.

In regard to your inquiry relating to prisoners of your command in our hands, I state that they have always received the treatment which a great and humane government extends to its prisoners. What course will be pursued hereafter toward them must, of course, depend on circumstances that may arise. If your command hereafter do nothing which should properly exclude them from being treated as prisoners of war, they will be so treated.

I thank you for your offer to exchange wounded officers and men in your hands. If you will send them in, I will exchange man for man, so far as I have the ability to do so. Before closing this letter I wish to call your attention to one case of unparalleled outrage and murder that has been brought to my notice, and in regard to which the evidence is overwhelming.

Among the prisoners captured at Fort Pillow was Major Bradford, who had charge of the fort after the fall of Major Booth. After being taken a prisoner he was started with other prisoners, in charge of Colonel Duckworth, for Jackson. At Brownsville they rested overnight. The following morning two companies were detailed by Colonel Duckworth to proceed to Jackson with the prisoners. After they had started and proceeded a very short distance, five soldiers were recalled by Colonel Duckworth, and were conferred with by him. They then rejoined the column, and after proceeding about five miles from Brownsville the column was halted and Major Bradford taken about fifty yards from the roadside and deliberately shot by the five men who had been recalled by Colonel Duckworth and his body left unburied upon the ground where it fell. He now lies buried near the spot, and, if you desire, you can easily satisfy yourself of the truth of what I assert.

I beg leave to say to you that this transaction hardly justifies your remark that your operations have been conducted on civilized principles; and until you take some steps to bring the perpetrators to justice the world will not fail to believe that it has your sanction.

I am, General, respectfully your obedient servant.

C. C. WASHBURN, *Major General.**

*"Campaigns of Lieutenant General Forrest," pages 487, 488, 489.

WASHBURN TO LEE.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE,
MEMPHIS, TENN., June 17, 1864.

Maj. Gen. S. D. Lee,
Commanding Confederate Forces in Tupelo, Miss.

General: When I heard that the forces of Brigadier General Sturgis had been driven back and a portion of them probably captured, I felt considerable solicitude for the fate of the two colored regiments, that formed a part of the command, until I was informed that the Confederate forces were commanded by you. When I heard that, I became satisfied that no atrocities would be committed upon those troops, but that they would receive the treatment that humanity, as well as their gallant conduct, demanded. I regret to say that the hope that I entertained has been dispelled by facts which have recently come to my knowledge.

From statements that have been made to me by colored soldiers who were eyewitnesses, it would seem that the massacre of Fort Pillow had been reproduced at the late affair at Brice's Crossroads. The details of the atrocities there committed I will not trouble you with. If true and not disavowed, they must lead to consequences hereafter fearful to contemplate. It is best that we should now have a fair understanding upon the question of treatment of this class of soldiers.

If it is contemplated by the Confederate government to murder all colored troops that may by the chances of war fall into their hands, as was the case at Fort Pillow, it is but fair that it should be truly and openly avowed. Within the last six weeks I have on two occasions sent colored troops into the field from this point. In the expectation that the Confederate government would disavow the action of their commanding General at Fort Pillow massacre, I have forborne to issue any instructions to the colored troops as to the course they should pursue toward Confederate soldiers that might fall into their hands; but seeing no disavowal on the part of the Confederate government, but, on the contrary, laudations from the entire Southern press of the perpetrators of the massacre, I can safely presume that indiscriminate slaughter is to be the fate of colored troops that fall into your hands. But I am not willing to leave a matter of such grave import and involving consequences so fearful to inference, and I have, therefore, thought it proper to address you this, believing that you would be able to indicate the policy that the Confederate government intended to pursue hereafter in this question. If it is intended to raise the black flag against that unfortunate race, they will cheerfully accept the issue.

Up to this time no troops have fought more gallantly, and none have conducted themselves with greater propriety. They have fully vindicated their right (so long denied) to be treated as men. I hope that I have been misinformed in regard to the treatment they have received at the battle of Brice's Crossroads, and that the accounts received result rather from the excited imaginations of the fugitives than from actual facts.

For the government of the colored troops under my command I would thank you to inform me, with as little delay as possible, if it is your intention, or the intention of the Confederate government, to murder colored soldiers that may fall into your hands, or treat them as prisoners of war and subject to be exchanged as other prisoners.

I am, General, respectfully, etc.,

C. C. WASHBURN, *Major General.**

FORREST TO WASHBURN.

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY, TUPELO, MISS.,
June 23, 1864.

Maj. Gen. C. C. Washburn,
Commanding U. S. Forces, Memphis.

General: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt (per flag of truce) of your letter of the 17th instant, addressed to Maj. Gen. S. D. Lee, or officer commanding Confederate forces near Tupelo. I have forwarded it to General Lee with a copy of this letter.

I regard your letter as discourteous to the commanding officer of this department and grossly insulting to myself. You seek by implied threats to intimidate him and assume the privilege of denouncing me as a murderer and as guilty of the wholesale slaughter of the garrison at Fort Pillow, and found your assertions upon the *ex parte* testimony of (your friends) the enemies of myself and country. I shall not enter into the discussion, therefore, of any of the questions involved, nor undertake any refutation of the charges made by you against myself. Nevertheless, as a matter of personal privilege alone, I unhesitatingly say that they are unfounded and unwarranted by the facts. But whether these charges are true or false, they, with the question you ask, as to whether negro troops when captured will be recognized and treated as prisoners of war, subject to exchange, etc., are matters which the governments of the United States and the Confederate States are to decide and

*"Campaigns of Lieutenant General Forrest," pages 489, 490.

adjust, not their subordinate officers. I regard captured negroes as I do other captured property, and not as captured soldiers; but as to how regarded by my government and the disposition which has been, and will hereafter be, made of them I respectfully refer you through the proper channel to the authorities at Richmond.

It is not the policy or the interest of the South to destroy the negro; on the contrary, to preserve and protect him; and all who have surrendered to us have received kind and humane treatment.

Since the war began I have captured many thousand Federal prisoners, and they, including the survivors of the "Fort Pillow massacre," black and white, are living witnesses of the fact that, with my knowledge or consent or by my orders, not one of them has ever been insulted or maltreated in any way.

You speak of your forbearance in "not giving to your negro troops instructions and orders as to the course they should pursue in regard to Confederate soldiers that might fall into [your] their hands," which clearly conveys to my mind two very distinct impressions. The first is that in not giving them instructions and orders you have left the matter entirely to the negroes as to how they should dispose of prisoners; secondly, an implied threat to give such orders as will lead to "consequences too fearful for contemplation." In confirmation of the correctness of the first impression (which your language now fully develops) I refer you most respectfully to my letter from the battlefield of Tishomingo Creek, and forwarded to you by flag of truce on the 14th instant. As to the second impression, you seem disposed to take into your own hands the settlement which belongs to, and can only be settled by, your government. But if you are prepared to take upon yourself the responsibility of inaugurating a system of warfare contrary to civilized usages, the onus as well as the consequences will be chargeable to yourself.

Deprecating, as I should do, such a state of affairs; determined, as I am, not to be instrumental in bringing it about; feeling and knowing, as I do, that I have the approval of my government, my people, and my own conscience, as to the past; and with the firm belief that I will be sustained by them in my future policy, it is left with you to determine what that policy shall be—whether in accordance with the laws of civilized nations or in violation of them.

Very respectfully, etc., N. B. FORREST, *Major General.**

General Washburn's official report to Secretary Stanton is, however, different in tone. "Of 1,300 colored

*"Campaigns of Lieutenant General Forrest," pages 490, 491, 492.

troops sent out," he wrote, "about 800 escaped. They fought desperately, and I hear were well treated by their captors."*

Of this controversy the author of this book can only say that there was absolutely no unfair or harsh treatment of the negroes after the battle of Brice's Cross-roads, and that, although he was not present at the battle of Fort Pillow, the charges in that affair, on being investigated afterwards by the government, were shown to be entirely without foundation. Dr. Wyeth has given all the details of this investigation in a succinct and satisfactory manner.† Dr. D. C. Kelley, General Forrest's chaplain and a member of his staff, informed the writer that General Forrest had repeatedly told him that it was not his policy to kill captured negroes, but, on the contrary, to handle them well and return them to their owners, a proceeding in which he was certainly justified under the circumstances.

Chief Surgeon Dr. J. B. Cowan, of General Forrest's staff, reported 492 killed and wounded on the Confederate side. The percentage of loss fell heaviest among the officers.

General Forrest's Address.

General Forrest, in an address to his soldiers, thanked them for their faithful efforts to uphold him and for the spirit which they had shown in this sanguinary contest. He said:

Headquarters Forrest's Cavalry, Tupelo, Miss.,
June 28, 1864.

Soldiers: After a long and laborious campaign the Major General commanding deems it an appropriate occasion to address you

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part II., page 118.

†Wyeth's "Life of Forrest," pages 367-391.

a few words of recapitulation, acknowledgment, and congratulation. About the 15th of February last the campaign which so gloriously terminated at Tishomingo Creek was inaugurated. Major General Sherman, with a large and well-appointed army, undertook to penetrate the central counties of Alabama and Mississippi. His object was avowedly to capture Selma and Mobile and to desolate that productive region of country, from whose granaries a large section of the Confederacy got supplies. Generals Smith and Grierson had their duties assigned them, and were to act a conspicuous part in the work of spoliation and piracy. With a large coöperating cavalry force, thoroughly armed and equipped, they were to descend through Northern Mississippi, carrying fire and sword with them. On they came like a blighting sirocco. At West Point you met them. There you threw yourselves across the rich prairies, a living bulwark, to stay the desolating tide. Compared with the enemy, you were but few in numbers, but every man became a hero, for all seemed impressed with the importance of the momentous struggle. You proved yourselves equal to the expectations of the country. You met the proud and exultant enemy. The result is known to the world; you drove him howling back in ignominy and shame, broken and demoralized. Sherman's campaign was thus brought to an abrupt conclusion, and Mississippi and Alabama saved. The victory was a glorious one, and with heartfelt pride the General commanding acknowledges your unexampled gallantry. This great work was accomplished by Colonel Bell's Brigade, commanded by Colonel Barteau, Colonel McCulloch's and Colonel Forrest's Brigades. But great as was this victory, it is not without its alloy. The laurel is closely entwined with the cypress, and the luster of a brilliant triumph is darkened by the blood with which it was purchased. It was here that Colonel Barksdale gave up his life, a willing sacrifice, upon the altar of his country. He fell in front of the battle, gallantly discharging his duty. He sleeps, but his name is imperishable. Here, too, fell the noble brother of the General commanding, Col. Jeffrey E. Forrest. He was a brave and chivalrous spirit, ever foremost in the fight. He fell in the flower of his youth and usefulness, but his dying gaze was proudly turned upon the victorious field which his own valor had aided in winning. Peace to the ashes of these gallant young heroes.

After a short repose you were called to a new theater of action. By long and rapid marches, which you endured without murmur or complaint, you found yourselves upon the waters of the Ohio, sweeping the enemy before you wherever you met him, capturing hundreds of prisoners, valuable and needed stores in the quartermaster's and ordnance departments, while securing for yourselves

a character for endurance, valor, and efficiency which might well excite the envy of the most famous legions in military history. At Fort Pillow you exhibited the same conspicuous gallantry. In the face of a murderous fire from two gunboats and six pieces of artillery on the fort, you stormed the works and either killed or captured the entire garrison, a motley herd of negroes, traitors, and Yankees. This noble work was accomplished by parts of Chalmers's and Buford's Divisions, composed of Bell's and McCulloch's Brigades and Morton's Artillery, commanded by Brigadier General Chalmers; and for his gallantry on this and other occasions General Chalmers and his men deserve the enduring gratitude of their countrymen. For the exhibitions of high soldiery bearing on these fields you have earned from your country and its government the most grateful and well-deserved plaudits. Congress has voted you complimentary resolutions of thanks and tendered you a nation's homage.

But the crowning glory of your great deeds has yet to be named. Tishomingo Creek is the brightest leaf in your chaplet of laurel. General Grierson, not satisfied with his test of your prowess, united with General Sturgis, at the head of one of the best-appointed forces ever equipped by the Federal nation—complete in infantry, cavalry, artillery, and supply trains. They came forth with threats of vengeance toward you and your commander for the bloody victory at Fort Pillow, *made a massacre only by dastardly Yankee reporters.** Again you responded bravely to your General's call. You met the enemy and defeated him. Victory was never more glorious, disaster never more crushing and signal. From a proud and defiant foe, *en route* to the heart of your country, with declarations both by negro and white troops of "no quarter to Forrest or his men," he became an enemy beaten, defeated, routed, destroyed. You drove the boasted minions of despotism in confused flight from the battlefield. Seventeen guns, 250 wagons, 3,000 stand of arms, 2,000 prisoners, and killed and wounded 2,000 more, are the proud trophies which adorn your triumphant banners. The remainder is still wandering in the bushes and bottoms forever lost to the enemy. Had you never before raised an arm in your country's cause, this terrible overthrow of her brutal foe would entitle you to her deepest gratitude. Again your General expresses his pride and admiration of your gallantry and wonderful achievements. You stand before the world an unconquerable band of heroes. Whether dismounted and fighting shoulder to shoulder like infantry veterans, or hurling your

*Italics not in original document.

irresistible squadrons on the flying foe, you evinced the same courageous bravery.

Soldiers, amid your rejoicing, do not forget the gallant dead upon these fields of glory. Many a noble comrade has fallen, a costly sacrifice to his country's independence. The most you can do is to cherish their memory and strive to make the future as glorious as you and they have made the past.

To Brigadier General Buford, commanding division, my obligations are especially due. His gallantry and activity on the field were ever conspicuous, and for the energy displayed in pursuing the enemy he deserves much of his government. He has abundant cause to be proud of his brigade commanders, Colonels Lyon and Bell, who displayed great gallantry during the day. Col. E. W Rucker was prompt in the discharge of every duty. His brigade displayed conspicuous steadiness during the fight. Col. W A. Johnson, commanding the brigade from General Roddey's Command, merits notice for his coolness and bravery on this occasion and for the valuable services rendered by his troops. Nor can the General commanding forget to mention the efficient aid rendered by the artillery, commanded by Capt. John W. Morton. He moved rapidly over the roughest ground and was always in action at the right time, and his well-directed fire dealt destruction in the masses of the enemy. The General commanding also takes pleasure in noticing the intelligent alacrity with which Maj. C. W. Anderson, Capt. W H. Brand, Lieutenants Otey, Donelson, Titus, and Galloway, of my staff, conveyed orders to all parts of the field. They were ever near my person, and were prompt in the discharge of every duty. Soldiers, you have done much, but there is still work for you to do. By prompt obedience to orders and patient endurance, you will be enabled to repeat these great achievements. The enemy is again preparing to break through the living wall erected by your noble bosoms and big hearts. In the name and recollections of ruined homes, desolated fields, and the bleaching bones of your martyred comrades, you are appealed to again. The smoke of your burning homesteads, the screams of your insulted women, and the cries of starving children will again nerve your strong arms with strength. Your fathers of '76 had much to fight for, but how little and unimportant was their cause compared with yours! They fought not against annihilation, but simply to be independent of a foreign, yet a constitutional and free, government. You are struggling against the most odious of all tyranny, for existence itself, for your property, your homes, your wives and children, against your own enslavement, against emancipation, confiscation, and subjugation, with all their attendant horrors.

In conclusion, your Commanding General congratulates you on the brilliant prospects which everywhere pervade our cause. The independence of the Confederate States is a fixed, accomplished, immutable fact. The ray of peace is glimmering like bright sunshine around the dark clouds. Be true to yourselves and your country a little while longer, and you will soon be enabled to return to your desolate homes, there to collect together once more your scattered household gods.

By order of MAJ. GEN. N. B. FORREST.
C. W ANDERSON, *Assistant Adjutant General.**

COMMENTS ON THE BATTLE.

The artillery present at this battle was as follows: Capt. J W Morton, Chief, with R. M. Blakemore as Adjutant; Morton's Battery, commanded by Lieut. T S. Sale, assisted by Lieuts. G. Tully Brown and J. M. Mayson; Rice's Battery, commanded by Capt. T W Rice, with Lieuts. B. F. Haller, H. H. Briggs, and D. C. Jones as subalterns. Lieuts. J C. Barlow and W J. D. Winton, of Thrall's Battery, casually present and acting as volunteers with the batteries of Rice and Morton respectively, were conspicuous for their bravery and courage. "The spirit that animated the men," says Gen. Thomas Jordan, "may be illustrated by the behavior of Jimmie Moran, brother of Mr. John Moran, now a prominent banker of Dresden, of Morton's Battery, who, when shot through the arm and told by Captain Morton to go to the rear, earnestly replied, "No, Captain; I'll stay with you as long as I have an arm left," and continued to drive his gun team with his arm in a sling through the entire fight. Morton's Battery consisted of two 3-inch steel rifle Rodmans and two 12-pound howitzers, and Rice's of two 12-pound howitzers and two 6-pound smoothbore guns.†

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part I., page 228.

†"The Campaigns of Lieutenant General Forrest and Forrest's Cavalry," page 475.

"Nothing could exceed," says the same volume, "the daring spirit, energy, and execution with which the Confederate artillery was handled by its officers." Pride in quoting this and other comments may be pardoned in view of the remarkable circumstances. Mathes says: "Morton's Artillery ran eighteen miles to reach the battlefield, was engaged five hours, joined in the pursuit, and reached Salem on the night of December 11, having made sixty-one miles in thirty-six hours. So great was the strain that fifteen of his horses fell dead in the pursuit."* These horses, it may be added, Captain Morton lost in addition to four killed and twelve wounded in the fight.

More highly prized than any of these encomiums, however, was the remark of General Forrest as he rode by his artillery chief's side on the return from Salem. He had frequently ridden alongside during the battle and pursuit with the cheery injunction to "keep the skeer on 'em, John," and had personally ordered two charges by the artillery, something seldom, if ever, done by any other commander. As the return march to the battlefield was taken up, he rode up again, and, striking the Captain gently on the shoulder, said in his hearty, big voice: "Well, John, I think your guns won the battle for us."

On his return march the roads and fences were crowded with citizens congratulating, thanking, and encouraging the soldiers. Fences along the route were lined with women who held in their hands packages of lunch, delicious fried chicken and biscuits, cake and buttermilk, and other dainties which the soldiers had long needed. Steaming pots of coffee seemed to fill every fence corner, and even the little children of the "poor whites" ran out

*Mathes's "General Forrest," page 247.

with offerings in paper sacks. Everywhere the same story of the frightened and demoralized condition of the enemy was told. It was said that the officers urged their soldiers to double-quick by the assurance that General Forrest would give them no quarter, and that the white soldiers made frantic efforts to force the negroes away, the latter being equally bent on remaining with their protectors. "The Yanks were afraid to be caught with the niggers, and the niggers were afraid to be caught without the Yanks," was the verdict of a citizen of Ripley.

Lieutenant Witherspoon, in the interesting pamphlet already referred to, gives the following reason for General Forrest's remarkable victory:

> Forrest found Sturgis, as he predicted, stretched seven miles on the road, dry and hot. Sturgis knew Forrest's strength, knew where Lee was and his strength also. West Point tactics said to Sturgis: "Forrest will not dare to fight with his small force (3,200), but will fall back and make a junction with Lee and his 3,500." West Point would have said to Forrest: "Fall back. It would be foolhardy to tackle 12,000 men and 22 pieces of artillery with your force of 3,200 and eight pieces of artillery. Join Lee's forces, only thirty-five miles distant, and you may win, or at least so cripple Sturgis that he will have to go back to Memphis." But Old Common Sense, Forrest's tactician, said: "Pitch into Sturgis with all your might, and whip him as fast as he can get his men up. You are two hundred stronger than his cavalry, and you can whip that before he can bring his infantry up. Then you can handle the infantry as fast as it comes up."
>
> So it resolved itself into this: Forrest, with his alertness, bravery, and good judgment, his style of fighting with reserves, was vastly superior to a stronger force numerically—one to four and a half—handled by West Point tactics.
>
> What material composed Forrest's cavalry? The best type of the young manhood of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Missouri, and Texas—the equal of the earth. They furnished their own in everything—horses, accouterments, arms, service—no expense to the Confederate government but for corn and beef, and that not too plentiful or good. But we grumbled not; the principles that actuated our grandsires in 1776 actuated us in 1861-65.

As General Forrest, in a conversation with Captain Morton, referring to the report that Sturgis's drunkenness had caused him to lose the day, had said that it was merely the force of the surprise, Lieutenant Witherspoon's deductions seem to be borne out. "Sturgis," said General Forrest, "knew that Lee and I were separated, and thought that, according to book and rule, I would not dare try a forced march and battle on a scorching hot day with a mere handful of men. In any fight, it's the first blow that counts, and if you keep it up hot enough, you can whip 'em as fast as they can come up." This statement bears a remote resemblance to the historic "git thar fust with the mostest men" rule, accredited to the great Confederate, but which Captain Morton believes to be a travesty on General Forrest's concise, if at times faulty, syntax. General Lyon some years later told Captain Morton that his orders at Brice's Crossroads were to "charge and give 'em hell, and when they fall back keep on charging and giving 'em hell, and I'll soon be there with you and bring Morton's Bull Pups."

This battle is known by the various names of "Brice's Crossroads," "Tishomingo Creek," and "Guntown," the last-named town being only a few miles away. The scene of the battle is now a flourishing little town called Bethany.

Too much cannot be said of the noble women of this community, who not only cheered and ministered to the victorious soldiers but tended the wounded of both sides with the self-effacing devotion natural to good women everywhere and the loving-kindness particularly characteristic of Southern women. A poem by "Personne," the correspondent of the *Charleston Courier,* nobly embalms the spirit of these brave women:

They have gathered about you the harvest
Of death in its ghastliest view;
The nearest as well as the farthest
Is here with the traitor and true;
And crowned with your beautiful patience,
Made sunny with love at the heart,
You must balsam the wounds of a nation,
Nor falter nor shrink from your part.

SHERMAN'S VIEW OF STURGIS.

General Sherman, as was to be expected, was disgusted with General Sturgis, as he had been with General Smith. Washburn telegraphed him on the 14th:

Our troops were badly handled from the moment they left here, I have no doubt. They were nine days in going out and thirty-six hours in returning.*

General Sturgis, like General Smith, felt that he had been judged with unnecessary harshness, and made several efforts to explain the cause of his failure, but a court of inquiry seemed to sustain the charge of incompetency General Sherman wrote to Washington on June 15:

I will have the matter of Sturgis critically examined; and if he be at fault, he shall have no mercy at my hands. I cannot but believe he had troops enough. I know I would have been willing to attempt the same task with that force; but *Forrest is the very devil, and I think he has got some of our troops under cower.*† I have two officers at Memphis that will fight all the time—A. J. Smith and Mower. The latter is a young brigadier of fine promise, and I commend him to your notice. *I will order them to make up a force and go out and follow Forrest to the death, if it cost 10,000 lives and breaks the Treasury. There will never be peace in Tennessee till Forrest is dead.*† We killed Bishop Polk yesterday, and have made good progress to-day.‡

The next day he wrote Major General McPherson as follows:

*Official Records, Vol. XXXI., Part II., page 118.
†Italics not in original document.
‡Official Records, Vol. XXXI., Part II., page 121.

Please direct General Washburn or one of your inspectors general to make close inquiries into the history of the defeat by [illegible] Sturgis, and especially [illegible] it, if any measure, resulted from General Sturgis being in liquor. I cannot believe this to have been the case, but it has been suggested, and the sooner the truth is made manifest the better for the service and the country. If there should be any truth in the suspicion, then the remedy must be applied of trial and punishment. We will not attempt the Mobile trip now, but I wish you to organize as large a force as possible at Memphis, either Gens. A. J. Smith or Mower in command, to pursue Forrest on foot, *devastating the land over which he has passed or may pass, and make him and the people of Tennessee and Mississippi realize that, although a bold, daring, and successful leader, he will bring ruin and misery on any country where he may pause or tarry.** If we do not punish Forrest and the people now, the whole effect of our past conquests will be lost.†

"It is all nonsense," he declared the same day to Gen. Washburn, "about Sturgis being attacked by 10,000 or 20,000. He was whipped by a force inferior to his own. Let the matter be critically investigated."‡

General Sherman urged General Washburn to fit out another expedition against General Forrest, and suggested either A. J. Smith or Mower. He seems to have had a partiality for Mower, as he sent him word by General Washburn that if he (Mower) would whip General Forrest he (Sherman) would pledge his influence for a major generalship, and would ask the President as a personal favor to hold a vacancy for him.§ He actually wrote the President as follows:

I have ordered Gen. A. J. Smith and General Mower from Memphis to pursue and kill Forrest, promising the latter, in case of success, my influence to promote him to a major general. He is one of the gamest men in our service. Should accident befall me, I ask you to favor Mower, if he succeeds in disposing of Forrest.‖

*Italics not in original document.

†Official Records, Vol. XXXI., Part II., page 123.

‡Ibid., page 124. §Ibid., page 130. ‖Ibid., page 142.

CHAPTER XV

Battle of Harrisburg.

Returning to Tupelo, the next few weeks were spent in recuperation and drilling, for General Forrest knew well that General Sherman meant to send expeditions after him until he was defeated and crushed—the determination to kill him "if it took ten thousand lives and broke the Treasury" was by this time generally known. After taking stock of his captures and losses and attending personally to the administration of all affairs with his accustomed energy, he distributed his men to various points which offered easy subsistence and rest for them. Forage and subsistence were collected at central points upon all roads of possible operations; a thorough examination was made of the physical condition of the troops, and the weak were sent, with all unserviceable animals, to favorable points for recuperation. Special attention was given to the selection of strong horses for the artillery, for it was now General Forrest's fixed custom to throw his artillery in advance.

General Roddey, with his division, joined General Forrest's Command at Tupelo. In the meantime his scouts were on active service, and kept him well informed of the movements of the enemy He learned of the withdrawal of Gen. A. J. Smith's troops from the Louisiana expedition, and shrewdly surmised that this officer was to be sent against him as soon as a sufficient number of men could be mobilized. By the 1st of July it was apparent that all the resources of General Sherman's department in the State of Tennessee, including the garrisons on the Mississippi River, aided by the departments

of the States bordering on Mississippi, would be called to assist General Smith in the great expedition intended to crush General Forrest.

General Smith s orders were different from those given his predecessors. Instead of being directed to capture the Confederate leader, he was told to "keep after him till recalled" by General Sherman or General Grant.

This great expedition was commanded by a man of extreme precaution as well as ability By slow stages he moved through the country, picking up the men he needed from the various commands in the vicinity of Memphis, and keeping himself in close communication with headquarters.

General Smith's Preparations.

Each step was prepared in advance, and on July 5 he announced that all his preparations were completed and fared forth from LaGrange with 3,200 cavalry, 11,000 infantry, 24 pieces of artillery, and 500 artillerists. The infantry was under the command of Brig. Gen. J A. Mower, the cavalry under General Grierson, and their destination the rich prairie country in the region of Okolona and West Point, Miss., called the "Granary of the Confederacy."

There was an unfortunate dissension at this time between the government and the people of the Confederacy Those nearest the scene of General Sherman's operations discerned the grim purpose of the "man of blood and iron," and suggested that a well-organized attack on his rear by General Forrest would ruin General Sherman and sweep him off the face of the earth. General Sherman himself admitted that General Forrest had his (Sherman's) generals "cowed," and all who had seen the effects of General Forrest's operations were convinced that

he was the only man who could check Sherman and save Atlanta. General Wheeler, General Johnston, General Howell Cobb, and others who had fought with General Forrest and knew his mettle and ingenuity strongly recommended that he be placed in command of all the cavalry. General Wheeler, with characteristic generosity, offered to give place to him. A number of petitions to the same effect were sent in from prominent men in the South, but they were fruitless.

At the time General Smith started from LaGrange, General Forrest was undergoing the keenest suffering from boils, which greatly depleted even his iron constitution. He telegraphed General Lee from Tupelo on June 28 to the effect that he would be unable to take command of the forces in case the enemy moved from Memphis, but General Lee, now in command of the department, with Mobile and South Alabama threatened, and an attack imminent on Jackson, could not dispense with General Forrest, and he moved to Okolona for the purpose of concentrating troops there.

The Federals, meeting with light resistance at Ripley from Lieutenant Colonel Hyams's First Mississippi Partisans, moved on to Pontotoc, where Lyon's Brigade met and detained them for a day with small skirmishes. The country around Pontotoc being very swampy and the Confederates' resistance making progress exceedingly slow. General Smith determined to abandon his attempt to reach Okolona, and, turning abruptly toward the left, made for Tupelo, eighteen miles distant, hoping to get possession of the railroad at that point and select his own battle ground. The Confederates hung on his flanks and rear all day, harassing him at every point and destroying his wagons and ambulances. Both General Lee and General Forrest were on the field, General Lee in command.

General Forrest was ordered to attack and press upon the enemy's rear, and succeeded in harassing him sorely, the Morton Battery in advance, and destroying a number of wagons and ambulances; but General Smith and General Mower, never losing sight of their objective point, pushed steadily on, and at 9 o'clock on July 13 General Forrest's command encamped within two miles of Harrisburg, a small town near Tupelo.

The Morton Battery, supported by Roddey's Division, was ordered to make a demonstration upon the left of General Smith's position, and this was done. No further assault was made that night.

General Forrest in the Federal Camp.

General Forrest, returning to headquarters about dark, dismounted from his horse, and, removing his coat, spread it upon the ground. Lying at full length in his shirt sleeves, he appeared absorbed in thought for some time. He was greatly exhausted from the heavy work and intense heat of the day, and his staff remained at some distance. Suddenly springing up, he put on his coat, mounted his horse, and called to Lieut. Samuel Donelson to accompany him. They made a wide detour through the woods. General Forrest remarked to Lieutenant Donelson that his scouts had brought in word that the Union forces were encamped about a mile ahead. He also stated that he had neglected to put on his holster, and was therefore without his pistols. Lieutenant Donelson offered him one, but it was declined, General Forrest saying that he did not think they would be needed. In about an hour they came up well in the rear of the Federal lines, and soon found themselves among the Union wagons and teams. The friendly darkness concealed the Confederate uniforms, and, keeping well away from the camp fires.

the two daring officers rode leisurely through nearly every portion of the enemy's camp. Having satisfied himself of the position and resources of the enemy, General Forrest turned in the direction of his own camp. They had proceeded about two hundred yards when they were suddenly halted by two Federal soldiers who were on picket duty. Riding directly up to these men, General Forrest, affecting intense anger, said, "How dare you halt your commanding officer?" and without further remark put spurs to his horse, an example quickly followed by Lieutenant Donelson. The sentries did not discover the ruse until the two horsemen were some distance away, and on account of the darkness could not now be seen. Anticipating that they would be challenged, General Forrest and Lieutenant Donelson crouched down upon their horses, put spurs to them, and broke into a full gallop along the narrow roadway through the woods. The pickets fired, but the bullets fell wide of the mark, and the two officers returned in safety to their own camp.

General Forrest related this occurrence with great gusto, declaring jocosely that a bullet might have done him good, as it might have opened one of his boils, which would have been a relief.

His discovery of the enemy's strong position occasioned General Forrest some uneasiness, and his last order to Chief of Artillery Morton was to make his men comfortable for the night, for they had hot work before them on the morrow.

The morning of July 14 found the enemy strongly intrenched behind breastworks at the head of a gentle slope, and protected at the sides and rear by a dense stretch of forest. It was an ideal position, and one which General Forrest himself would have chosen had he reached the spot first. General Grierson had arrived at, and taken

possession of, Tupelo the day before, and the lines extended from that point to Harrisburg, about two miles in length. Although by hard work all through the night they were strongly fortified, they showed no intention of making an attack the next morning, and General Lee decided to assume the offensive, as he felt obliged to heed the call for his troops in Southern Alabama and Mississippi, and it was necessary for him to hurry to the relief of that portion of his department. Accordingly, acquainting General Forrest with his purpose, he ordered his troops to position, and asked him to accept the command for the day. General Forrest, from his knowledge of the enemy's position, deemed an attack unwise and declined the command.

The Confederate line of battle was arranged with Roddey's Division, consisting of Patterson's and Johnson's Brigades, on the extreme right; Colonel Crossland's Kentucky Brigade next to the left in the center; Bell's Brigade came next, and Mabry's Brigade occupied the extreme left. The reserve was composed of McCulloch's Brigade, Neely's and Gholson's dismounted men, and General Lyon's Infantry

The Day of Battle.

The artillery, as it moved from Pontotoc to Harrisburg, where on the 13th of July the Federals had constructed strong works, was used with little effect or results, except to demonstrate that the Confederates had met a foe worthy of their steel.

Capt. Morton was in command of the artillery battalion, consisting of the Morton, Rice, Thrall, and Hudson Batteries. Ferrell's four-gun battery, of Roddey's Command, had also reported to Captain Morton on the evening of the 13th.

Jno W. Morton

CHIEF OF ARTILLERY FORREST'S CAVALRY,
ARMY OF TENNESSEE, C. S. A.

Camp was made that night a mile and a half from Harrisburg on the right and left of the Pontotoc-Harrisburg road.

Captain Morton was ready to move at daylight on the 14th. At this time the artillery was in column, with its head in the direction of Harrisburg.

Reporting for orders to General Forrest, Captain Morton was directed by him to report to General Lee, who was in command. Captain Morton found General Lee, and, with the usual military compliments, stated that General Forrest had ordered him, as his Chief of Artillery, to report to him as being in command. General Lee turned and introduced Captain Morton to his Chief of Artillery, who was Major Wofford. Although Captain Morton had never written his name, nor had the pleasure of knowing him before, nor since the fight, recollections are distinct as to the identity of that officer. The Major remarked to Captain Morton: "The artillery is all yours. You report to General Lee direct for orders."

Captain Morton was twenty-one years old and full of enthusaism and eagerness to go into battle commanding a full battalion of artillery, it being the first opportunity he had had of the kind. It was a chance he coveted. With Ferrell's Battery it gave him twenty guns.

He recalls a good deal of talk among his officers of rumors that General Forrest favored flanking the enemy; and hence inspected the Verona road, which would likely be taken in order to throw his men south of General Smith's forces.

The Cavalry commands began to move to the front, when Captain Morton reported to General Lee that the artillery was ready. The Captain made the suggestion that he be allowed to concentrate all of the artillery on the left center and make a breach in the Federal lines,

creating confusion in their ranks, which would give the Confederate cavalry easy work. Greatly to his disappointment, General Lee ordered him to send one battery to support the Kentucky brigade on the right of the Harrisburg road, another to support Bell's Brigade on the left of that road, and a third to the right to support Roddey's Brigade; the Morton Battery, commanded by Capt. T W Rice, to support the Kentucky Brigade; and Hudson's, commanded by Lieut. E. S. Walton, to support General Roddey Thrall's (Capt. J. C. Thrall) and Ferrell's Batteries were placed with the reserve force under Gen. H. B. Lyon, consisting of infantry and dismounted cavalry. Captain Morton directed Lieutenant Walton, of Hudson's Battery, to report with all haste to General Roddey, a mile and a half on the extreme right, and then personally directed the placing of the Rice and Morton Batteries. As soon as the former was in position Captain Morton galloped through a skirt of woods, and, upon reaching the Harrisburg road, found the Morton Battery and placed it to the left of that road in position on a slight ridge.

He was never directed by General Lee, to whom he reported and from whom he was receiving orders, to fire a signal gun for opening the fight. He received no intimation of such an order from General Lee or any one else.

The enemy, no doubt discovering the positions and the line of battle of dismounted cavalry, soon opened with their artillery There was a sharp artillery duel for about half an hour, or possibly longer, when the Kentucky Brigade, with a shout as though pandemonium had broken loose on that part of the line, sprang forward to the charge. In a short time General Bell's Brigade dismounted, moved to the front on the left of the Harris-

burg road, and took position to the right of Mabry. As this intrepid body of Tennesseeans advanced, the gallant Lieut. Tully Brown, commanding the right section of Morton's Battery, pressed his guns forward across a valley with Bell's moving line, and on a ridge went into battle under a withering fire within four hundred yards of the enemy's heavily manned and bristling works. The enemy's fire was so furious and effective that two of Lieutenant Brown's guns most exposed, which had themselves been doing great execution, had six out of seven men wounded, and every horse of one of the pieces disabled, while a number of horses of other guns were shot. A wheel carried away by an opposing cannon shot had to be replaced; and the two guns were withdrawn by a detachment of dismounted cavalrymen. Sergt. J. W Brown, of Lieutenant Brown's section, although wounded three times, refused to quit his gun until it was safely removed from the field. Lieut. Joe M. Mayson, who had direct command of the other two guns of the battery, had been placed several hundred yards to the left of Brown's section and in the rear of Chalmers's Command.

This section also did effective work; had a wheel shattered and two men wounded. Lieutenant Sale, in command of Morton's Battery, ordered Sergt. Frank T. Reid, in charge of the line of caissons, to bring forward an extra wheel, and the injured gun was soon restored to good service. The fire of Mayson's two guns materially aided in the withdrawal of the brigades of Mabry and Rucker. When Crossland's Kentucky Brigade moved to the attack, Captain Rice, by order of Captain Morton, pushed his guns forward by hand, keeping pace with the rapidly advancing line of battle. A concentrated fire of the enemy's artillery disabled one of his guns, a number of his men were killed and wounded, and several

horses disabled. Captain Thrall's Battery was ordered by Captain Morton to the support of Captain Rice, and did effective service in saving it and protecting the withdrawal from the field of the shattered Kentucky Brigade. Hudson's Battery did not fire a gun, it being with Roddey's Brigade, which failed to engage the enemy. The Ferrell Battery was with the 2,100 infantry and dismounted cavalry, held in reserve under General Lyon, which to the chagrin of that cool and fearless leader was never brought into action.

Riding to and fro among the batteries, Captain Morton had his coat shot several times and his horse twice wounded. It has always been his sincere regret that he was not required to make official reports. It was not only expected but required of general officers to report the operations of their troops in all encounters with the enemy.

It is unfortunate, in view of the many diverging opinions now developed, as to the responsibility for the conduct of the battle of Harrisburg; and considering General Lee's experience as a commander and his fine training as a soldier, it is a singular omission that he failed to make any report of a battle until thirty-seven years and more after its occurrence. Had he followed his usual custom of making official reports of the operations of troops commanded by him, many of the matters of controversy now involved would have been settled during the lifetime of numerous distinguished and gallant comrades who, with General Forrest, cannot now speak in praise or condemnation of any who participated in that unfortunately conceived and sadly misconducted battle.

The Confederates suffered an unprecedented percentage of loss. Crossland's Kentuckians suffered more severely than any other regiment during the war, and the lack of coördination precipitated a tragic and unparal-

leled sacrifice, which might have been saved. As bravely as ever men fronted death, these magnificent soldiers, whose thin ranks were exposed plainly to the Federals, charged valiantly on the enemy's line, bending their faces before the seething storm of lead.

Waiting until they were well into the field, and without even a fence or gully for protection, the Federal artillery opened upon them with a deadly hail of shell and canister. Even in the face of this they kept on, showing a splendid courage and resolution; but, an enfilading fire opening on their right, they staggered and gave way, only ten or twelve pushing on to the breastworks and to certain death or capture. The brigade had been literally mowed down, but the pitiful remnant upon the advance of Mabry's and Bell's Brigades seemed imbued with fresh vigor and again charged forward.

"Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do or die."

An effort was made to draw the enemy into battle on the 15th, but General Smith says in his report that his troops were so exhausted with the heat, fatigue, and short rations that it was impossible to press the rebels further, and he concluded to retire. Needless to say, his retirement was attended with all the annoyance and inconvenience the Confederates could inflict. The heat was intense, and eighty of Buford's men succumbed to sunstroke on the field; General Forrest was painfully wounded in the foot during this day, and it was rumored that he had been killed. These tidings threw the Confederates into consternation and deep gloom, and

it was reported to General Forrest as he was having his wound dressed in the rear. Without waiting to adjust his clothing (it was a sweltering day and he had removed his coat) he leaped into his saddle and galloped rapidly along the lines of his men. At the sight of their leader his men went wild with joy. Huzzas and glad acclamations rent the air, and they crowded around him to hear his own assurance that his wound was a slight one.

Three brigade commanders, Rucker, McCulloch, and Crossland, were wounded, as was also Colonel Faulkner. The list of officers killed included Col. Isham Harrison, Lieut. Col. Thomas M. Nelson, Lieut. Col. John B. Cage, Lieut. Col. L. J. Sherrill, and Maj. Robert C. McKay. The men killed and wounded were: Chalmers's Division, five per cent killed, 255 wounded; Buford's Division, 153 killed, 798 wounded; Morgan's Squadron, 5 killed, 19 wounded; missing, 50. Total loss, 1,287. Some companies came out of the fight commanded by their corporals or sergeants, all of their commissioned officers having been shot down.

General Smith obeyed to the letter General Sherman's injunctions to punish with fire and sword the people who lived in the territory occupied by General Forrest, burning a wide track from Harrisburg to LaGrange. General Forrest, returning to Tupelo, found only the ruins of his former headquarters, and found also two hundred and fifty Federal prisoners, who had been abandoned because too seriously wounded to go on with the army. These poor soldiers were in the greatest torment from the excessive heat and the neglect of their wounds, which were in a fearful state from the flies and decomposition. Nothing could be done for them except to bury them when their awful sufferings came to an end.

Notwithstanding this retreat and the fact that, so far

from crushing General Forrest, he had not actually engaged him, as the portion of the line of which General Forrest was in command had not fired a single volley, General Smith reported his expedition as entirely successful and claimed to have cost the enemy 2,500 men. He did not give reasons for failing to follow up his victory by occupying the fruitful territory then teeming with rich crops of grain and offering abundant food and forage; but on the contrary, stated that his food and ammunition had both given out. If this was the case, it was singularly short-sighted to have made so scanty a provision of the latter; and fresh supplies of the former were at his hand. Captain Morton is inclined to agree with Dr. Wyeth, who says that "he [Smith] had never seen men fight with such desperate [if misdirected] valor. After this exhibition he did not dare to advance upon his antagonist in compact line and behind defenses, nor could he safely remain where he was."*

This occurrence must have led General Sherman to believe that General Forrest did indeed have some of his officers "cowed."

General Forrest's Artillery was no inconspicuous feature of such success as was obtained by the Confederates, although three batteries were assigned to inaction during the bloody contest of the 14th. Two batteries accompanied Roddey and Rucker in the pursuit on the 15th and 16th, and engaged in several spirited artillery duels. Sergt. Frank T. Reid, in the admirable article already so freely quoted from, says of some of the members of Morton's Battery: "Sergts. West Brown (three times wounded), C. T. Brady (now living in Jackson, Tenn.), and Lem Zaring distinguished themselves, as they always did,

*Wyeth's "Life of Forrest," page 459.

by their cool courage and the admirable manner in which they handled their pieces. So did Corp. Joe T Bellanfant (who was badly wounded, and now lives in Culleoka, Tenn.) and Corp. J. D. Vauter (a gray-headed veteran, who spent much of the time reading the Bible), Jimmie Woods (now a resident of Hollow Rock, Tenn.), W Murray, William Potter, H. T Newton, T J. Wyatt, and many others whose names I cannot now recall." The modest Sergeant makes no mention of his own conspicuous bravery, nor of that of Lieutenants Sale, Brown, and Mayson, the latter being wounded in the battle.

It will be remembered that General Forrest had been for some time suffering from boils, and the long strain of severe fighting was now beginning to tell upon his strength. In this impaired condition the wound received at the battle of Harrisburg became very dangerous, and his Chief Surgeon, Dr. J. B. Cowan, a leading physician of Tullahoma, Tenn., begged him to seek the rest he so much needed. He had consented to ask for a leave of absence before General Smith's invasion, but after that officer's retreat General Lee was transferred to General Hood's department. Gen. Dabney H. Murray was sent to take temporary command of Mississippi, and General Forrest would not leave the field. He procured a light buggy, and, fitting up a sort of framework over the dashboard, continued his daily and unremitting attentions to the details of attending the wounded, gathering up the spoils from the enemy's tracks, and rebuilding the railroads and bridges. Once more scouts were sent out vigorously, the troops reorganized and distributed, unserviceable horses weeded out, and supplies gathered at central points on every avenue of approach. The heavy loss of officers in the last engagement made the work of reorganization difficult, especially as many of the former

officers' skeleton companies had been merged into each other. For two weeks this work was carried on without the slightest rumor of another attack, a quietude which was later explained when it was learned that it had been reported in Memphis that General Forrest had died of his wound a few days after the battle.

General Washburn dispatched to General Sherman on August 25: "I have report to-day that he [Forrest] died of lockjaw some days ago."*

General Sherman, after telegraphing this news to General Grant, wired General Washburn again for confirmation. "Is Forrest surely dead?" he asked.†

It is interesting to note in this connection that General Mower got his promotion as promised.

Generals Sherman and Grant had been inclined to congratulate General Smith when they heard this, but when it was proved unfounded they insisted that he make another effort to remove the troublesome cavalry officer. "He must keep after him till recalled by me or General Grant," wrote General Sherman rather testily to General Washburn; "and if Forrest goes toward Tennessee, General Smith must follow him. It is of vital importance that Forrest does not go to Tennessee."‡

To this command General Washburn replied quite hopefully that he had "sent forward a force that can whip the combined force of the enemy this side of Georgia and east of the Mississippi."*

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part II., page 219.
†Ibid., page 233. ‡Ibid., page 204.

CHAPTER XVI.

Why Gen. A. J. Smith Abandoned Mississippi.

On August 1 General Chalmers reported to General Forrest the Federal movements in Memphis, and orders were given for the issuing of ten days' rations to the whole force; ammunition for small arms and artillery was also ordered; all furloughs were forbidden, and all leaves of absence recalled. On August 3 McCulloch's Brigade of Chalmers's Division, General Forrest's escort and staff, and Thrall's Battery set out for Oxford for the purpose of fortifying and repairing the works at Grenada, Graysport, Abbeville, and other places on the Tallahatchie. Chalmers reached Oxford to find that General Smith had reached Holly Springs, thirty miles to the north. General Smith pressed forward and Chalmers began a slow retreat, obstructing fords and burning bridges and cautiously pursued by the wary Smith, who did not wish to be drawn into a surprise. General Forrest, meanwhile, with Bell's and Neely's Brigades and the other batteries, under Captain Morton, had succeeded, by forced marches, in reaching Oxford at 11 o'clock the night of the 10th of August. Chalmers had been compelled to evacuate it the day before, but upon the arrival of General Forrest it was found that the enemy had in turn retired. They were discovered the next morning about eight miles away, and for the next three days a constant skirmishing with small arms and artillery was kept up. Slight advantage accrued to either side; and although General Forrest was still compelled to wear his injured foot in a sling, he conceived a brilliant and daring plan for the confusion of the enemy. Realizing that with

his small force of 5,000 it would be worse than folly to cope with Smith's army, nearly four times as large, with any hope of complete success, he unfolded to his officers in council a plan for an attack on Memphis with a portion of the forces then at Oxford. Audacious as it was, all present saw that it was the only way out of the present situation with advantage. The plan was for General Forrest to take two thousand men and one section of artillery and make a rapid dash on Memphis, leaving Chalmers to make a feint of attack and retreat to keep the enemy's attention. General Buford was also attracting attention at Pontotoc, and the way seemed open for a daring move to the extreme left. The men were carefully picked, and Morton's Battery of the artillery was selected for the expedition. After the men were ready, a careful examination resulted in the weeding out of five hundred as too weak for the forced marching, and the number was thus reduced to fifteen hundred besides the staff, escort, and artillerymen. Late in the afternoon of August 18 this command was set in motion.

The Move on Memphis.

A heavy rain had been falling for several days, making the roads difficult, but assisting in the secrecy of the movement. General Forrest rode with some difficulty, as he had only one foot in the stirrup. The whole expedition wore a melancholy aspect. The streams were greatly swollen, and it was necessary to make a detour of some forty miles. The long ride through the rain and mud and dense darkness was made, however, with cheerful spirits; and the element of danger, added to the audacity of the conception, lent a spice to the movement that overbalanced the physical discomforts. Many streams had to be crossed by swimming, and at times it seemed impossible to get

the artillery across. Perhaps the heaviest part of the expedition fell on this portion of the command. No one but General Forrest would have undertaken to carry artillery on such an excursion. By daylight, however, Panola, Miss., had been reached, and the unsuspecting Federals were far in the rear. Here another weeding out took place, and one hundred men were returned with their horses to Oxford. One section of Morton's Battery was also returned for lack of serviceable horses. Another quick march brought Senatobia in view; and as men and horses were exhausted, it was necessary to rest here for a day and night. Early the next morning the march was resumed, and a mile to the north the Hickahala Creek was reached. This stream, increased to immense proportions by the heavy rains, was crossed by means of a ferryboat; but, as celerity was the chief asset of success in this movement, General Forrest set his wits to work to devise a means of crossing more expeditiously. Sending a detachment ahead, he ordered them to select four trees near the bank opposite each other, and fell them. The next step was to cut a great quantity of wild muscadine and grape vines, which grow in abundance in the swampy river bottoms of Mississippi. These vines were twisted into cables and stretched from bank to bank, being fastened to the stumps. Further than this, details had been sent ahead to strip the flooring from the ginhouses and cabins along the road, and as each trooper rode up he brought his plank for the flooring of the improvised bridge. When the main body reached the river, the cables were in place; and in the middle of the stream, just where the weight of the vines made them sag to within a short distance of the water, the ferryboat was anchored between rafts of cedar poles. It was the work of a few minutes to place the planks in position, and the work of only an hour to get

the whole command across the substantial though swinging bridge. The guns were pulled across by hand, great difficulty being experienced with the loose flooring. Seven miles farther on another creek was reached; and though this was twice as wide as the Hickahala, the bridge was made as before, and the crossing effected in three hours. By this time fully five hundred cavalry and artillery horses had given out, and these men were sent back to Chalmers under command of Captain Morton, who appointed Lieutenant Sale to the command of the two guns of Morton's Battery still with the expedition. Returning Captain Morton and these men and horses was an additional instance of General Forrest's far-sightedness; for, should a rumor of his departure have reached General Smith, the return of this body would indicate the abandonment of his plan.

The success of the raid into Memphis is too well known to need repetition here. The quick, sharp fight opened up in all quarters of the town, the flight of General Washburn in his night clothes, the riding into the Gayoso Hotel by Capt. Bill Forrest, and the successful retreat to Hernando with 400 prisoners, are matters of common report.

Burying the "Bull Pups."

Lieutenant Sale had charge of the two guns from Morton's Battery, which accompanied the expedition to the suburbs of Memphis. While the raid was in progress, word was brought to him that the Federals had sent a column out to cross Nonconno Creek and cut off a retreat. The guns were the three-inch steel rifled Rodmans captured at Lexington with Bob Ingersoll in 1862, and the resourceful Lieutenant, knowing the affection with which they were regarded by General Forrest and Captain

Morton, instead of abandoning or spiking them, dug a hole in the middle of the road and buried them. The deep mud helped to hide traces of the grave. The limbers and caissons were concealed in the undergrowth of a near-by swamp. The Federals passed over them without discovering their whereabouts, both in coming out of Memphis and returning. After the soldiers returned to Mississippi, Captain Morton sent a detail of cavalry to resurrect these grim pets of the battery, and they were safely conveyed into Mississippi again. They were more highly regarded than ever after their adventure, and, although in the front of every subsequent fight, were saved time and again by strenuous effort.

The consternation of General Washburn on learning that General Forrest had doubled around General Smith and marched into Memphis was beyond expression. It seemed impossible that anything short of real magic could have accomplished such a stratagem. His telegrams to General Smith were the first intimation that officer had of the escape of his prey, for so well had Chalmers and Morton kept up the feints of assault and retreat, evacuating the city and reoccupying it, that the Union officer did not dream that there had been any depletion of troops. After this the Federals were perforce obliged to acknowledge General Forrest's right to the title, "Wizard of the Saddle."

Constant telegrams to General Smith kept him informed of General Forrest's every movement, and he was daily reminded that the Rebels would be worn and jaded after their dash of a hundred miles into Memphis and back again, and could be easily caught on their return. Instructions were given him where to intercept them, but he was delayed by swollen streams and broken bridges

and by Chalmers's and Morton's unremitting attacks, so that no obstacles were placed in General Forrest's way.

General Smith had not neglected to burn and pillage Oxford and the surrounding country with a thoroughness worthy of a better cause; but, nevertheless, he was ordered to return to Memphis, and Mississippi was abandoned in disgust to the "Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a single star."

"Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave;
Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer;
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star"

CHAPTER XVII.

Morton's Artillery at Athens, Ala.

General Maury, who had been placed temporarily in command of the department, telegraphed General Forrest to come and help him out in Mobile. This order broke up a very pleasant camp in a lovely grove near Grenada, and after a hasty reorganization a start was made for Mobile, but at Meridian Gen. Richard Taylor was encountered, and he brought news of his own appointment to the command of the department, and stated that Mobile was no longer in need of General Forrest's assistance. General Taylor was a brother-in-law of President Davis, and he had orders to study General Forrest and give him as much liberty in his movements as he thought him capable of using to good advantage. A very short conversation convinced him that here was a man who could do best without being hampered, and he forthwith gave him the greatest freedom in making and carrying out his plans. The Federals had now abandoned Mississippi, and General Forrest wanted to get back into Tennessee, where he hoped to cut off General Sherman's supplies. Given a free hand by General Taylor, he turned back and met his troops twenty miles from Meridian and returned to Grenada. Here he began immediate measures for increasing the efficiency of his force. Buford's Division was quartered at Verona, with Bell's, Lyon's, and Rucker's Brigades. Chalmers was ordered to take command at Grenada of all troops not selected for the expedition. General Forrest made personal inspection of each regiment in order to ascertain exactly its material and component parts. The Mem-

phis and Charleston and the Mobile and Ohio Railroads were repaired from Verona to Corinth, and from Corinth to the Alabama State line. Negroes were impressed for this work, and it was pushed with the greatest rapidity. Everybody was infused with the eagerness and ardor of the commander. There were no laggards nor idlers. By the 16th of September the railroad was in readiness as far as Corinth, and General Forrest, with 3,542 effective men, besides his escort, staff, and Hudson's and Morton's Batteries under Captain Morton, moved to that point over the Mobile and Ohio. The train on the Memphis and Charleston road was not quite ready, but the soldiers were set to work cutting wood and bringing buckets of water for the boilers, and the delay was slight. At Cherokee Station a halt of several hours was made, and rations were cooked and horses shod. The artillery marched with Bell's, Lyon's, and Rucker's Brigades and crossed the Tennessee River at Newport, joining General Forrest near Athens, Ala., which place was reached near sundown of September 23.

Personnel of the Command.

The personnel of the command was as follows: Chalmers's Division, consisting of McCulloch's Brigade, Col. Robert McCulloch; Second Missouri Cavalry, Lieut. Col. R. A. McCulloch; Twelfth Tennessee, Lieut. Col. J. V Green; Fifteenth Tennessee, Col. F M. Stewart; Willis's Texas Battalion, Lieut. Col. Leo Willis; Seventh Mississippi Cavalry, Lieut. Col. S. M. Hyams; Fifth Mississippi Cavalry, Maj. W G. Henderson; Fourteenth Tennessee, Col. J. J Neely; Seventh Tennessee, Col. W L. Duckworth; Eighth Mississippi Cavalry, Col. W L. Duff; Eighteenth Mississippi Cavalry, Col. Alex H. Chalmers Rucker's Brigade, Col. Edward W Rucker;

Forrest's (old) Regiment, Lieut. Col. David C. Kelley. Buford's Division, consisting of the Third Kentucky Cavalry, Col. G. A. C. Holt; Seventh Kentucky, Col. E. Crossland; Eighth Kentucky, Lieut. Col. A. R. Shacklett; Twelfth Kentucky, Col. W C. Faulkner; Bell's Brigade, Col. Tyree H. Bell; Lyon's Brigade, Brig. Gen. H. B. Lyon; Second Tennessee, Col. C. R. Barteau; Nineteenth Tennessee, Col. J. F Newsom; Twentieth Tennessee, Col. R. M. Russell; Twenty-First Tennessee, Col. A. N. Wilson. Morton's and Hudson's Batteries were commanded by Capt. J. W Morton.

Athens was an unusually strong fort on an embankment. Surrounding the fort was a ditch seven or eight feet wide and about the same depth. The ditch was protected with a stockade fence of tree tops lashed together with wire, the ends sharpened. The news of General Forrest's move to Mobile having gained general credence, his appearance at this point was a complete surprise, and the cavalry guards in front of the town fled in dismay to the fort when he appeared, leaving their horses and equipments in their camp. This camp was immediately occupied by the Confederates and the horses distributed where most needed. The different commands were quickly stationed in different parts of the town, General Buford occupying the western portion, Gen. Tyree H. Bell the eastern, and Col. D. C. Kelley the southeastern section of the little city. Lieutenant Colonel White camped between the ferry and the railroad, and Colonel Johnson guarded the Florence road. The artillery, under command of Captain Morton, was advantageously placed as follows: Hudson's Battery, under Lieut. E. S. Walton, commanded the fort from the northeast; one section of Morton's Battery, under Lieut. J. W Brown, commanded it from the north; while the

other, under Lieut. J. M. Mayson, overlooked it from the West. In this way the Federals were penned up in the fort and blockhouse with no avenue of escape.

Colonel Barteau and Major Anderson, with a detachment from the escort, were sent to the north of the city to tear up the railroad track after the Nashville train had passed. They did this and also captured a large number of horses which were being driven out of the city to keep them from falling into General Forrest's hands. Col. Jesse Forrest was sent to the south of the depot and began tearing up the track. Col. Wallace Campbell, commanding the fort, heard of this, and, boarding the Nashville train with a detachment of one hundred men, soon reached the scene. The Confederates waited until the train had nearly reached the demolished rails, then rushed behind it and quickly obstructed the track, and the Federals, realizing they had been trapped, abandoned the train and made for a near-by blockhouse, hotly engaged by Colonel Forrest. After two hours of determined effort, Colonel Campbell and his men succeeded in reaching the fort, with a loss of seven killed and wounded.

It must be remembered that General Forrest's men accomplished this investiture between sundown and 10 o'clock, after a week of continuous marching. This was ever General Forrest's way When his soldiers had reached the limit of endurance, he set them the example of accomplishing still further achievements, and they never failed to respond nobly to his pride and confidence in them.

Opening the Fight.

Captain Morton opened a rapid artillery fire upon the fort, the skirmishers at the same time moving forward

to within a hundred yards of the walls, and all the commands deploying their men as if moving to take part in a general attack. Great care was taken to make all the movements where they could be observed by those within the fort. No firing was done except from the artillery; and after a prolonged fusillade from this source, a flag of truce was sent forward, and Maj. J. P Strange, Adjutant General, bore the following communication:

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY,
IN THE FIELD, Sept. 24, 1864.

Officer Commanding U. S. Forces,
Athens, Ala.

I demand an absolute and unconditional surrender of the entire force and all government stores and property at this post. I have a sufficient force to storm and take your works; and if I am forced to do so, the responsibility of the consequences must rest with you. Should you, however, accept the terms, all white soldiers shall be treated as prisoners of war and the negroes returned to their masters. A reply is requested immediately.

Respectfully, N. B. FORREST, *Major General C. S. A.*

Now the fort at Athens was built with the especial object of repelling attacks from cavalry, infantry, or artillery.

Colonel Campbell refused the demand for surrender.

General Forrest then dispatched another note, which read:

Colonel: I desire an interview with you outside of the fort, at any place you may designate, provided it meets with your views. My only object is to prevent the effusion of blood that must follow the storming of the place.

N. B. FORREST, *Major General.*

Colonel Campbell consented to the interview; and after passing the customary amenities of military etiquette, General Forrest said: "Colonel, I mean to take this fort, regardless of loss of life and bloodshed. I have more than plenty of men to do it with, and I am expecting reënforce-

ments. Besides," he added earnestly, "if I am forced to storm and take your fort, the responsibility of the consequences must rest on you. I have asked for the surrender in the name of humanity. I want you to understand this." This was after the battle of Fort Pillow, and General Forrest still rested under the imputation (in Federal lines) of having shown no quarter to his prisoners.

Colonel Campbell consulted with a staff officer, who accompanied him, and then said: "Show me your troops."

Everything had been arranged for such a trip of inspection. "I am willing to do so," was the prompt reply, "if you are ready to give me your decision as to surrender as soon as we have inspected them."

Colonel Campbell retired to the fort; and after consultation with the commanders of the various detachments there, it was decided that if, after inspection by himself and another officer, it was found that the Confederates had as many as eight or ten thousand troops, it would be worse than murder to resist.

Parade of General Forrest's Force.

In company with one of his officers, Colonel Campbell rode through the lines of battle with General Forrest, the latter pointing out the several bodies of soldiers. "Do you see that detachment of infantry there?" he asked, pointing to the dismounted cavalry. "My cavalry is off yonder in the distance," pointing to the horse holders in a skirt of woods some distance away. Captain Morton next made a display of his two batteries of artillery, and then the cavalrymen, now mounted, dashed into view and deployed with great show of force; then more artillery at another point; then more infantry (the horse holders this time), followed by more artillery—until the whole place seemed to the Federal commander to be swarming

with enthusiastic troops and bristling with guns. Captain Morton made his eight guns appear on Colonel Campbell's list as twenty-four from these movements.

Not without shrewdness, Colonel Campbell had delayed the parley as long as he could in the hope that reenforcements would arrive; but none having done so by eleven o'clock, and General Forrest pressing the question with great firmness, he ordered the surrender of the fort, with its artillery.

Wisdom of the Surrender.

That the men and officers who held no communication with the Confederate commander agreed with General Sherman that General Forrest "cowed" the Union officers opposing him is shown by the following communication:

Enterprise, Miss., October 17, 1864.

We, the undersigned officers in the United States service, who were surrendered to Maj. Gen. N. B. Forrest at Athens, Ala., on the 24th day of September, 1864, by Col. W. Campbell, commanding the post, feel it incumbent upon us to make known to the public the precise situation of affairs in the fort at the time, in order that the responsibility of the surrender may rest upon the proper persons, and also place upon record our judgment as to the necessity of the surrender.

The fort was a strong one, well built, 1,350 feet in circumference, 17 feet from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the parapet, and encircled by both a palisade and an abatis of felled trees. It was considered by inspecting officers to be the strongest work between Nashville and Decatur.

The garrison at the time of surrender consisted of detachments from the One Hundred and Sixth, One Hundred and Tenth, and One Hundred and Eleventh Regiments U. S. Colored Infantry, numbering in the aggregate 469 efficient men. In addition to the colored troops there were 150 men belonging to the Third Tennessee Cavalry, and two 12-pound howitzers. On the night of the 23d and 24th the colonel commanding caused nearly, if not quite, all the commissary stores at the post to be moved into the fortifications. These stores were thought ample for a siege of ten days.

A well in the fort afforded a sufficient supply of water. As for the ammunition, there was at the time about 70,000 rounds of elongated ball cartridges and an ample supply for the carbines of the cavalrymen. For the howitzers there were 120 rounds each.

Our pickets were driven in at 5:30 P.M. on the 23d, and from that time until long past dark there was a good deal of skirmishing. The night was passed in making preparations to receive the enemy and getting provisions into the fort.

On the morning of the 24th, about 7 o'clock, the enemy opened fire on the fort, throwing solid shot and shell from a battery planted on the Buck Island road. Shortly after they opened on us another battery from the Brown's Ferry road. From these two batteries the enemy threw fifty-five or sixty shots. Of this number of shots twenty-four struck in the fort or buildings in the fort, causing the death of only one man, a noncombatant, and wounding one soldier. At 9 A.M. the enemy sent in a flag of truce demanding the surrender of the place; this was refused by Colonel Campbell. General Forrest then again demanded the surrender of the place, stating that he had ample force to take it, and offering to show his force to Colonel Campbell. Colonel Campbell then called a council of officers commanding detachments, in which council, we are informed, but two officers voted in favor of a surrender, neither of whom had a command in the fort.

Of the forty-five officers present in the fort at the time this council was held but eight were consulted, and of these eight there were several who had no command present with them in the fort, whilst officers who had the largest number of men under their charge were excluded. Colonel Campbell, after reviewing the forces of the enemy, returned to the fort, saying, "The jig is up; pull down the flag," thus surrendering the best fortification on the line of the Nashville and Decatur Railroad.

We also feel it our duty to make mention of the bearing and disposition of the soldiers in the fort, both white and black. It was everything that any officer could wish of any set of men. So far from there being any disposition on the part of the men to surrender or to avoid a fight, it was just the reverse. Officers had to exert all their authority, even to threatening to shoot their own men, to restrain them from exposing themselves. The soldiers were anxious to try conclusions with General Forrest, believing that in such a work they could not be taken by ten times their number. When told that the fort had been surrendered, and that they were prisoners, they could scarcely believe it, but with tears demanded that the fight should go on, preferring to die in the fort they had made to being transferred to the tender mercies of General Forrest.

and his men. Another thing should be taken into consideration, which is, that we were on the point of receiving reënforcements.

While the truce was in operation, and during the time occupied by Colonel Campbell in view of the enemy's force, firing was heard on the Nashville and Decatur Railroad. This came from the force of our troops sent to our relief from Decatur, consisting of detachments from the Eighteenth Michigan and One Hundred and Second Ohio Infantry, numbering 360 men, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Elliott, of the One Hundred and Second Ohio, who was severely wounded. These brave men had forced their way through three lines of the enemy; were within musket range of the fort when our flag was lowered. The surrender of the fort allowed General Forrest to throw a portion of his force between the fort and them, thus compelling them to surrender after a hard fight of three hours' duration, during which they lost one-third of their number in killed and wounded, and that after they had arrived almost at the very gates of our fort.

In conclusion we do not hesitate to say over our signatures that the surrender was uncalled for by the circumstances, was against our wishes, and ought not to have been made.

Signed: [Here follow the signatures of some thirty-one officers.]

We also respectfully request that a thorough and immediate investigation of the above statements be made, that our names may not be placed in the list of cowards in the general summing up of our nation's history.

Very respectfully, etc., OFFICERS THAT WERE SURRENDERED.

We would also respectfully request that permission be granted us to publish the original statement, of which this is a verbatim copy.*

After due investigation, Brig. Gen. R. S. Granger reported the conduct of Colonel Campbell to be "disapproved by every one, and disgraceful in the extreme."†

Colonel Campbell, after vainly requesting a court of inquiry, tendered his resignation and received an honorable discharge.

The reënforcements hoped for by Colonel Campbell were nearer than he dreamed of, being only about a mile away when the surrender was completed. General For-

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part I., pages 523, 524, 525, 526.
†Ibid., page 528.

rest heard the firing while the negotiations were going on, and sent reënforcements to Colonels Kelley, Logwood, and Jesse Forrest, who were guarding the road in the direction of Decatur. These soon brought in the additional prisoners.

A Comical Dutchman.

There now remained the capture of the blockhouses between Athens and Pulaski, Tenn. One of these was commanded by a Dutch officer. A demand for surrender was sent in to him by Captain Morton before any shots were fired, and he angrily replied: "Shoost tell Sheneral Forrest dot I vill nefer surrender. I haf but vun debt to pay to mein Gott, und I pay heem in mein blockhouse. And do you git avay from here d—d qvick, or I'll haf mein gunners shoot your d—d head from your shoulders off!" This message seemed to anger General Forrest extremely, and he made the atmosphere blue for a while. "Does the d—d fool want to be blown up?" he asked Capt. Pleas Smith, who had borne the flag of truce and the reply. "Well, I'll blow him up, then. Give him hell, Captain Morton—as hot as you've got it, too."

The first shot did very little damage, merely tearing away a large log on top, but the second plowed between two logs, raised a shower of logs, planks, shingles, and dust that looked like a first-class cyclone had struck the building. Five were killed and nine were wounded. Instantly a white cloth floated from a porthole, and Captain Morton ordered the firing to cease.

"Go on, John, go on. That was bully. Keep it up!" shouted the General jubilantly.

"Why, General, I see a white cloth from a porthole," replied Captain Morton; "look yonder!"

"Well, I don't see any," said General Forrest, glower-

ing at his Chief of Artillery. "Keep on firing. It'll take a sheet to attract my eye at this distance."

A few more volleys brought a much larger flag, and when the Confederate officers advanced to receive the blockhouse, its commander "was the gladdest person," says Capt. Pleas Smith, "to get out alive that I ever saw He seemed to think more of his life just then than of his debt to God or anything else."

The Dutchman was very useful to the Confederates in the capture of the other blockhouses, for he was sent in with the demand for surrender, and his account of the attack on him generally produced a surrender without the firing of a shot. On the doors of the blockhouse a notice was posted warning its defenders that it had been built especially to withstand cavalry, infantry, or artillery attacks, and any officer surrendering it would be cashiered without trial.

Among the Dutchman's stores was found a large supply of beer, a treat to which the Confederates had been strangers for three years. A large quantity of army clothing was found, too, and this proved very acceptable in the sharp fall weather just setting in.

Between Athens and Sulphur Trestle, the next engagement of importance, the captures aggregated between 1,500 and 2,000 prisoners, two locomotives, two trains with their locomotives, 38 wagons and four ambulances, two 12-pound howitzers, a thousand stands of small arms, ammunition, and rations in large quantities, and 500 horses; and this with a loss of five killed and twenty-five wounded. Such supplies as were needed were issued to the men, and the rest, filling twenty wagons, were sent with the prisoners to Florence under Colonel Nixon. The bridges, blockhouses, military buildings, and unavailable stores were burned.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Capture of Sulphur Springs Trestle, Elk River, Richland Creek, and Intervening Blockhouses.

Sulphur Springs Trestle was the next point of attack. This trestle, spanning a seventy-foot ravine, was some four hundred feet in length, and one of the most important points on the Alabama and Tennessee Railroad, running between Nashville and Decatur. A strong blockhouse guarded each end, and a fort had been built near by for its further protection. The position was known to be defended by a heavy garrison and artillery. The guns were arranged to sweep all avenues of approach to the fort, and the garrison force was about 1,000 men, 800 of these being negro troops.

A line of rifle pits surrounded the fort some two hundred yards from it. While General Forrest was reconnoitering for advantageous positions for his forces, Captain Morton found and reported four points for the artillery

An elevation on the south side of the trestle was released for Hudson's Battery, under Lieutenant Walton. The two sections of Morton's Battery and Ferrell's Battery, all three under the personal command of Captain Morton, the Chief of Artillery, were quickly disposed on three sides of the fort and firing promptly opened, without the usual demand for a surrender. Under cover of the artillery fire, General Buford moved forward and Colonel Kelley's gallant brigade crossed an exposed position to a more protected spot, from which their shots would be effective. Colonel Kelley suffered some loss

in this courageous move, and his horse was shot from under him; but he continued the advance with characteristic coolness, and once in position his fire was so rapid and accurate that the enemy could not maintain a lookout. The rapid advance of the Confederate troops and the destructive rain of shot and shell raking the four faces of the front from the artillery created consternation among the Federals, although their guns were at first handled in excellent style, one in particular on the north side giving great trouble. Observing the action of this gun closely, Captain Morton saw that the Federal artillerymen moved it to the porthole, discharged it, and withdrew. Directing Sergeant Zaring to reserve the fire of his gun until specially ordered, Captain Morton continued his fusillade from the rest of his battery, watching carefully for the answer from the fort.

Just as the Federal artillerymen moved their gun into the porthole Sergeant Zaring was given the order to fire, and the shot struck square in the face of the opposing gun, exploding it and killing five men, including the major of the fort.

It was afterwards learned that the third volley from Morton's Battery had overturned one of the guns and killed six artillerymen, while another shot from the other section of this battery soon dismantled the remaining guns. General Jordan says of the artillery in this action:

> The Confederate practice was excellent; every shell fell and exploded within the Federal work, whose faces, swept in great part by an enfilading fire, gave little or no shelter to the garrison, who were to be seen fleeing alternately from side to side, vainly seeking cover. Many found it, as they hoped, within some wooden buildings in the redoubt, but shot and shell crushing through these feeble barriers either set them on fire or leveled them to the ground, killing or wounding their inmates and adding to the wild helplessness and confusion of the enemy, who, though making, meanwhile, no effort to surrender, had, nevertheless, become ut-

terly impotent for defense. Seeing their situation and desiring to put a stop to the slaughter, General Forrest, ordering a cessation of hostilities, demanded a capitulation. The demand was promptly acceded to, and the capitulation of the blockhouses, as well as the redoubt, was speedily accomplished through the proper staff officers.

The interior of the work presented a sanguinary, sickening spectacle. As we have said, all the buildings within the parapet had either been razed or burned to the ground. Eight hundred rounds of ammunition had been expended by Morton's Artillery in this affair, and at least two hundred Federal officers and men lay slain within the narrow area of that redoubt, giving it the aspect of a slaughter pen.

Among the dead were Colonel Lathrop, the commander, and a number of officers; comparatively few of the garrison had been wounded. The brushing shells had done their work effectively upon this poor, misofficered force, whose defense, manifestly from its feebleness, had been thus prolonged because the officers, paralyzed under the tempest of iron showered upon them, knew not what to do in the exigency. Officers and men who capitulated were 820; the other results were two pieces of artillery, wagons, and teams, about 350 cavalry horses, with their equipments complete, and a large quantity of ordnance and commissary stores.*

Further Captures.

So effective had been the shots from the small arms and Morton's Artillery that only about thirty were wounded. The Confederate loss included Captain Carter and Major Doran wounded and the gallant Capt. James J. Kirkman killed. Although a large quantity of stores were taken with the fort, there was very little ammunition for the artillery, and so exhausted had the Confederate supply become that General Forrest sent back four pieces of his own artillery to Florence with the captured wagons and prisoners, it being his intention to push on to the north in the direction of Tennessee, taking the chances of capturing sufficient ammunition. The night of the 25th was spent in collecting and caring for

*Jordan & Pryor's "Campaigns of General Forrest," pages 569, 570.

the wounded on both sides and cutting down and burning the long trestle. The fort and blockhouses were also burned. General Buford and Captain Morton were detached, however, with Lyon's Brigade and Morton's Battery to destroy the blockhouses at Elk River, some seven or eight miles farther on, as well as such bridges, trestles, and supplies as could be reached with their small force. There was no excitement in the march, as the blockhouses at Elk River and Richland Creek surrendered without the firing of a gun on the report of the captured Dutchman, to whom reference has been made. "Poys," he said on arriving within the blockhouse, "you better surrender. Sheneral Forrest iss oudt here, and he got guns vot can bore right through you like auger."

The blockhouses at Elk River and Richland Creek were occupied by negro troops. Col. George Spalding, commanding the Fourth Cavalry Division, gives the following account of their surrender:

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION CAVALRY,
ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND,
PULASKI, TENN., Sept. 29, 1864.

I have the honor to submit the following report in regard to the operations of the troops under my command in opposition to those of General Forrest:

When I reached Pulaski, which was at 9 o'clock at night, on the 24th instant, Athens, Ala., and the troops at that place had been surrendered to General Forrest.

In accordance with orders from General Starkweather, I moved about 3 A.M. on the 25th inst. for Elk River bridge. I was ordered to assume command of all the forces between Sulphur Branch and Elk River. I arrived at Elk River about 8 A.M. on the 25th, and as soon as the horses of the command were fed I moved to the support of Sulphur Branch, the troops at that place being very hard pressed. I had 800 men, composed of one battalion of the Tenth Indiana Cavalry, Company I, Ninth Indiana Cavalry, and the effective force of the Tenth and Twelfth Tennessee Regiments, Cavalry Volunteers. I arrived in the vicinity of Sulphur Branch trestle at 11 A.M. on the 25th inst., and found the enemy in strong force. I engaged them

immediately with my small but gallant force, and after fighting about twenty minutes I learned that the fort near the trestle had surrendered. I, therefore, deemed it prudent to withdraw to Elk River. I camped at Elk River on the night of the 25th inst., intending to hold the bridge until reënforcements should arrive, which were furnished that night. (See copy of telegram No. 1.) In order to do this I withdrew the garrison of the stockade south of Elk River, and placed them in stockade at Elk River blockhouses, making the garrison at these two houses about one hundred strong. At 3 A.M. on the 26th inst., reënforcements not having arrived and the enemy having driven in my pickets on my right, left, and (center) front, I deemed it necessary to move my cavalry out of such a position as soon as possible. Before morning I sent for the officers commanding the colored troops garrisoned at Elk River bridge, and moved them to hold the blockhouses at all hazards; also exhibited the dispatches (see copies Nos. 1 and 2) in regard to reënforcements. I told them also I would be obliged to withdraw my cavalry, or Forrest would have me surrounded before daylight. They promised to hold the blockhouses until they were knocked to pieces. Accordingly I moved off gently in the direction of Pulaski until daybreak, when I halted to learn the location of the country. *To my great surprise I found that the negro soldiers and their officers that I had left to hold the bridge had abandoned the stockade and had been in advance of my cavalry all the morning, having evacuated the stockades without firing a shot.** I arrested all of my colored soldiers and sent them under guard to Richland Creek bridge, that being the nearest blockhouse. At Richland Creek I found that the officer in charge of blockhouses had ordered the colored soldiers to pack their knapsacks preparatory to a move to Pulaski. I immediately sent directions to the captain in command of the blockhouses to make a stubborn resistance, and also stated that I would support him and shoot every officer and soldier that I found deserting his post. Having received information that the enemy had moved to Elkton, I proceeded south on the Elkton Pike for the purpose of intercepting them, at the same time sending Captain Donahue, with fifty men, back, with instructions to go to Elk River bridge, if possible. I had proceeded about five miles when a courier from Captain Donahue informed me that he had been driven back, and that the enemy was advancing in strong force along the railroad. I then moved toward Pulaski and took position at the junction of the Elkton Pike and road running par-

*Italics not in original document.

allel to the railroad, where I fought them until dark on the evening of September 26, when I was relieved by Colonel Jones, commanding a brigade of cavalry. I was allowed to camp at Pulaski during the night of the 26th. September 27 I was ordered by General Johnson, Chief of Cavalry, Military Division of the Mississippi, to report to General Croxton. I moved from Pulaski at daylight and reported to General Croxton, four miles south on the Elkton Pike. I was ordered to form on the right of the line, and hold it, if possible, which order I carried out until ordered to fall back on Pulaski. This movement I accomplished, moving back at the right of a battalion, covering my rear with a heavy line of skirmishers, which inflicted heavy loss on the enemy. On my arrival at Pulaski I took position on the right of General Croxton's Brigade on College Hill, where we skirmished with the enemy until dark, repulsing a charge of the Rebel brigade commanded by General Lyon. On the morning of the 28th inst., the enemy having retreated during the night, I was ordered by Major General Rousseau to ascertain the direction the Rebels had taken. Accordingly I moved out on the Elkton Pike, from there across to the Fayetteville Pike, then toward Fayetteville to Bradshaw Creek, and, having ascertained positively that Forrest, with his command, had taken the Fayetteville Pike, I was ordered to return to Pulaski, which I did on the morning of the 29th inst.

Thus ended the part taken by my troops in the Forrest raid. My command was in the saddle eight days and nights, and marched 230 miles, with frequent skirmishes with the enemy, with a loss of one private killed, two captains, three lieutenants, eight sergeants, one corporal, thirty-four privates wounded, and three privates missing; also demonstrating to the world that there are no braver or better soldiers than Tennesseeans.

I feel compelled to call the attention of the authorities to the disgraceful surrender of all the blockhouses between Elk River and Pulaski. Every one of these houses, with one exception, surrendered without the firing of one piece of artillery by the enemy. At Richland Creek the blockhouse was surrendered to the enemy's skirmishers. I drove the enemy's skirmish line back and held the bridge over Richland Creek three hours and a half, after the negro troops had surrendered the blockhouse.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE SPALDING, *Colonel Commanding.*

To LIEUT. J. D. HAZZARD,
Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Fight at Pulaski.

Several bridges and small trestles were burned, as well as a supply of cord wood piled along the railroad track. A rendezvous was made at Richland Creek and the march in full force resumed toward Pulaski. The command now numbered about 3,000 men, all well provisioned and mounted and all flushed with the successes of the expedition. The Federals were encountered, about 6,000 strong, some miles out of Pulaski, and a heavy skirmish ensued, during which Morton's Artillery was engaged in some of the quickest movements and the hottest firing of the war. A heavy running fight ensued, General Forrest, with characteristic boldness, taking the offensive and the enemy contesting every inch of the ground. Pressing forward with the artillery in front, General Forrest forced a retreat toward Pulaski; and although the enemy constantly turned and gave fight, they were driven into the breastworks within the town. It was found to be too heavily garrisoned for an attack, and after demonstrations all afternoon to cover the movements of a detachment sent to the north of the town to destroy the railroad and telegraph wires, the Confederate force withdrew for a distance of several miles, leaving long lines of camp fires, which kept the enemy in position for battle all night. A heavy soaking rain began to fall about daylight, and the force was put in motion toward Fayetteville, forty miles away, which was reached that same day. Here telegraphic communication was destroyed and some damage done the railroad, and the march was resumed in the direction of Tullahoma.

When General Forrest Ran.

The roads were ordinary country roads, very muddy after the recent rains and much cut up by the passage

of the artillery. Capt. Andrew McGregor was struggling with a captured caisson, which had stuck in the mud and refused to budge, when General Forrest rode up. General Forrest, thinking the men were not expending sufficient energy in the effort, began to upbraid them.

"Who has charge here, anyhow?" he blundered.

"I have, General," replied Captain McGregor.

"Then why in hell don't you do something?" shouted General Forrest, proceeding to utter further emphatic utterances.

Captain McGregor sprang up. "I'll not be cursed out by anybody, even a superior officer," he roared, and, seizing a torch, he rammed it violently into the caisson. General Forrest seemed stupefied for a moment by the insanity of thrusting a lighted torch into a caisson full of powder, then clapped spurs to his horse and rode away as fast as he could, shouting a warning to the others. Reaching his staff, he asked: "What infernal lunatic is that just out of the asylum down there? He came near blowing himself and me up with a whole caisson full of powder."

The members of the staff knew the caisson was empty, and everybody laughed heartily, General Forrest readily joining in as he saw the point. It was noticed, however, that he never used profanity to Captain McGregor after that.

When fifteen miles from Tullahoma, scouts brought in information that the force from which he had slipped away at Pulaski was moving to confront him at Tullahoma. Both men and horses were foot-sore and exhausted by the forced marches and continued action, and the rain was still falling, so that General Forrest deemed it prudent to retire for a time at least.

Return to the Tennessee River.

The Tennessee River was rising rapidly, and there were no means of crossing it, except a few small ferryboats in the neighborhood of Florence. General Forrest, therefore, decided to divide his force, sending General Buford, with a portion of his division (Kelley's and Johnson's Brigades), by way of Huntsville, while he remained to draw the enemy's attention. Captain Morton took the remaining artillery with him, as the ammunition was now entirely exhausted.

In the meantime the rumor of General Forrest's presence had caused uneasiness in Tullahoma. Major General Milroy, in command there, began to telegraph for help, and his calls were quickly answered, so that he was able to wire complacently, if inelegantly, on September 28:

> Forrest may grab up some of my blockhouses with his artillery, but Bridgeport, Stevenson, the tunnel, Elk River bridge, Tullahoma, Duck River bridge, and Murfreesboro will be held against Forrest at all hazards.*

Leaving the rest of the command to return by way of their old stamping ground around Columbia and Spring Hill, Buford's detachment and Morton's Artillery pushed rapidly on, intent only on covering the distance between them and Huntsville. As this place was approached scouts and citizens brought word that it was strongly garrisoned, and that General Steedman was moving in that direction with 8,000 infantry to prevent the Confederates, 1,500 in number, from crossing the river. The attempt was abandoned, therefore, and the route of march changed toward Newport, where it was known that there were a few small ferryboats.

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part II., page 511.

A Difficult Ferriage.

This point was reached October 5, and the work of crossing begun immediately. The river is about a mile wide here and was very high, being so full of driftwood that the swimming horses were greatly endangered. This danger was preferable, however, to the risk of being overtaken by General Steedman, who was reported to be headed for the crossing; and as the boats were less than a dozen in number, it was, of course, impossible to use them for the horses. The rain had ceased, but the wind, rising, blew the waves with such force that it was only by constant bailing with their hats that the men kept the boats from being swamped. Thus battling with the wind and current, the crossing was slower than had ever been made, and General Forrest came up before it had fully been effected. Although the weather was quite cold, no fires were lighted, even for cooking purposes. It was afternoon on the 7th before the whole force was safely over; and both Steedman and Rousseau being now in unpleasant proximity, it was necessary to devise some way of escaping them without giving battle.

Pursuit by the Federals.

General Sherman's wonderful acumen, perceiving that the damage inflicted by General Forrest was in no wise dependent upon the size of his forces, enabled him to calculate the result of this expedition as soon as he heard of it. He therefore began at once to arrange for pursuit, collecting all available forces to meet the 5,000 Confederates. General Grant, too, was anxious to capture General Forrest at all costs, and telegraphed General Sherman to concentrate all his efforts for the time being

in this direction.* General Sherman called upon Generals Thomas, Rousseau, Steedman, Washburn, A. J. Smith, Croxton, and Webster for assistance, and all of these became eagerly interested in finding the whereabouts and intentions of their prey But the elusive General Forrest once again slipped through their toils, and reached Cherokee Station, Ala., on the 6th of October. Morton's Artillery, during the fifteen days since leaving Cherokee Station, September 21, had participated in the following engagements.

September 23.—Investment of Athens.
September 24.—Action at and surrender of Athens.
September 25.—Action at and surrender of Sulphur Springs trestle.
September 26.—Surrender of blockhouses at Elk River and Richland Creek.
September 27.—Skirmish at Pulaski.
September 29.—Skirmish near Fayetteville.

At Cherokee Station a rest of several days was enjoyed, and so great were Captain Morton's powers of recuperation at that time that he was able to enter almost immediately into the social life of the place. General Forrest's loss during these engagements, lasting for fifteen days almost continuously, was 47 killed and 293 wounded. He captured over 3,000 prisoners (1,000 of these being negroes), 800 horses, 8 pieces of artillery, 50 wagons and ambulances well provisioned, 2,000 stands of small arms, and several hundred saddles. In addition, the railroad from Decatur to Spring Hill, with the exception of one bridge, was completely destroyed. General Chalmers had very effectively menaced Memphis, during the absence of his chief, and delayed there the troops meant for the reënforcement of those guarding General Sherman's supplies at Nashville.

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part II., page 478.

After a few days' rest at Cherokee Station a move was made to headquarters at Corinth, the only engagement during that time being one at Eastport by Col. D. C. Kelley and five hundred men. Captain Morton detached a section of Hudson's Battery, commanded by Lieut. E. S. Walton, to accompany Colonel Kelley. They captured 75 officers and men, 4 pieces of artillery and 60 horses, sank a gun and 2 caissons, and wounded 250 officers and men. This short but brilliant affair caused the Federals to spread the report that they had been attacked by all of General Forrest's cavalry and artillery.

"Forrest has escaped us!" was the wail that went up from the converging forces when it was learned that the crossing had been effected. General Sherman, disgusted with their failure to overtake the swift cavalryman, and disheartened over the losses recently inflicted by General Wheeler in that same region, telegraphed General Grant on October 9:

> It will be a physical impossibility to protect the roads, now that Hood, Forrest, and Wheeler, and the whole batch of devils are turned loose without home or habitation.*

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part III., page 162.

CHAPTER XIX.

Morton's Artillery at Fort Heiman.

General Forrest now applied for leave of absence, as the long strain of active service had told on his health and his physicians advised a rest of at least a month. His private business affairs, too, had suffered greatly from neglect during his long absence, and it was thought a month at home would be of immense benefit to him. General Taylor, however, felt that the service could not spare him at this time, and requested him to undertake an expedition he had once proposed against Johnsonville, which had now become an important depot for the forwarding of supplies by way of Nashville to Atlanta.

In preparation for the expedition against Johnsonville the troops assembled at Jackson, Tenn., where recruits and absentees were gathered in. Morton's Artillery was divided, one section being assigned to Chalmers's Division, another to Bell's Brigade, while Morton's and Walton's Batteries were sent with Buford's Division to Lexington, with Captain Morton in command, from thence to Huntington, and from there by way of Paris to the mouth of the Big Sandy River. Bell's and Chalmers's Brigades and General Forrest's escort and staff followed. Buford, leading the advance, on reaching Paris divided his forces between Paris Landing and a point five miles farther down, almost opposite old Fort Heiman. Two guns were placed opposite Fort Heiman and two at Paris Landing. Each of these sections was masked and each commanded the river about a mile from either direction. All was in readiness by daylight of October 29, when General Forrest joined Buford and

Morton. The Federals, in utter ignorance of the proximity of the Confederates, were pursuing their river traffic in fancied security.

Capture of the Mazeppa.

The first boat to pass the Confederate guns was the Mazeppa, an unarmed transport with two barges in tow. She passed the lower guns in safety and a few rods farther on was surprised to receive a terrific raking from the masked batteries. The shells went straight through the sides of the vessel, and the crew in consternation headed her for the northern bank and ran her ashore, escaping through the woods, the commanding officer alone remaining upon the disabled vessel.

Towing the Prize.

As the Confederates had no boats, rafts, or skiffs of any kind, they were at a loss how to reach and utilize their captured prize, until Private "Clabe" West volunteered to cross the river and tow the boat and barge across. The water was quite cold at this season of the year, but Private West divested himself of most of his clothing, tied his pistol around his neck, found a puncheon, which he pushed into the river, and with a board for an oar he paddled across. The Federal officer courteously helped the unclothed soldier to the deck of the vessel. The two now lowered the steamer's skiff and Private West rowed back to the landing.

General Buford, Captain Morton, Private West, and two other officers accompanied the yawl back to the transport and took formal possession. They were delighted to find it bountifully stocked with both the necessities and luxuries of life. Private West rowed the skiff across again, taking a coil of rope, which was fastened by one

end to the steamer's engine. The soldiers then pulled the steamer across by the rope.

Among the luxuries a jug of French brandy came to light, and as the boat was being pulled across General Buford, who was on the hurricane deck, raised the jug to his lips. The men on the bank chaffingly called to him not to take it all, and the General replied: "Plenty of meat, boys, plenty of hard-tack, shoes, and clothes for all the boys, but just whisky enough for the General."

The cargo was unloaded and carried some distance from the bank and turned over to the commissary and quartermaster's department. While this was being done three more gunboats appeared from above and began to shell the men who were unloading the cargo. Morton's Artillery became active, and they soon returned; but General Buford, fearing that they might return for the purpose of recapturing the Mazeppa, had it burned.

Ruse of the Anna.

The next day the Anna came down the river, and, not suspecting the presence of the enemy, was steaming by in moderate time, when a volley from Morton's Artillery brought her to a realization of her danger. The captain of the Anna was a resourceful man. As soon as he saw that he was in danger his whistles gave the signal to stop. He ran out a white flag and turned in toward the bank. The firing ceased and the Confederates crowded to the edge of the water, expecting to see the boat put in; but in the act of putting about at the landing she threw on full steam and raced past. For a moment the Confederates stood in amazement and chagrin, and then a quick rush was made for the guns. Some damage was inflicted, but the boat passed on. The shots disabled her,

but she was too far away for capture, and floated down to the protection of the other vessels.

The Capture of the Undine.

The gunboat Undine came next, conveying the transport Venus and two barges, the Undine being the boat Colonel Kelley had met so recently at Eastport. These boats were allowed to pass the upper guns, but when between the two batteries they were opened simultaneously. They tried to turn and return to Johnsonville, but the fire from the artillery was too heavy and they were held in a trap. At this moment the steamer J. W Cheeseman came in sight, and this, too, was allowed to slip in unmolested, only to be fired at from the batteries so heavily as to be completely disabled in a short time. The troops, concealed in the undergrowth, assisted in the capture of the Cheeseman. The Undine held out for some time, but was finally run to the opposite bank, where most of the officers and men escaped. The Venus had a detachment of infantry aboard and was stubbornly defended, but was finally compelled to surrender. The Venus belonged to Colonel Kelley by right of capture, as it was the furious attack from his detachment which induced it to surrender, and the gallant Colonel went on board to receive the surrender. He then crossed the river and conveyed the Undine across.

General Forrest, always experimenting with his artillery, called Captain Morton to his side and said: "John, how would you like to transfer your guns to these boats and command a gunboat fleet?"

"Not at all, General," replied the Chief of Artillery "My whole knowledge is of land batteries. I know nothing of water, and I prefer to stay on *terra firma.*" Continuing, Captain Morton recommended that Capt. Frank

M. Gracey, of the artillery, be placed in charge, as he had been a steamboat captain before the opening of hostilities. Captain Gracey, now one of Clarksville's prominent citizens, was an efficient captain of artillery, and was placed in charge of the Undine.

General Forrest's Horse Marines.

General Forrest now had horse marines, and Captain Gracey, hoisting a commodore's flag on the Undine and Lieut. Col. W A. Dawson taking charge of the Venus, these daring land lobsters started up the river, the first lot of cavalrymen that ever attempted to run gunboats. It was planned to use them in an attack on Johnsonville the next day.

"Now, General," said Colonel Dawson to his superior, "I will go with these gunboats wherever you order, but I want to tell you now that I know nothing about them, and I want you to promise me now that if I lose your fleet and come in afoot you will not curse me out about it."

General Forrest laughed and told him to go ahead, and if he couldn't hold his water dogs, to run their noses into the mud, fire them, and leave.

The new naval officers now invited the army officers for a cruise, and some hours were spent maneuvering the boats as far as prudent up and down the river. The supplies from the Mazeppa were placed on board and the boats were fitted out for action. The sight of the Confederate pennant flying from the boat created great enthusiasm among the men.

Brigadier General Meredith, at Paducah, Ky., became alarmed when the news of the capture of these boats reached him. "Forrest has seven regiments, four battalions, and nine pieces of artillery," he reported on November 1. "I need more assistance. All reports concur

that he is to attack me soon. I need 1,500 more men to insure the safety of Columbus, Ky. I ought to have at least 2,000 more men for this place.
Give me a sufficient force and I will drive him out of the country."*

Loss of the Venus and Undine.

The night after the capture of the boats just mentioned a most enjoyable party was given in Paris. The officers "danced all night, till broad daylight," but instead of going "home with the girls in the morning" they set out for Johnsonville. A rain storm came up, and this made the moving of the guns very heavy work. Morton's Artillery moved along the bank of the river, covering the Undine and Venus. Chalmers's Division was in the front and Buford's in the rear. Little progress was made that day, as skirmishing was heavy.

Lieut. Col. William Sinclair, afterwards sent by the Inspector General of the U. S. Army to inquire into the Federal losses at this time, says of this day:

> About 12 M. on November 3 the Undine came up the river, near the head of the island, a little more than a mile below Johnsonville. Our gunboats moved down to engage her, when she steamed down the river for the purpose of decoying our boats into their shore batteries. This was repeated twice.†

The next day the passage became easier, and the two boats, running incautiously ahead of the artillery, ran into two Federal gunboats, which immediately opened fire. The Venus was in advance, and was soon so badly damaged that Colonel Dawson ran her into the bank and

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part I., p. 867. †Ibid., p. 861.

escaped with all his crew, though they did not have time to fire the vessel, which was recaptured by the Federals and did excellent service at Johnsonville later. The Undine managed to reach the protection of the batteries, but on the next day's march she was surrounded by a number of gunboats and forced to run ashore. Captain Gracey set fire to her before escaping with his men to the canebrakes which lined the bank. They lay hidden in the canebrakes all day and at night they crossed on logs and rude rafts. Thus ended the career of General Forrest's Horse Marines.

CHAPTER XX.

Federal Fleet and Stores at Johnsonville Destroyed by Morton's Artillery.

Johnsonville is located on the right bank of the Tennessee River, two miles above Reynoldsburg and seventy-eight miles from Nashville. On the right bank of the river there is a range of hills coming down to within a hundred yards of the river bank, the railroad running for some distance along the base of these hills before reaching the river. The country north of the railroad in the direction of Reynoldsburg is flat, the timber having been cut off from the hills and flats for more than a mile out from the depot on the river bank. The government warehouses were on the bank. The river at this port is about four hundred yards wide and the course straight. The ground on the left bank was high and heavily wooded, no timber having been cut from that bank for some years. Trace Creek empties into the Tennessee a half mile below where the railroad now crosses.

When Captain Morton reached Johnsonville on the morning of the 4th of November, he found General Forrest and General Bell at a point opposite the mouth of Trace Creek. Some embrasures had been cut into the river bank for the guns (by Colonel Rucker's men, it was understood at the time by Captain Morton, but Colonel Rucker has since said that he did not make them). The troops had worked hard all night, and even after daylight, to clear away the undergrowth and sink the chambers for the guns.

Captain Morton, not liking the location of these openings, asked permission of his commander to pass up the

bank to a higher point and make an examination. General Forrest hesitated for a moment, but gave the desired permission, adding that the examination would have to be hurried, as he had given orders to open up all along the line at 12 o'clock. Galloping up the slough in the rear of the river bank, the Chief of Artillery reached a point opposite the town, dismounted, crawled up, and soon took in the whole situation of the enemy. Two gunboats with steam up were moored at the landing. Another plied almost directly beneath the bluff. The artillery captain could almost have dropped a stone upon it. A number of barges clustered around; negroes were loading them, officers and men were coming and going, and passengers could be seen strolling down to the wharf. The river banks for some distance back were lined with quantities of stores, and two freight trains were being made up. It was an animated scene, and one which wore an air of complete security. The Federals evidently thought General Forrest had accepted his loss of the day before and retired. Above the whole frowned the guns and the fort.

Morton Moves His Guns.

Captain Morton saw at once that the position where he stood was an ideal spot for his artillery. It was too high for the guns from the gunboats, and they would fire over, and the fort on a ridge was so elevated that its guns could not be depressed sufficiently to affect artillery at that spot.

Slipping back to his horse, Captain Morton hastened with all speed to General Forrest and quickly detailed the whole situation, asking for at least one battery for the advantageous point. General Forrest listened attentively and asked a great many questions. He objected

to Captain Morton's proposition at first, saying: "No, that's getting too close. They'll knock you all to pieces there from the fort and the gunboats too." Captain Morton replied: "No, General, I have examined the location well. The fort is so elevated that they can't depress their guns sufficiently to affect me, and the gunboats are so much below in the river that they will fire over me, and I'll be in an angle of comparative safety."

General Forrest then said: "Well, you may carry two guns and enough men to cut the road through the swamp to the position you want to take. But leave the balance of the artillery with me. Get in position as quickly as possible, and I will countermand the order to open the battle at 12 o'clock, and direct the other artillery and cavalry to hold their fire until they hear your guns."

A detail was sent to cut out logs, remove driftwood, and help the guns through the mud. It took two hours of infinitely toilsome work to get the guns in position. Every step of the road had to be made, and in many places the guns had to be carried over fallen timber by hand. The underbrush was dense and the mud sticky.

Reaching the point selected, the guns were unlimbered and pushed into place. They were well protected by Buford's and Chalmers's men concealed in the undergrowth and behind logs.

Captain Morton disposed his other batteries as follows: Thrall, under Capt. J. C. Thrall, a half mile above the landing; two guns of Rice's Battery and two of Hudson's down the river, between Reynoldsburg and Johnsonville. The section of the Morton Battery opposite the town was in charge of Lieut. J. West Brown. Two other guns of the Morton Battery and two from Hudson's were placed nearly opposite the mouth of Trace Creek. So quickly had the Confederate position been taken that

the enemy remained unaware of their proximity until 2 o'clock. One of the steamers then seemed to get wind of the movement on the opposite shore and steamed toward it. At this moment the opening shot was fired by Captain Morton's two guns opposite Johnsonville, and immediately the remaining nine guns followed with a deafening roar of leaden salute. The scene changed, as if a magician's wand had been suddenly waved over it. Spurts of steam and smoke broke from the boats, showing that the range had been gauged with pretty fair accuracy; the crews dropped their washing, hauling, and packing, and jumped into the water like rats deserting a sinking ship; the passengers who had been sauntering around in the neighborhood of the wharf rushed wildly up the hillside, and everybody made for shelter.

The gunboats and the fort returned the fire with spirit and some damage, but, owing to the advantageous position selected for the Morton Battery, it could not be reached, and continued to ply the enemy with unabated energy; the sharpshooters joining in, the opposite bank was soon enveloped in a steady rain of fire. At the third discharge of the Confederate battery the boiler of one of the gunboats was perforated, and the agonized screams of the wounded and scalded could be plainly heard across the river. For forty minutes the cannonade continued with one unceasing roar. Flames spread from boat to boat, and spread rapidly to the warehouses and piles of hay, corn, and other stores along the bank. Soon the whole bank was a solid sheet of flame, soaring splendidly into the air.

General Forrest Acts as Gunner.

As Captain Morton passed from battery to battery, directing the firing, he encountered General Forrest at

one of the guns. The General was accompanied by Generals Bell and Buford and Major Allison, and was himself acting as gunner, Major Allison, from his post of observation behind a tree near the bank, acquainting him with the effect of his shots. When a shot fell short, General Forrest would exclaim: "A rickety-shay! A rickety-shay! I'll hit her next time!" In ordering the range changed, he called: "Elevate the breech of that gun lower!" With ready good humor he joined in the laugh that greeted these amateur orders and continued to bombard the enemy steadily. After the recoil occasioned by the shots, General Bell and General Buford would push the gun back up the bank.

A Feast of Tantalus.

The fumes of roasting meats and coffee, burning sugar and liquor, and other tantalizing odors floated across the river, causing the always hungry Confederates to caper in an ecstasy of appetite, but there was no way of crossing the river and no way of saving the stores. This was evidently the opinion of the Federals, for they made but few efforts to check the flames, as their appearance was greeted with such an effective shower of shot that, according to the official reports, the soldiers could not be forced to expose themselves. The buildings and stored supplies that had covered acres of ground were soon reduced to mere heaps of ashes and crumbling piles of blackened refuse.

General Forrest, mud-stained and smoke-begrimed, rode from point to point, encouraging the men and keeping a close watch on the movements of the enemy. When it became apparent that the Federals had given up all hope of saving the situation, he ordered the firing to cease. He was especially enthusiastic over the work of

the artillery, and such was the steadiness and accuracy of the firing that day that not a shot seemed to be without effect.

"John," said the General, addressing Captain Morton in one of his rounds, "I know the secret of your good work: the artillery is the best-fed part of the whole army They are all as good foragers as that black rascally Bob of yours." This was an allusion to Captain Morton's cook, Bob, who had the faculty of providing something good to eat in all sorts of trying situations, and times of stress and famine were always sure to be marked by a visit from the commanding officer to Captain Morton's mess tent. A place was always kept for him, and when any particular delicacy was forthcoming, word was always sent to him. He was frequent and loud in his praises of Bob's ability as a cook and forager, and very frequently, when he found himself provided with some unusual treat, he would return the hospitality

Desolation of the Fort

Darkness came on, and by the light of the enemy's burning property the return to Mississippi was begun, two guns from Morton's Artillery, supported by Rucker's Brigade, being left to guard the ground. The next morning General Forrest returned, with Captain Morton went over the field, and again looked at the wholesale destruction wrought upon the opposite bank. Not a vestige of the splendid depot and immense supplies remained—nothing but smoldering heaps of ashes. The trains that had been so busily plying the day before were nowhere in sight, and it was learned afterwards that the depot agent had run away with one of them. The fort seemed to be still occupied, as was attested by a small force of negroes who came out, but quickly retreated on receiving

a volley from Captain Morton's guns. As he surveyed the embers and deserted spot, General Forrest, turning to Captain Morton with a smile of satisfaction, said: "There is no doubt we could soon wipe old Sherman off the face of the earth, John, if they'd give me enough men and you enough guns."

Such was the reputation accruing to Morton's Artillery from the work on November 4 that Colonel Morton, of the Second Tennessee Cavalry (not related to Captain Morton) improvised the command: "Attention! Prepare to fight gunboats on foot behind Morton's Artillery!"

Another jest that went the rounds of the exhausted yet jovial Confederate army that night was a statement that, although they had been on half rations all day, the waves of appetizing odors that floated across the river were so strong and so steady that they felt as if they had had a good square meal.

General Forrest estimated the value of the goods destroyed at Johnsonville at $3,000,000, and some of the Federal estimates placed it as high as $6,000,000. Lieut. Col. William Sinclair, who, as stated previously, was sent by the government at Washington to investigate the cause and extent of the loss, reported, after examining all the Federal officers present at the time: "The total money value of the property destroyed and captured during the operation of Rebels on the Tennessee River, including steamboats and barges, is about $2,200,000."*

This comparatively low estimate is accounted for by the natural desire of the officers under trial, as it were, to make as light an estimate of the losses as possible.

Lieutenant Colonel Sinclair also says: "Colonel Thomp-

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part I., page 862.

son estimated the Rebel force operating on the left bank of the Tennessee at 13,000 men, with thirty-six guns, twenty of them 20-pound Parrotts. This estimate was formed upon the observation of scouts and men who were captured from the transports below Johnsonville. I think this estimate of the Rebel force is too large."*

This same report gives the Federal forces as follows: "Forty-Third Wisconsin Volunteers, 700 men; detachments of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, and One Hundredth U. S. Colored Infantry, — men; armed quartermaster's employees, 800 men; detachment of the Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry, 20 men; First Kansas Battery, six 10-pound Parrott guns; Company A, Second U. S. Colored Artillery, two 12-pound Napoleon guns; one section quartermaster's battery from Nashville, two 12-pound Napoleon guns; two 20-pound Parrott guns captured on the gunboats Venus, Key West (32), Elfin (52), and Tawah (29)."*

General Forrest's Report.

General Forrest did not make a complete report of these operations until January 12, 1865, as the exigencies of war kept him almost continually in the saddle until that time. Even then, with his customary terseness, he confined his report to the mere statement of each movement and its effect. Of the capture of the boat at Paris Landing, he said:

> On the morning of the 29th the steamer Mazeppa, with two barges in tow, made her appearance. As she passed the battery at Fort Heiman, supported by Brigadier General Lyon, she was fired upon by one section of Morton's Battery and two 20-pound Parrott

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part I., page 862.

guns. Every shot must have taken effect, as she made for the shore after the third fire and reached the opposite bank in a disabled condition, where she was abandoned by the crew and passengers, who fled to the woods. A hawser was erected on this side of the river and she was towed over, and on being boarded she was found to be heavily loaded with blankets, shoes, clothing, hard bread, etc. While the cargo was being removed to the shore three gunboats made their appearance and commenced shelling the men who were engaged in unloading the Mazeppa. They were forced to retire, and, fearing that the boat might be captured, Brigadier General Buford ordered her to be burned.

On the 30th the steamer Anna came down the river and succeeded in passing both the upper and lower batteries, but was so disabled that she sank before she reached Paducah. The Anna was followed by two transports (J. W Cheeseman and the Venus) and two barges under convoy of the gunboat Undine. In attempting to pass my batteries all the boats were disabled. They landed on the opposite side of the river, and were abandoned by the crews, who left their dead and wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Kelley, with two companies of his regiment, was thrown across the river and soon returned to Paris Landing with the boats. The steamer J. W Cheeseman was so disabled that she was ordered, with the two barges, to be burned; the gunboat was also burned while moving up the river to Johnsonville. The Venus was recaptured by the enemy (on November 2), but was destroyed November 4 at Johnsonville by my batteries.*

Of the action at Johnsonville General Forrest spoke as follows:

All my movements for twenty-four hours had been so secretive that the enemy seemed to think I had retired, and for the purpose of making a reconnoissance two gunboats were lashed together and pushed out just before the attack opened. The bombardment commenced by a section of Morton's Battery, commanded by Lieutenant Brown, the other batteries joining promptly in the assault. The enemy returned the fire from twenty-eight guns on their gunboats and fourteen guns on the hill. About fifty guns were thus engaged at the same time, and the firing was prolific. The gunboats, in fifteen minutes after the engagement commenced, were set on fire and made rapidly for the shore, where they were both consumed. My batteries next opened upon the transports, and in a short time

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part I., page 870.

they were in flames. The immense amount of stores were also set on fire, together with the huge warehouse above the landing. By night the wharf for nearly one mile, up and down the river, presented one solid sheet of flame. The enemy continued a ferocious cannonading on my batteries.*

General Forrest complimented his division and brigade commanders in the highest terms. Of Capt. John W Morton and of the brave troops under his command, he said: "My thanks are especially due for their efficiency and gallantry on this expedition. They fired with a rapidity and accuracy which extorted the commendation of even the enemy. The rammers were shot from the hands of the cannoneers, and some of them were nearly buried amid the dirt which was thrown upon them by the storm of shell which rained upon them by the enemy's batteries."†

Meeting an Old Foe.

After the war was over, and Captain Morton, relinquishing the weapons of strife, took up the implements of the medical profession, he noticed among his classmates at the Nashville Medical University a young man who, aside from being from Illinois, was a very worthy and agreeable fellow, for naturally there was not much affection at that time for the people north of the Ohio. One day, however, he made a determined effort to draw the ex-artillery officer into conversation.

"Were you not at Johnsonville in November, 1864?" he asked.

"Yes," was the rather curt reply.

"Well, I was too," he confided—"on the other side. I had a company in a small triangular mud fort near the

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part I., page 871.
†Ibid., pages 871, 872.

river bank, and every time you would shoot from below my men would jump into the ditch above, and when you would shoot from above they'd jump back into the ditch below, until they got so demoralized they ran out and never stopped until they got to Nashville."

Revisiting the Scene.

Forty-three years after the battle of Johnsonville the author of this book was invited to a barbecue given by the good people of Eva, a town which has grown up opposite Johnsonville since the war, and in company with his good friend, John Trotwood Moore, revisited the scene of this conflict. Many changes had taken place in the course of forty-three years, but the contour of the river banks was the same, and the view over the town and the sight of the fort identical. A new forest growth hid all the traces of the road, so laboriously cut out long years before, and the swamp which at that time engulfed the artillery horses and pieces for two or three miles had been encroached upon by cultivation, until a bare quarter of a mile was left. After the speaking and the abundant feast of good things provided by the hospitable people of this section, Captain Morton and Mr. Moore, accompanied by Mr. J. F. McKelty, who had always lived there and remembered every incident and situation of that fateful day, went over the old route of the Morton Artillery. Subsequently Mr. Moore incorporated a graphic account of the action in his "Historic Highways of the South" series, one of the features of the *Taylor-Trotwood Magazine,* which is quoted below:

The field is now in corn, but for a mile down the river bank we drove, marking the spots. The whole scene was pictured. Yonder was the fort, high above the town, equipped with fifty guns. But luck favored Forrest, for the hill on which the fort was situated was so high that the guns could not be depressed to reach the

Confederate batteries just across the river, right under them. Like a hound who gets to the flank of a buck, Morton was safe both from horn and hoof.

The gunboats' hulls still lay out in the water in front of them. Now either of the gunboats could have swept the bold Rebels from the river bank, but here luck again (or, who says it was not brains?) came to Morton's Artillery. The banks of the river were too high and the gunboats shot above them. Two of the gunboats, seeing this, started up the river to enfilade; but the upper Rebel battery on the bank there pumped it into them so steadily that they turned back, and then occurred the remarkable scene of a battery of guns in pistol shot of a big fort and gunboats, in a curve of perfect safety, absolutely immune from shell above or gunboat below, and deliberately destroying them, and the millions of dollars of supplies they were guarding. It was like the workings of incarnate Prospero, death immune. Morton cut his shells for fire. In a little while flames burst from one of the gunboats, and the gallant gunners in it jumped for the river. It drifted to the steamers, firing them. A hot shell aimed at the bales of hay soon had them in flames. Then the warehouses were riddled, and a blue flame leaped to the sky and a streak of devilish fire ran to the river. It was several hundred barrels of whisky, and one shell from Morton's Battery made the Yankee army dry for a month, and for the first time in its history Nashville, Tenn., was on the "water wagon."

May that time come again soon, even if it takes Morton's Battery to do it!

The flames lit up the country for miles. The futile guns in the fort rained harmlessly, burning boats floated around with bursting flame from ignited powder cases, and three million dollars' worth of property went up in smoke. No wonder Sherman wrote Grant on November 6: "That devil Forrest went about Johnsonville making havoc among the gunboats and transports."

And Forrest, grinning like Mephisto, waving his fiery, forked tail, pulled away unharmed, swinging around the Federal right, and led Hood away to Tennessee. And if Hood had not been in command of that fiery army of ragged patriots, who could go up against the breastworks through death with a zeal that swept up to the gates of Nashville, Nashville would have fallen.

All's well that ends well. We can see it all now, but God saw it then. Still, it is good to tell these things so that the unborn will know whom to imitate and honor when they would fight for their country.*

**Taylor-Trotwood Magazine,* November, 1907, pages 145, 146.

A dispatch from Johnsonville to the *Nashville American* some years ago gives an interesting coincidence regarding the shots fired at this time:

> Two men from Brookline, Ill., engaged in cutting ash timber for rafting just across the river from Johnsonville found imbedded in the trunk of a large tree half of an exploded bombshell and several grapeshot. These were seventy feet from the ground.
>
> The tree was near where Capt. John W Morton's Battery was in action, and no doubt the missiles were sent from the Federal works to silence his guns and create dismay among Forrest's soldiers.

General Forrest's report of the expedition sums up its results as follows:

> Having completed the work designed by the expedition, I moved my command six miles during the night by the light of the enemy's burning property. The roads were almost impassable and the march to Corinth was slow and toilsome, but I reached there on November 10, after an absence of over two weeks, during which time I captured and destroyed 4 gunboats, 14 transports, 20 barges, 26 pieces of artillery, $6,700,000 worth of property, and 150 prisoners. Brigadier General Buford, after supplying his own command, turned over to my chief quartermaster about 9,000 pairs of shoes and 1,000 blankets.
>
> My loss during the entire trip was two killed and nine wounded; that of the enemy will probably reach five hundred killed, wounded, and prisoners.*

This expedition, it is interesting to note, created as much uncertainty and suspense among the Federals as General Forrest's previous incursions had done, as witness the dispatches of that period. Grierson, on October 18, ordered the command at White's Station to "immediately move all camp and garrison equipage and everything that is movable" to Memphis, as "it is thought that General Forrest intends to attack this place."† The

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part I., page 871.

†Ibid., Part III., page 323.

next day General Meredith telegraphed from Paducah that he had "reliable authority" for news of an impending attack on him at that point and at Mayfield, and in preparation therefor he had evacuated Mayfield and wanted reënforcements for Paducah.* Major General Halleck telegraphed General Washburn to reënforce General Meredith from Memphis, but "reliable information" of an impending attack on White's Station was wired to Washington that same day.†

On the 18th, however, "indications" were telegraphed from Memphis of General Forrest's intention to "operate in Kentucky,"‡ while the next day General Thomas telegraphed General Sherman that he could not send General Washburn to attack Eastport, Miss., "as Forrest has a larger force there, with considerable artillery,"§ and this led General Halleck to telegraph General Thomas that "so long as Forrest holds Corinth he threatens several very important points."‖ On October 21 General Washburn concluded to "run home to LaCrosse," and "saw from the papers on arriving at Louisville that the Forrest scare was over."¶

That the effects of this battle of Johnsonville were far-reaching is attested by General Sherman's repeated subsequent orders to his subordinates to impress upon the people of South Carolina and Georgia that "as the Rebels have destroyed our base of supplies they [the Rebel citizens] must furnish our subsistence;" and also by a telegram from the chief quartermaster at Louisville December 2 complaining of scant rations for horses. "There was no scarcity of hay until after the burning of John-

*Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., Part III., page 343. †Ibid., page 345. ‡Ibid., page 357. §Ibid., page 366. ‖Ibid., page 389. ¶Ibid., page 394.

sonville, since which time it has simply been impossible to keep up the supply. We should be congratulated that in the face of this terrible disaster we have met other wants."*

On a subsequent visit to Johnsonville Captain Morton discovered a shell from one of his guns in the hull of the sunken gunboats, which are still plainly visible in the summer when the water is low, grim mementoes of one of the most notable achievements of the war. This shell, which had failed to explode and is still intact, is among Captain Morton's curios, together with a fragment of the hull of the vessel where it was found.

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part II., page 20.

CHAPTER XXI.

General Forrest's Cavalry and Artillery Join General Hood.

The return to Mississippi was accomplished with the greatest difficulty. General Forrest himself rode at the head of the column, and was constantly in evidence at all points where his presence was needed. The roads were deep in mud, and the horses, especially those of the artillery, were soon exhausted, having been on scanty rations for some time. It was the original intention to cross the Tennessee River at Perryville, but on reaching that point it was found that not a vestige of a boat, skiff, or flat remained. The river was very high and the constantly falling rain increased its volume hourly. Two yawls from one of the captured gunboats had been brought along, and these, with two hastily constructed rafts, were used to convey a portion of Rucker's command across, the horses being made to swim, although this was exceedingly dangerous on account of the swift current and the driftwood that filled the swollen stream. A day and a night having been spent in this effort, General Forrest concluded to abandon the idea of crossing at Perryville, and, directing Rucker to join General Hood at Mt. Pleasant, sent Chalmers by way of Iuka and Buford by way of Corinth, himself moving with his escort, staff, and Morton's Artillery with Buford's Command. Florence was appointed as the rendezvous.

The rain continuing to fall and the roads becoming worse, the matter of transporting the artillery became more and more serious. The artillery horses were unequal to the task of pulling the heavy guns for any great

distance, and they were supplied from the led horses of the officers and from those of their servants. These, in their turn, being hitched sixteen to one cannon, and, becoming exhausted, gave place to oxen, eight being required for a single piece. The animals were impressed from the citizens along the line of march (borrowed rather, for their owners were allowed to go along for the fifteen or twenty miles their steers could carry the guns, and they were then returned to their owners). As an example of their disheartening struggle against untoward conditions, it may be cited that in one day it was found that Morton's Artillery had covered only two and a half miles. The blacksmithing and forging facilities were so reduced that it was necessary to remove the tires from farm wagons in order to make horseshoes and nails. Corinth was reached on the 12th, and here General Forrest again applied for leave of absence, but he was urgently needed to assist Hood in his forthcoming Nashville campaign.

On the 18th of November a junction with General Hood was effected at Florence, and here General Forrest received the tardy recognition of his ability, which lay in his appointment to the command of all the cavalry of the Army of Tennessee. This necessitated another reorganization of his forces, and it was speedily begun, all the extra baggage and artillery and all the disabled horses being sent to Verona, Miss., and the troops reorganized and augmented with the rapidity for which General Forrest was not excelled in either army. He made a stirring address to his troops on assuming command, expressing in a few hearty words his sense of the responsibility of his position, his reliance upon the cordial cooperation of all his subordinates, which his previous experience with them led him to look for, and, above all,

his reliance upon the "patient endurance and unflinching bravery" of the troops under him.

The unquenchable spirit of jollity that animated these hardy, courageous men is well typified in a favorite camp song of the period:

GOOBER PEAS.

WORDS BY A. PENDER. MUSIC BY P. NUTT.

Sitting by the roadside on a summer day,
Chatting with my messmates, passing time away,
Lying in the shadow underneath the trees,
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas!

Chorus.

Peas! peas! peas! peas! eating goober peas!
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas!

When a horseman passes the soldiers have a rule
To cry out at their loudest: "Master, here's your mule."
But another pleasure enchantinger than these
Is wearing out your grinders eating goober peas!

Chorus.

Just before the battle the general hears a row.
He says: "The Yanks are coming; I hear their rifles now."
He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he sees?
The Georgia militia eating goober peas.

Chorus.

I think my song has lasted almost long enough;
The subject's interesting, but the rhymes are mighty rough.
I wish this war was over, when, free from rags and fleas,
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober peas.

Chorus.

While the reorganization was going on detachments had been sent out to gather supplies of corn and meal, cattle and fodder. These parties had some skirmishes with the enemy, and indeed it seemed as if the enemy had divined the plan of General Hood's campaign into Middle Tennessee, for they opposed almost every step of the way. Morton's Artillery was assigned to Buford's Division, and leaving Florence on the 21st reached

Lawrenceburg the next day, encountering a portion of the Federal cavalry, under Wilson, whereupon a hot running skirmish ensued, the Federals retreating toward Pulaski, hotly pursued by the Confederates, the artillery in advance. A large number of prisoners was taken. Col. Henry Stone, a member of General Thomas's staff, contributes the following account of this engagement to "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," page 444

The Confederate army began its northward march from Florence on the 19th of November, in weather of great severity. It rained and snowed and hailed and froze. Forrest had come up with about six thousand cavalry, and led the advance with indomitable energy. Hatch and Cox made such resistance as they could, but on the 22d the head of General Hood's column was at Lawrenceburg, sixteen miles west of Pulaski.

The Federals were forced out of position in Pulaski and pressed toward Nashville.

"The situation at Pulaski," says Colonel Stone, further, "was anything but cheering. General Thomas directed General Schofield to fall back with two divisions to Columbia on the 22d. On the 23d the other two divisions under General Stanley were to follow. It was not a moment too soon. On the morning of the 24th General Cox, who had pushed on to within nine miles of Columbia, was aroused by sounds of conflict away to the west. Taking a crossroad leading south of Columbia, he reached the Mt. Pleasant Pike just in time to interpose his infantry between Forrest's Cavalry and a hapless brigade under command of Colonel Capron, which was being handled most unceremoniously In another hour Forrest would have been in possession of Duck River, and the only line of communication with Nashville would have been in the hands of the enemy. In spite of every opposition Forrest succeeded in placing one of his divisions on the north side of Duck River before noon

of the 28th, and forced back the Union cavalry on the roads leading toward Spring Hill and Franklin."

The Confederates were now on their old familiar camping grounds and received everywhere evidences of the high regard in which they were held by the citizens. Rapid marches were the order of the day, and skirmishes were of almost continuous occurrence; but, nevertheless, many hampers of delectable dainties found their way into the army mess tents, provided at Heaven alone knows what self-denial by the generous women of that section. Skirmishes at Fouche Springs and Mt. Pleasant brought the army to Columbia on the 24th, and on the 27th, when General Hood's Infantry appeared, the Federals evacuated the place. The crossing of Duck River was made at various points, and General Thomas, learning this, became very uneasy for the safety of his troops south of the river.

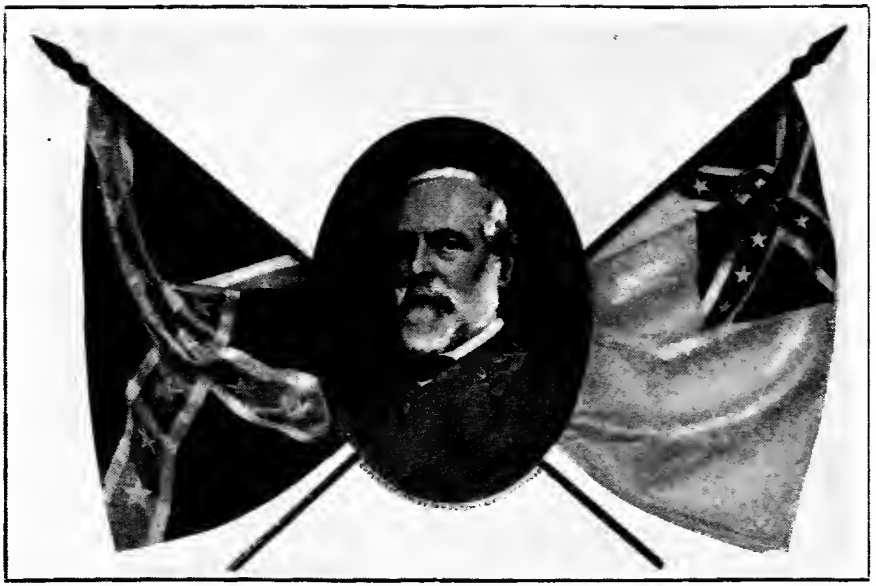
Moving on to Franklin.

Pushing through Columbia with his usual vigor, General Forrest had arrived within four miles of Spring Hill at 11 o'clock that night, where he encamped, sending Gen. W H. Jackson forward to develop the enemy. It was not long before this was done, and breaking camp the Confederates pushed on to the scene of action. The Federals were protected by a strong barricade; and reenforcements coming up at the same time that General Forrest arrived, he resorted to his favorite flank movement, and after a severe skirmish succeeded in dislodging the enemy, pushing his advantage with "the greatest celerity," according to the report of the Federal commanding officer of cavalry.* Couriers were sent back to General Hood, and orders came from him to hold the

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part I., page 550.

position at all hazards, as the main infantry column was only two miles distant and approaching with all possible speed. General Bell's Brigade came up and was immediately ordered to attack, although they had but four rounds of ammunition to the man. General Forrest reported this signal example of the implicit obedience of the admirable Bell: "This order was executed with a promptness and energy and gallantry which I have never seen excelled. The enemy was driven from his rifle pits and fled toward Spring Hill."* General Jackson now made a rapid march to cut the enemy off at Thompson's Station. In this he was not altogether successful, as reenforcements failed to arrive, and after holding the pike for several hours in the face of a severe fire, he was compelled to retire, leaving killed and wounded, and capturing a few of the enemy and some wagons. On the ground of the brilliant capture of Colonel Coburn, the Confederates were animated with the hope of repeating the successes of that affair, but General Hood, arriving at that time, ordered General Cheatham to attack the enemy. The order, however, through the inadvertence of the Assistant Adjutant General, was not delivered. Subsequent orders following the line of the first were, naturally enough, not understood. The unfortunate misunderstanding not having been cleared up by nightfall, the two armies, as on the previous historic occasion, encamped in parallel lines, so close that conversations could be overheard by the pickets of the opposing lines. This misunderstanding threatened for a time to lead to a serious rupture between Generals Hood and Cheatham, but the good offices of Gen. Isham G. Harris soon discovered the cause for the delay and restored complete understanding and cordial relations.

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part I., page 753.



Beautiful Lines Found on Back of Confederate Note

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it—
As a pledge of a nation that passed away,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it—
Show it to those that will lend an ear
To the tale that this trifle will tell;
Of liberty born of a patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our "promise to pay"
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.
The days rolled on and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still,
Coin was so scarce the Treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed
Though our poverty well we discerned,
And this little check represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
They knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it.
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And every true soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay
Or of bills that were overdue—
We knew if it bought our bread to-day
'Twas the best our poor country could do.
Keep it; it tells all our history over
From the birth of the dream to its last;
Modest and born of the Angel Hope,
Like our hope of success—*It passed.*

CHAPTER XXII.

The Battle of Franklin.

The battle of Franklin took place on November 30. General Forrest, after his customary personal reconnoissance, favored a direct and fierce assault, as the enemy was inferior in numbers, and so reported to General Hood. That officer, however, held different views, and General Forrest took the position to which he was directed on Winstead Hill, accompanied by Morton's Artillery. Stewart's Corps was formed on the right, Cheatham's on the left, and Gen. S. D. Lee's troops were held in reserve in the early part of the action, although engaged before it was over. The fort at Franklin was known to be the stoutest of the Federal forts, and the enemy, flanked back at all points, was now well concentrated within it, and could do no less than make a stand. General Hood was firm in the impression that they meant to retreat to Nashville, and on this mistake must rest the responsibility for the wholesale slaughter of the bravest fighters that ever wore the gray.

General Forrest, acting under instructions, placed Morton's Artillery, supported by Jackson's and Buford's Divisions, on Stewart's right, on the south side of the Harpeth, while Chalmers's Division, with a portion of Biffle's Brigade, was placed on Cheatham's left on the Carter's Creek Turnpike. General Forrest, who was in command of the Confederate right, advanced with Morton's Artillery, supported by Buford and Jackson, and immediately engaged a portion of Hatch's Cavalry between the Lewisburg and the Columbia Turnpikes on the Harpeth. The Federal cavalry were at once reënforced

with infantry, but were, nevertheless, driven steadily across the river, the Confederates dismounting and wading across. The fighting now became extremely severe at this part of the line; and as Chalmers was at the same time heavily engaged with an infantry force, the battle raged with a fury that remained unsurpassed in the annals of the four years' struggle, Gettysburg not excepted.

The Federals had at first not taken the attack seriously. "From one o'clock until four in the evening the enemy's entire force was in sight of and forming for attack, yet in view of the strong position we held, and judging from the former course of the Rebels during this campaign, nothing appeared so improbable as that they would assault,"* says Maj. Gen. David S. Stanley in his report of the battle.

Gen. James H. Wilson, whose temperate account has been quoted before in these pages, says of this moment:

> As soon as the Rebel cavalry had made their appearance on the north side of the river, which properly formed the real line of defense for the Union army, I ordered Hatch and Croxton to attack the enemy with vigor and drive him into the river, if possible, while Harrison, with Capron's old brigade, would look well to the left and rear. The occasion was a grave one. My subordinate commanders dismounted every man that could be spared, and went in with a rush that was irresistible. Toward the middle of the afternoon the fighting became exceedingly sharp. The enemy's troopers fought with their accustomed gallantry, but the Union cavalrymen, outnumbering their antagonists for the first time and skillfully directed, swept everything before them. Upon this occasion General Hood made a fatal mistake, for it will be observed that he had detached Forrest, with two divisions of his corps, in a side operation, which left him only Chalmers's Division to coöperate with the main attack of his infantry. Had his whole cavalry force advanced against me, it is possible that it would have succeeded in driving me back.†

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part I., page 113.

†"Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. IV., page 446.

From 4 o'clock until dark the desperate and bloody conflict surged between the lines of opposing soldiers, the advantage veering from one side to the other. "We carried the enemy's first line of hastily constructed works handsomely," says General Hood in his report. "We then advanced against his interior line and succeeded in carrying it also in some places. Here the engagement was of the fiercest possible character. Our men possessed themselves of the exterior of the works while the enemy held the interior Many of our men were killed inside the works. Never did troops fight more gallantly."* "The brigades stood their grounds until the charging Rebels were almost crossing bayonets with them," says Major General Stanley, "but the line then broke—Conrad's Brigade first, then Lane's—and men and officers made the quickest time they could to our main lines. The old soldiers all escaped, but many of the conscripts, being afraid to run under fire, were captured. A large proportion of Lane's men came back with loaded muskets, and, turning at the breastworks, they fired a volley into the pressing Rebels, now not ten steps away. To add to the disorder the caissons of the two batteries galloped rapidly to the rear, and the enemy appeared on the breastworks and in possession of the two batteries, which they commenced to turn upon us. The moment was critical beyond any I have known in any battle."†

In the varying fortunes of the day the guns of Morton's Artillery did effective work from several points of vantage, directing their shots mainly toward the batteries on Figuers Hill and toward the left of the line rather

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part I., page 653. †Ibid., page 116.

than the town, as it was known that there were many women and children in the town, Captain Morton's mother being a visitor at that time, and many of his relatives living there.

Never in the history of any war did troops, both officers and privates in the ranks, vie so gallantly with each other in the race for death as in this ill-starred battle. War ever devours the bravest and best, and here perished, unhappily and without profit, some of the choicest officers in the Confederate service. Notably of the number was Major General Cleburne, who, as a division commander and a man without reproach in private and public character, had no superior. "Our loss in killed," reads General Hood's report, "was 4,500. Among the killed were Maj. Gen. P R. Cleburne, Brigadier Generals Gist, John Adams, Strahl, and Granbury. Major General Brown, Brigadier Generals Carter, Manigault, Quarles, Cockrell, and Scott were wounded, and Brigadier General Gordon captured."*

Night brought an end to the reckless slaughter. Some of the Confederate troops which had captured positions maintained them by skirmishing until close upon midnight, but at that time the Union forces evacuated the city In round numbers the forces engaged that day were about 16,000, and 13,000 Confederate and Federal infantry respectively, while the respective cavalry forces were in the neighborhood of 5,000 and 7,700. Hood's losses were about 4,500, 1,801 being killed.

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part I., page 654.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Operations around Nashville.

As has been stated, the Union forces of the town left at midnight, and at daylight General Forrest was in pursuit. The enemy was discovered at Wilson's Crossroads in some force, but Captain Morton opened on them with one of his batteries and dislodged them, aiding General Buford in taking a number of prisoners. The march toward Nashville was resumed, and brisk skirmishing was kept up, but without important results. On the morning of December 2 the troops, with Biffle's Brigade (depleted to almost half its ranks by the forced marches and losses in battle) on the left, was thrown out along the Hillsboro and Harding Turnpikes, while General Forrest, with Morton's Artillery and Buford and Jackson, formed in line across the Nolensville Turnpike. The exact position of the Morton Battery was near where Wedgewood Avenue now comes into the turnpike. A number of shots were fired at Fort Negley and Fort Ridley before the Federals retired to Mill Creek. The artillery was then moved up to the right of the turnpike to the Rains place, about three miles from the State Capitol, which lay in plain view below. About half a mile from this point stood "Mansfield," one of the first brick houses built in Nashville and then owned by Senator Edward H. Ewing, Sr., whose family were refugeeing in the South. "Mansfield" was one of the first handsome houses built in Davidson County, and is now about one hundred years old. A grove of about forty acres of forest trees extended from the house to the turnpike, but these were cut down dur-

ing the battle of Nashville for a clearing, leaving the house exposed on all sides.

From his position on Rains' Hill, Captain Morton could plainly see that the house was occupied by Federals, and his attention was directed to a piece of artillery which they were operating in an angle between the main building and a two-story outhouse. This piece was at once engaged and soon dismounted and the Federals driven from the building. By a curious coincidence "Mansfield" is the present residence of Captain and Mrs. Morton, and the stone foundations and walls still bear the marks made by his guns.

The news of General Forrest being with General Hood in his Nashville campaign disturbed General Grant and Secretary of War Stanton, who did not have great faith in General Thomas's activity. On December 2 General Grant wired Secretary Stanton for advice as to pressing General Thomas. "It looks as if Forrest will flank around Thomas until Thomas is equal to him in cavalry,"* he suggested cuttingly, and on the same day Stanton asked him to consider what was best to be done about Thomas's "disposition to lay in fortifications for an indefinite period." This was "too much like the McClellan and Rosecrans strategy of do nothing and let the Rebels raid the country"* to suit the aggressive Cabinet officer.

General Grant immediately sent two telegrams to General Thomas, suggesting delicately that if the Confederates were "permitted to remain quietly about Nashville" communication with Chattanooga would be lost, as well as the Tennessee River, and pointing out that General Thomas could easily "move out of Nashville with all

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part II., page 16.

your army to retire or fight upon ground of your own choosing."* "The Rock of Chickamauga," with that firmness which had led him to uphold the Union cause in the face of his native State's secession, quietly adhered to his plan of the "reorganizing, remounting, and equipping of a cavalry force sufficient to contend with Forrest."†

On December 3 Lieutenant Sale, with two pieces of Morton's Artillery, was detached to accompany Colonel Kelley and 300 men on an expedition against some gunboats on the Cumberland. They succeeded in securing two transports. These were speedily recaptured by the enemy, but the little handful of Confederates brought away fifty-six prisoners and one hundred and ninety-seven horses and mules. On this same day General Forrest, with the aid of another section of the Morton Battery under Captain Morton's personal command, and supported by Buford's Division captured Stockade No. 2, a short distance from Nashville, near Antioch. The opening shots spread such desolation among the hundred or more soldiers within the blockhouse that it was speedily surrendered, "with 80 prisoners, 10 men killed, and 20 wounded in the attack by Morton's Battery."‡ according to General Forrest's report.

When the attack first began, General Forrest observed a train load of negro troops coming rapidly toward the blockhouse; and the latter surrendering at the opportune moment that the train came in range, Captain Morton quickly turned his guns on it, while General Forrest was receiving the captured blockhouse. The troops on the train had not seen the Confederates; and as the first shells crippled the engine before the engineer could reverse it,

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part II., page 17. †Ibid., page 18. ‡Ibid., Part I., page 754.

the men stampeded from the cars and melted rapidly into the woods on the other side of the track.

On December 4 Morton's Artillery, aided by Buford's Division, captured Blockhouses Nos. 1 and 3 in the neighborhood of the Asylum for the Insane. They surrendered with thirty-two prisoners without a shot being fired. These two blockhouses, and two stockades also captured that day, were burned. One hundred and fifty prisoners were taken in all.

General Hood issued orders to General Forrest to picket the line of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, and accordingly Buford, Jackson, and Morton were dispatched toward Murfreesboro on that duty. The first night's camp being not far from Franklin, Captain Morton, having heard that his mother was in that place, started out one evening to secure permission to visit her. As he approached headquarters he met Dr. Cowan, to whom he confided his intention. "John," said the good Doctor, looking at the artillery officer shrewdly, "I've just come from the General's tent, and my advice to you is this: you are on your horse and headed for Franklin. If you really want to see your mother, go and see her without permission. The General," he added softly as the Captain turned away, "is as mad as hell, and he won't let you go." Needless to say the young officer took the advice of the older man and enjoyed a short visit with his mother in Franklin, returning at 9 o'clock to find an orderly at his quarters with orders for Captain Morton to move around Murfreesboro to the left at daylight, with General Buford as support.

The march to Murfreesboro was marked by the capture of a redoubt at Lavergne, with two pieces of artillery and eighty prisoners. At Smyrna a blockhouse was captured with slight resistance.

Major General Bate reported to General Forrest at Lavergne.

On December 6 General Forrest's whole force was formed in line of battle for a concerted action, but after some heavy skirmishing the enemy ceased firing and all General Forrest's efforts could not draw him into an engagement. Early the next morning, seeing the enemy moving out under General Milroy over the Salem Turnpike, General Forrest withdrew the major portion of his command to the Wilkinson Turnpike, and hurriedly formed a new line in a favorable position. He dispatched General Buford, with a section of the Morton Battery, under the personal command of Captain Morton, to enter the town. This was done with slight resistance, and the artillery was posted in a favorable spot for an attack on the courthouse. Captain Sheafe, for many years a highly respected and esteemed citizen of Murfreesboro, was occupying the courthouse at the time with his company, and he has often told the author of this book that when a shot struck the wall at the corner of the upper window where he was quartered he turned around to warn his men to lie down. To his surprise not a man was in sight, and it was not until his search led him to the cellar that he found them.

It was not long until the position gained with such apparent ease became exceedingly warm and untenable, General Rousseau having sent posthaste for General Milroy to return, and in the meantime working considerable havoc in the Confederate lines, twenty-four horses being killed at the guns.

Captain Morton had four pieces below the old academy and two above. The horses had been killed at the upper guns and caissons, and Captain Morton, galloping to this position, ordered the men to strip the harness, throw them

on the caissons and limbers, and, with the aid of the dismounted cavalry, the guns were pulled by hand down the Woodbury Turnpike to Major Sparks's residence, about a half-mile away, where General Forrest ordered the artillery horses to be replaced by cavalry horses.

On reaching Major Sparks's house Captain Morton's attention was called by one of his officers to the perforated condition of his uniform, and on examination it was discovered that his coat contained eleven bullet holes and his hat three. This coat, preserved in a glass case, has been presented to the Tennessee Historical Society by Mrs. Morton.

General Forrest's intention was to draw the Union troops far enough away from Murfreesboro to allow Jackson's and Buford's Divisions, with Morton's Artillery, to get between them and their base, and by a concerted attack in the front, flank, and rear overwhelm them. He threw up a temporary protection of logs and rails and awaited the approach of the enemy. General Milroy advanced to within a half mile of the Confederate works and then halted. A spirited artillery fire greeted him, and he returned it with equal vigor for some time, and then suddenly fell back to the protection of a growth of forest trees. Here his movements were concealed from the Confederates, and they were not prepared to see him emerge in a short time in the direction of the Wilkinson Turnpike and form in double line of battle across it. This flank movement compelled General Forrest to make a change of front, and his lines were hastily re-formed. Placing the infantry and artillery in front, he held his cavalry ready to gain their rear and cut them to pieces when the infantry should have pressed them back.

The Federals came on with precision and in gallant style. Something in their confident manner or some se-

cret fear, whose cause has never been understood, suddenly inspired the Confederate infantry with terror, and without waiting to grapple with the enemy they broke in panic and fled wildly to the rear. Only Smith's Brigade bravely stood to the guns, which were in front; but these could not repel the irresistible onrush of the Federals, who captured the two pieces. General Forrest, who rode on this occasion his gray war horse "King Philip," and General Bate were for a moment stunned at this utterly unexpected happening, for the troops were the heroes of a hundred hard-won fields and were composed of the best fighting men of the entire Confederate army The two officers immediately rushed to the line of retreat and endeavored to restore order. To a man of General Forrest's proud nature, who was wont to rely so implicitly on the spirit of his troops, this was the hardest blow received during the war. Many and severe were the hardships, deprivations, and losses he had suffered with his men. He had sent them on many hopeless quests, and had on his second raid into West Tennessee formed raw recruits, unarmed, in line of battle. Over and over he had tempted fate by undertaking the impossible. But flight, panic, fear was outside the limit of his calculations, beyond the range of his imagination. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he rode hither and thither, urging, entreating, and commanding the infantry to return, even shooting down a fleeing color bearer and taking the flag himself. General Bate and Major Strange, too, did their best to renew courage, and even "King Philip" set an example worthy of imitation. This remarkable horse, presented to General Forrest by the citizens of Huntsville after the capture of Colonel Streight, seemed to be infuriated by the sight of a blue coat. Baring his upper lip, he would rush into the thickest of

the fray, attempting to bite every blue uniform he saw. Gaus, the peerless bugler, rode close by the side of the now infuriated commander, sounding the commands with even more than his accustomed vigor and spirit. Twice his bugle was riddled with bullets, but the little German kept pluckily on in the hope of reanimating the spirit of the infantry. All was in vain, and, completely disheartened, General Forrest could only order his faithful cavalry and artillery to do what could be done to save the situation. Jackson's Division and Morton's Artillery charged the enemy and checked his advance. General Hood mentions this event in the following terms:

> I had sent Major General Forrest, with the greatest portion of his cavalry and artillery and Bate's Division of infantry, to Murfreesboro to ascertain if it was possible to take the place. After a careful examination and reconnaissance in force, in which, I am sorry to say, the infantry behaved badly, it was determined that nothing could be accomplished by assault.*

Just at the moment his advance was checked, General Milroy received word that General Rousseau desired his support in Murfreesboro, and retired into the fortifications within the town, thus saving the Confederates some of the odium of defeat.

Cavalry and artillery pickets were established on the Cumberland, in the direction of the Hermitage, on December 11. On the 12th the infantry, protected by Morton's Artillery, tore up the railroad track running from Lavergne to Murfreesboro. On the 13th General Jackson, aided by Morton's Artillery assigned to his command, captured a train of seventeen cars and about two hundred prisoners. Bate's Division was then withdrawn, and on the 14th a sortie was made for the purpose of capturing a forage train that had been reported on the

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part I., page 654.

north side of Stone's River. The next day, however, word was received from General Hood of the battle before Nashville, and General Forrest concentrated his entire command at Wilkinson's Crossroads, in readiness for marching orders. His baggage trains and sick and wounded were sent on to Triune, together with the supplies and prisoners and a large drove of cattle and hogs. At nightfall on the 16th he received notice of General Hood's disastrous defeat, and, amid the gloom attendant upon the receipt of this news, another courier came up with orders for General Forrest to fall back toward Duck River, concentrating his cavalry and artillery for the protection of the rear of the retreating army.

In less than an hour the whole force was under way, a section of Morton's Artillery, supported by Buford's Division, being hurried in the direction of Nashville and Franklin, while General Forrest, in command of the rest of the force, and his sick and wounded and supplies, started for the crossing at Duck River. The two bodies kept together as far as Lavergne, Captain Morton accompanying his Chief to Columbia.

CHAPTER XXIV

General Hood's Retreat.

The night was pitch-dark, and a steady rain fell, changing to ice as soon as it touched the ground. Progress was painfully slow; many of the infantry were barefooted and the artillery reduced to exhaustion.

In spite of the inclement weather and the suffering of the soldiers, whose guns froze to their fingers, Franklin was reached in the early dawn of the 17th, and the particulars of the great disaster were there learned for the first time. The retreat, as is well known, was almost as disastrous as the battle itself. The enemy, pursuing relentlessly with fresh reënforcements, harassed the disheartened Confederates at such close range that in the doubling and twisting of the Confederates they frequently found their guns trained on their own men. Mile after mile was a hand-to-hand skirmish. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, to whose command Buford's Division and Morton's Artillery had been assigned, says of the effort to pass Franklin on the 17th:

> About 4 P.M. the enemy, having crossed a considerable force over the Harpeth, commenced a bold and vigorous attack, charging with his cavalry and pushing forward his lines in our front. A more persistent effort was never made to rout the rear guard of a retiring column. This desperate attack was kept up till long after dark.*

General Forrest, at the request of General Hood, dispatched regiment after regiment to his assistance, reaching Duck River with only one regiment and Morton's Artillery for his own protection.

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*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part I., page 689.

General Wilson, determined on his side to make the extinction of the Confederates complete, was indefatigable in his personal efforts to inspire his men. He came frequently in contact with General Lee. The sufferings of the soldiers on both sides were indescribable. The coating of the ice on the roads gave way to mud, and the continued rainfall froze on the guns and pistols, making it agony for the numb fingers to fire them, but with a heroism unsurpassed by Washington's soldiers in that bitter winter at Valley Forge they endured all and kept bravely on. It was necessary to use both hands to cock the pistols. Fog and darkness cut short the struggle for the day, and General Wilson, momentarily confused by the intricate mixture of the two armies, paused in his pursuit for a brief time, an opportunity which the Confederates seized for the posting of a section of Morton's Artillery for the protection of a much-needed rest.

General Wilson's Report

General Wilson gives the following account of the frustration of this design:

> The momentary hesitation caused by this uncertainty gave the Rebels an opportunity to put their battery in position and re-form their line. I immediately gave orders for Hatch and Knipe to collect their men and charge both flanks of the enemy, and directed my escort, under Lieut. Joseph Hedges, to charge their center on the pike. These orders had scarcely been given before the enemy opened a rapid fire from their battery not over three hundred yards from us. Hatch's Battery promptly replied. Lieutenant Hedges, thinking that I simply wished him to ascertain the character of the force in our front, hastily moved his regiment to the side of the road and out of range of the Rebel guns, but at my order as promptly resumed his original formation, "in columns of fours," in the road, and, dashing forward at a gallop with sabers drawn, broke through the enemy's brigade, dismounted, and rushed forward at the same moment. The enemy, broken at the center and pressed back on both flanks, fled rapidly from the field, with-

drawing his guns at a gallop. Lieutenant Hedges, outstripping his men, was captured three different times.*

It was here that Gen. S. D. Lee, exposing himself, was wounded, and, though refusing to retire from active command for some time, was finally compelled by his suffering to do so, the command devolving upon Maj. Gen. Carter L. Stevenson. The next day the retreat was resumed, this time with slighter delays, as the enemy's rations were exhausted. The main object of the movement—*i. e.*, the protection of General Hood's main army as it made for the South—was attained, however.

In this connection, and in connection with numerous stories current at the time and since concerning the treatment of Federal prisoners by the Confederates, the report of Dr. George E. Cooper, Medical Director Department of the Cumberland, is not without interest. "In Franklin, Columbia, and Pulaski," he says, "a large number of Rebel wounded were found who had been left by their army. A sufficient number of medical officers had been left with them to give them proper attention. These wounded were, as soon as practicable, transferred in hospital cars to Nashville, where they were placed in one large hospital. The medical officer in charge was directed to furnish them all necessaries and such luxuries as they required. This was done until the arrival of the Commissary General of Prisoners, who directed that the wounded Rebels should be confined to prison hospital rations. I do not think that it is the intention of the government to deprive wounded men, Rebels though they be, of everything needful for their treatment. Prison hospitals being at a distance from the front, it was not expected that wounded men would be taken there till suf-

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part I., pages, 565, 566.

ficiently well to travel, when diet would be but a matter of minor import."*

At Columbia a junction was effected with General Forrest, who had crossed a portion of his force at Lilliard's Mills, but had been compelled by the rising of the river to abandon the ford there and move on to Columbia to seek a crossing for the artillery. Language is inadequate to describe the sufferings of the men under General Forrest on this march. The infantry was largely barefooted, as has been said, and as they marched the icy mud cut their feet cruelly. General Forrest ordered them into the wagon trains, where the poor fellows tied up their raw and bleeding feet in pieces of garments and blankets, but at the first alarm of an encounter they sprang heroically to their places.

It had been General Hood's intention to retreat no farther south than Duck River, expecting to winter on its banks, but when this point was reached his ranks were so depleted and in such extreme wretchedness and misery that he saw it would be folly to try to hold them in any position within reach of the superior force of the enemy. General Forrest concurred in this opinion, and after a consultation it was decided to cross the river, General Hood occupying the Alabama portion of the valley of the Tennessee, while General Forrest returned to Mississippi.

The Federal generals were greatly concerned when they learned that General Forrest was not present at the battle before Nashville. If not there, what disconcerting work was he planning? General Rousseau found out that he was at Murfreesboro and thought he had killed him. Schofield telegraphed the good news to Thomas on December 17: "Citizens on the road in rear of where we

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part I., page 110.

fought yesterday report that the universal testimony of Rebels, officers and men, is that Forrest was certainly killed at Murfreesboro, where they admit their cavalry was badly whipped."*

J. C. Van Duzer confirmed this the next day,† but before General Grant received the news he noted the absence from the reports of the depredations of the cavalry leader and telegraphed to General Thomas: "The armies again operating against Richmond have fired two hundred guns in honor of your great victory In all your operations we hear nothing of Forrest. Great precautions should be taken to prevent him crossing the Cumberland or Tennessee below Eastport."‡

Col. Abel D. Streight, who was present under General Thomas, doubtless wondered also where General Forrest was.

Forming the Rear Guard.

When General Forrest and General Hood met at Columbia on the 18th of December, General Forrest proposed that his cavalry, which now numbered 3,000 effective men, and as much infantry force as could be spared, remain at that point to protect the escape of the main body of General Hood's Command. General Hood concurred in this proposition and selected 4,000 serviceable infantry, who were placed under command of Maj. Gen. E. C. Walthall, the latter being under General Forrest's orders during the retreat.

Maj. D. W Sanders, General Walthall's Assistant Adjutant General, gives this account of the arrangement:

> On the morning of the 20th of December, 1864, General Hood sent a member of his staff to General Walthall, who had established

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part II., page 233. †Ibid., page 252. ‡Ibid., page 248.

his headquarters at the residence of Nimrod Porter, near Columbia, with the request that he should call at army headquarters immediately. General Walthall at once rode to headquarters, and the writer accompanied him. On the pike, as Walthall approached army headquarters, he met General Hood on horse in company with Dr. Darby, who was the medical director of the army. Hood said to Walthall substantially as follows:

"Things are in a bad condition. I have resolved to reorganize a rear guard. Forrest says he can't keep the enemy off of us any longer without a strong infantry support, but says he can do it with the help of three thousand infantry with you to command them. You can select any troops in the army. It is a post of great honor, but one of such great peril that I will not impose it on you unless you are willing to take it, and you had better take troops that can be relied upon, for you may have to cut your way out to get to me after the main army gets out. The army must be saved, come what may, and, if necessary, your command must be sacrificed to accomplish it."

Walthall, in reply, said: "General, I have never asked for a hard place for glory, nor a soft place for comfort, but take my chances as they come. Give me the order for the troops and I will do my best. Being the youngest major general in the army, I believe, my seniors may complain that the place was not offered to them, but that is a matter between you and them."

General Hood said: "Forrest wants you and I want you."

General Forrest rode up during the conversation and said: "Now we will keep them back."

And General Hood gave verbal orders for General Walthall to take any troops he wished.

It is a tribute to General Forrest's popularity that as soon as it became known that he was to organize the rear guard men rushed to headquarters to ask to join his forces. Desertions, which had daily rolled up in the scores, many going over to the enemy for the sheer love of warmth and food, now stopped almost entirely. So many of the regiments were decimated to mere skeletons that it was necessary to re-form them and merge several into one. The spirit that animated the men may be shown by the following incident:

Riding up to Colonel Heiskell, in command of Strahl's

Brigade, General Hood said "I am organizing a reserve guard of infantry under General Walthall, and he is to report to General Forrest, who will cover the retreat of the army in Tennessee, and I would like to know if this command would serve in that body." "We are soldiers, General," was the officer's prompt reply. Everywhere there was the same ready acceptance of the new condition, and it cheered the disheartened General Hood to see the men so buoyant under such deplorable circumstances.

The fragments of commands that were consolidated were as follows: Gen. W S. Featherstone's Brigade; Col. James Argyle Smith's Brigade, under command of Col. C. H. Olmstead; Strahl's Brigade, under Col. C. W Heiskell, Col. H. R. Field's Brigade; Quarles's Brigade, under Gen. J. B. Johnson. Four skeleton brigades were formed from these and placed under the respective command of Brigadier Generals Featherstone and Reynolds and Col. Hume R. Field.

General Thomas's reference to this rear guard is in the highest terms:

> Forrest and his cavalry had rejoined Hood at Columbia. He had formed a powerful rear guard made up of detachments from all of his organized force, numbering about 4,000 infantry, under General Walthall, and all the available cavalry and artillery under his own command. With the exception of his rear guard, Hood's army had become a disheartened and disorganized rabble of half-armed and barefooted men, who sought every opportunity to fall out by the wayside and desert their cause to put an end to their sufferings. The rear guard, however, was undaunted and firm, and did its work bravely to the last.*

No sooner had General Forrest been assigned to the command of the rear guard than he set to work with his

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part I., page 42.

customary energy and enthusiasm to make the best preparations possible under the circumstances. Cheatham's Corps had the day before thrown up intrenchments south of Spring Hill and engaged the enemy until Hood's wagon trains crossed Rutherford Creek, and had then, with astonishing celerity, crossed over the same bridge and burned it behind them before the amazed Federals could divine their intentions. This gave General Hood an excellent start, and the Federal rations giving out at this time, they delayed still further, so that it was the 20th of the month before they reached the creek, by which time General Hood's army was two days' rapid march away. The Federals subjected Columbia to a heavy shelling, but General Forrest, who had not yet crossed the river, made a personal call on General Hatch under a flag of truce and told him that the place was occupied only by the sick and wounded of both armies and asked for a cessation of firing. This was acceded to, but a request for an exchange of prisoners was refused. General Forrest, in the meantime, had impressed oxen, and by double-teaming the artillery guns had effected a passage across Duck River, destroying all the bridges for miles above and below Columbia. Not even a vestige of a bridge remained when the enemy reached it. General Wilson had provided himself with pontoon bridges, but by some mistake these took the wrong road, and the impatient Federals had perforce to sit on the banks and wait for them, knowing full well that General Forrest's artillery was masked in the bushes on the opposite side of the stream, which was now level with its banks. Courier after courier was sent to the rear to inquire into the delay of the bridge train and to hurry it to the front, but it did not arrive until the

morning of the 24th, when the pursuit was resumed with great spirit.

General Forrest had fallen back to Richland Creek and selected a favorable position for an encounter. Upon crossing Richland Creek Captain Morton placed one section of artillery across the bridge near a bluff and another to the right of the road on the approach to the bridge. These guns were supported by Buford's and Chalmers's Divisions and Ross's Brigade of Texans, which were part of Jackson's Command.

General Wilson made a determined effort to cross the bridge, but his advance was successfuly checked by Morton's Artillery on the bank of the stream. The other section across the creek did effective work also. When the Federals charged down the turnpike, these two pieces, which were under the immediate supervision of Chief of Artillery Morton, were rushed to the bridge. The flooring of the bridge had been torn away by the passing of the Confederate troops, but, throwing the guns into position, the enemy was held at bay long enough to have the flooring replaced with sufficient firmness to allow the guns to be carried over by hand and the horses led across. The planks were then removed and thrown into the stream, thereby retarding the enemy's movements.

After several hours' fighting the Federals succeeded in crossing the creek, and General Forrest fell back toward Pulaski. The pursuit again became so close that the fighting was largely hand-to-hand. General Buford was badly wounded and was forced to relinquish his command. Both armies bivouacked for the night in the environs of Pulaski, but General Forrest slipped away in the early morning, leaving a light rear guard under Jackson. All stores which could not be carried were burned.

CHAPTER XXV

Anthony's Hill and Sugar Creek.

At Anthony's Hill, seven miles from Pulaski, General Forrest, with that masterly grasp of the strategic possibilities of every position, selected an impregnable point for a stand.

"The country on the right and left of the pike, very broken and densely timbered, was almost impassable," says General Wilson in his report. "The pike itself, passing through the gorges of the hills, was advantageous for the enemy; with a few men he could compel the pursuing force to develop a front almost anywhere."*

General Hood had written General Forrest to hold the enemy at Anthony's Hill until he could get across Sugar Creek, and the point selected was one of matchless advantage, covering, as it did, the front and both flanks of any force that might come up the road. Morton's Artillery was masked and placed on the crest of the ridge, sweeping every approach of the enemy. To one side Armstrong's and Ross's Brigades were thrown into supporting lines. On the opposite side were Jackson's Cavalry, with Reynolds's and Fields's Infantry. Hasty breastworks of logs and brush were constructed, and in front of these a line of skirmishers was thrown out. A half mile in front, in the direction of Pulaski, a small detachment had been stationed to attract the attention of the enemy and entice him into the ravine, retreating rapidly as they fired. This ruse was successful. The Federals charged into the ambuscade with vigor; but soon realizing the

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part I., page 566.

nature of the trap, General Wilson called off the pursuit and advanced one piece of artillery, supported by one of his regiments. Captain Morton remained at his masked batteries until the enemy was at close range, and then gave the order to open on them heavily, the guns being double-shotted with canister. At the same moment a volley from the Confederate small arms greeted the Federals, and the narrow path through the gorge seemed ringed with fire and smoke. The enemy broke in tumultuous disorder, and the Confederates charged upon them with the old-time "Rebel yell" and spirit. A number of prisoners, several hundred horses, and one piece of artillery were captured. At this repulse General Wilson telegraphed for help: "We are four miles from Pulaski, on the Lamb's Ferry Road, and have met a slight check. If you bring up your infantry, we may get some prisoners, and I think I shall be able to drive Forrest off."*

In after years, in writing of this pursuit for a systematic account of the war and its leaders, General Wilson said:

> Just before sundown on Christmas eve Forrest, in a fit of desperation, made a stand on a heavily wooded ridge, at the head of a ravine, and by a rapid and savage counter-thrust drove back Harrison's Brigade and captured one gun, which he succeeded in carrying away as the sole trophy of that desperate campaign.†

Just before the Federal troops broke, General Armstrong, who was in command of one of the wings, rode up and said that he had held his position until his ammunition was almost exhausted, and asked to be relieved. General Forrest told him to return and hold it a while longer. General Armstrong did so, but soon rode back

*Official Records, Vol. XIV., Part II., page 348.

†"Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. IV., page 471.

again, saying his men were in a very exposed position, and, having no ammunition, could not be held much longer. Again the General bade him go back, and again General Armstrong returned and tried to encourage his men, who were feeling keenly their helpless situation. At last it was impossible to hold the point longer, and as the men retreated General Armstrong, fearing that his commander had not understood the necessity for the movement and that the other troops would think his men had run from a fight, rode up again and, with tears of anger and pride, called to General Walthall, who was beside the commanding officer: "General Walthall, won't you please make that d—d man there on the horse see that my men are forced to retreat?" General Forrest, with perfect sympathy and gentleness, told him that he merely wanted to gain time for General Hood to cross Sugar Creek, and that his (Armstrong's) men had done a noble part in covering the retreat. He then added, looking at his watch: "It is about time for us all to get out of here."

A Race for the Crossing.

Quickly forming in line of march, the Confederates rode rapidly away, the enemy's shot falling thickly around them, but they spurred on, animated by their leader's desire to reach the crossing of the creek. The Federals, not understanding this, and fearing it might be only another ruse of that "devil Forrest," hesitated to push forward. Rain and sleet fell heavily, accompanied by a bitter wind. The two hostile armies, the one a van and the other a rear guard, advanced all night along parallel roads, both making for the same crossing. It had been an all-day fight—it was now an all-night race. General Forrest never for a moment contemplated getting anywhere last.

He simply made no allowance for such a possibility, and such was his genius for animating his men that he could always inspire them to fresh efforts, no matter how jaded they were. The weather had become more and more severe. Alternate rain, snow, and thaw had reduced the roads to a terrible state. The country had for months been the seat of operations, and it had long ago been stripped of everything that could minister to sustenance. General Wilson described these conditions graphically:

> The men of both forces suffered dreadfully, but the poor cavalry horses fared still worse than their riders. Scarcely a withered corn blade could be found for them, and thousands, exhausted by overwork, famished with hunger or crippled so that death was a mercy, with hoofs dropping off from frost and mud, fell by the roadside, never to rise again. By the time the corps found rest on the Tennessee River, it could muster scarcely 7,000 horses fit for service.*

Crossing Sugar Creek.

As might have been expected, the tireless Confederate leader reached the banks of Sugar Creek first. A temporary fortification of logs and rails was made and the army encamped for the night. Dawn of the 27th showed a dense fog over all the face of nature. In a thicket on the near side of the crossing Morton's Artillery was concealed and supported by Ross's Brigade. On the other side of the creek the infantry was placed under Colonel Hume. Colonel Hume was a man of small stature, but every drop of blood in his spare frame came from the fiercest of fighting stock, and he rather comically misunderstood General Forrest's orders. The latter said that the infantry were to lie in the sedge grass that grew on the banks of the creek and fire on the enemy, and that when they broke the cavalry would be ready to rush in.

*"Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. IV., page 472.

Colonel Hume, drawing himself to his full height, said: "General, don't count on my men breaking—they never break." The General explained that he referred to the breaking of the enemy, and Colonel Hume's men went into position.

It was not long before the muffled sound of the enemy's march was heard. They approached the bank, and, not suspecting the close presence of the baffling General Forrest, they drew up in line with their backs to the Confederates. Captain Morton fired the signal gun, and immediately a deadly flood of shot and shell was poured on their backs, with startling effect. As if they had been galvanized by an electric wire, the line broke and rushed madly for the creek. The fog concealing the contour of the banks, many of them plunged over the high bluffs and were shot by the Confederates, who had come up close, or were captured as they attempted to swim away. Three hundred and fifty men with horses were captured. The main portion of General Wilson's force was pursued for a couple of miles, but, as they met reënforcements, General Forrest returned to Sugar Creek. In anticipation of a concerted attack with the fresh troops, he remained in line of battle for some hours; but no further sign of the enemy developing, he continued in the direction of the Tennessee River.

Rejoining General Hood.

This was the last fight of any consequence in General Hood's ill-starred campaign. Bivouacking within sixteen miles of the Tennessee River that night, General Walthall's Infantry Division was returned to General Stewart's Command the next day (27th). General Hood's pontoon bridge, which had been kept in position, made

the crossing of the river the easiest of the many that General Forrest and his men had made. The gunboats, so feverishly telegraphed for by the Federal commanders engaged in pursuit, did not arrive, and the gallant Hatch, with his cavalry, reached the bank just an hour after the crossing had been effected.

After joining General Hood at Florence, General Forrest was relieved from his arduous duties, receiving the earnest thanks of General Hood. His continued successes had been of the greatest assistance in restoring the morale of the army.

General Wilson, after pursuing General Forrest to the bank of the Tennessee, was content to return to Nashville for a time. There was a certain likeness between the two leaders, and both felt that the battles of Nashville had really brought the war to a close. General Forrest expressed himself to this effect many times.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Preparing for a New Field.

It was December 27 when the last of General Forrest's force had crossed the Tennessee River at Florence. He gave most of the men furloughs for a limited period in order that they might recuperate their strength and secure their accouterments at home. The majority of his men were from Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama. Texas furnished one entire brigade—Ross's. These were retained for picket duty, and Roddey's Brigade was left to protect the crossings between Decatur and Waterloo. Captain Morton and those members of his battery who were not on furlough went into camp at Verona, Miss. Rumors were rife that the war was over, that the furloughed men would never be recalled, and that General Forrest was arranging to take a colony of Confederates into Mexico. As an evidence of their enthusiasm for the cause and faith in its leaders, the members of Captain Morton's Battery called a meeting on February 25, whose minutes and resolutions are here reproduced:

Camp Morton's Battery, Jackson's Division,
Forrest's Cavalry Corps,
Verona, Miss., Feb. 25, 1865.

At a meeting of the members of this battery held this day, on motion Capt. John W. Morton was called to the chair, and Sergt. M. C. Priddy appointed Secretary.

The objects of the meeting being explained by the Chairman, the meeting was then opened by an appropriate prayer from Rev. W. E. Rosser, Chaplain, C. S. A.

The following committee was then appointed for the purpose of drafting suitable resolutions: Lieut. B. F. Haller, Sergt. W. H. Matthews, Private W. J. Potter, and upon motion the names of Sergt. W. D. Jobe and Private H. C. Fields were added.

During the retirement of the committee a very eloquent and forcible speech was delivered by Sergt. Frank T. Reid, after which the following resolutions were submitted to the meeting and unanimously adopted:

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas we, the members of Morton's Battery, deem it an appropriate occasion, now that the dark clouds of gloom and despondency hang like a vast funeral pall over the whole length and breadth of our land, to renew our pledges of unswerving devotion and constancy to the great and holy cause of Southern Independence, to the accomplishment of which we dedicate anew our energies, our lives, and sacred honor;

Resolved: 1. That we believe our cause to be just and righteous, and our motives to be pure and patriotic. That we have an abiding faith in the integrity and wisdom of our leaders, in the bravery and devotion of our commanders in arms, and in the favor and assistance of Almighty God.

2. That we cheerfully acquiesce in whatever policy our wise and able President may deem it right to pursue, and that we here tender him our earnest and grateful thanks for the skillful and unsurpassed manner in which he has steered our noble Ship of State through the many breakers and quicksands that have threatened her destruction. Nor would we omit this opportunity of expressing our implicit confidence in our great and indomitable chieftain, under whose banner we have ever been victorious.

3. To the beautiful daughters of the South, and especially to those within the lines of the enemy, whose hearts have clung the closer the darker the clouds have gathered around us; in their cause also would we express our deep, unflinching devotion. The recollection of their wrongs will nerve our hearts in the dread hour of battle. By our holy memories of the past and by the glowing prestige of the future we swear the red cross banner of the South shall yet wave triumphant over our land, consecrated by the blood of free men and sanctified by the prayers of martyrs and patriots.

Committee: Lieut. B. F. Haller, Sergt. W. H. Matthews, Private W. J. Potter, Sergt. W L. Jobe, Private H. C. Fields.

CAPT. JOHN W MORTON, JR., *Chairman*,
SERGT. M. C. PRIDDY, *Secretary*.

At this time General Wilson sent Colonel Palmer to continue the pursuit of the Confederates, and, crossing the Tennessee River, surprised Roddey and captured

General Hood's wagon trains and pontoons. Roddey's Cavalry was very much depleted by absence and desertion, and General Beauregard recommended that the whole cavalry force be placed under General Forrest's sole command. This was done, and General Forrest undertook the work with his customary energy, issuing the following circular, setting forth his plans:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DEPARTMENT OF ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI, AND EAST LOUISIANA,
VERONA, MISS., January 28, 1865.

In obedience to orders from department headquarters, I hereby assume command of the District of Mississippi, East Louisiana, and West Tennessee. In doing so, it is due both to myself and the troops thus placed under my command to see that every effort will be made to render them thoroughly effective. To do this, strict obedience to all orders must be rigidly enforced by subordinate commanders, and prompt punishment inflicted for all violations of law and of orders. The rights and property of citizens must be respected and protected, and the illegal organizations of cavalry prowling through the country must be placed regularly and properly in the service or driven from the country. They are, in many instances, nothing more or less than roving bands of deserters, absentees, stragglers, horse thieves, and robbers, who consume the substance and appropriate the property of citizens without remuneration, and whose acts of lawlessness and crime demand a remedy, which I shall not hesitate to apply even to extermination. The maxim "that kindness to bad men is cruelty to the good" is peculiarly applicable to soldiers. For all agree that without obedience and strict discipline troops cannot be made effective, and kindness to a bad soldier does great injustice to those who are faithful and true; and it is but justice to those who discharge their duties with promptness and fidelity that others who are disobedient, turbulent, and mutinous, or who desert or straggle from their commands, should be promptly and effectively dealt with as the law directs. I sincerely hope, therefore, while in the discharge of the arduous duties devolving upon me, and in all the efforts necessary to render the troops of this command available and effective to suppress lawlessness and defend the country, I shall have the hearty coöperation of all subordinate commanders and the unqualified support of every brave and faithful soldier. N. B. FORREST.

He immediately began a vigorous campaign for gathering recruits and deserters and a general reorganization. This vexing process was even more than ordinarily tedious, owing to the efforts of certain men to hamper the work for reasons of their own. Of these, some idea is given in the following letter to the Secretary of War at Richmond:

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS,
WEST POINT, MISS., March 18, 1865.

Hon. John C. Breckenridge,
Secretary of War, Richmond, Virginia.

General: I take the liberty of addressing you relative to the state of affairs in Southern Kentucky, and to bring to your notice and knowledge existing evils which can alone be corrected by yourself, as the Chief of the War Department. It is due to myself to state that I disclaim all desire or intention to dictate. So far from it that I hesitate even now to make known the facts or to suggest the remedies to be applied. No other motive than the good of the service prompts me to address you. A military district was formed in Southern Kentucky, including a small portion of West Tennessee, and Brig. Gen. A. R. Johnson assigned to the command of it. The object of creating this district was doubtless for the purpose of raising and organizing troops for our army. Its permanent occupation by any force raised within its limits was not expected or calculated upon. If it was, the sequel shows that both in raising troops or holding the territory the experiment is a complete failure. General Johnson, who was often reported to have from twelve to eighteen hundred men, was finally wounded and captured, and his men scattered to the four winds. Brigadier General Lyon then succeeded him and was driven across the Tennessee River into North Alabama, with only a handful of men. Nothing has been added to our army, for while the men flocked to and remained with General Johnson or General Lyon as long as they could stay in Kentucky, as soon as the enemy presses and they are ordered to turn southward the men scatter, and my opinion is that they can never be brought out or organized until we send our troops there in sufficient numbers to bring them out by force. So far from gaining any strength for the army, the Kentucky Brigade now in my command has only about three hundred men in camp (Third, Seventh, and Eighth Kentucky Regiments). They have deserted and attached

themselves to the roving bands of guerrillas, bushwhackers, jayhawkers, and plunderers, who are the natural offspring of authority given to parties to raise troops within the enemy's lines. The authority given to would-be colonels, and by them delegated to would-be captains and lieutenants, has created squads of men who are dodging from pillar to post preying upon the people, robbing them of their horses and other property to the manifest injury of the country and our cause.

The same state of affairs exists in West Tennessee and along the Mississippi River. The country is filled with deserters and stragglers, who run away and attach themselves to the commands of those who have the authorities referred to. They never organize, report to nobody, are responsible to no one, and exist by plunder and robbery.

There may, perhaps, be a few exceptions, but as a general thing men who besiege the department for such authority are officers without position or command, who, by flattering representations, recommendations, and influential friends, avoid the ranks by obtaining authority to raise troops within the enemy's lines. I venture the assertion that where one succeeds and organizes a command ninety-nine fail, and that they take twenty men out of the army to one placed in it. I therefore unhesitatingly recommend that all persons or parties holding such authorities, or acting under orders from those who do hold them, be ordered to report with what men they have to the nearest department commander within a limited period, for consolidation and organization, and that those failing so to report have their authorities revoked and themselves subjected to conscription whenever caught. Do not understand me as reflecting on General Johnson or General Lyon. They did all they could, no doubt, to carry out the objects of the department in their district. They have failed; and the fact, to my mind, is demonstrated most clearly that the deserters and conscripts in West Tennessee and Kentucky will never come out until brought out by force. If all authorities to raise troops in the enemy's lines are revoked and the mustering officers ordered out, troops can be occasionally sent in under good and reliable officers to arrest and bring out deserters and break up the bands of lawless men who not only rob the citizens themselves, but whose presence in the country gives a pretext to Federal authority for oppressing the people.

I am, General, very respectfully your obedient servant,

N. B. FORREST, *Lieutenant General.*

These letters, expressing so strongly General Forrest's resentment of the tedious red tape that made it hard to deal with these shirkers, are so similar in sentiment to General Sherman's letter on the subject of bought substitutes, and show so plainly the high sense of pure patriotism that animated the two indomitable leaders, that the author is constrained to insert General Sherman's letter at this point

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
IN THE FIELD, GAYLESVILLE, ALA., Oct. 25, 1864.

Hon. E. M. Stanton,
Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

Sir: I do not wish to be considered as in any way adverse to the organization of negro regiments, further than as to its effects upon the white race. I do wish the fine race of men that people our Northern States should rule and determine the future destiny of America; but if they prefer trade and gain, and leave to bought substitutes and negroes the fighting (the actual conflict), of course the question is settled; for those who hold the swords and muskets at the end of this war (which has but fairly begun) will have something to say. If the negroes are to fight, they too will not be content with sliding back into the status of slave or free negro. I much prefer to keep negroes yet for some time to come in a subordinate state; for our prejudices, yours as well as mine, are not yet schooled to absolute equality. Jeff Davis has succeeded perfectly in inspiring his people with the truth that liberty and government are worth fighting for, that pay and pensions are silly nothings compared to the prize fought for. Now, I would aim to inspire our people also with the same idea—that it is not right to pay $1,000 to some fellow, who will run away, to do his fighting, or to some poor negro, who is thinking of the day of jubilee; but that every young and middle-aged man should be proud of the chance to fight for the stability of his country, without profit and without price; and I would like to see all trade, commerce, and manufactures absolutely cease until this fight is over, and I have no hesitation or concealment in saying that there is not, and should not be, the remotest chance of peace again on this continent till all this is realized, save the peace which would result in the base and cowardly submittal to Jeff Davis's terms. I would use negroes as surplus, but not spare a single white man, not one. Any white man who don't or won't fight now

should be killed, banished, or denationalized; and then we would discriminate among the noisy patriots, and see who really should vote. If the negroes fight and the whites don't, of course the negroes will govern. They won't ask you or me for the privilege; but will simply take it, and probably reverse the relation hitherto existing; and they would do right. If, however, the government has determined to push the policy to the end, it is both my duty and my pleasure to assist; and in that event I should like to have Colonel Bowman, now commanding the District of Wilmington, Del., to organize and equip such as may fall into the custody of the army I command.

I am, with respect, your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN, *Major General Commanding.*

Another point of similarity between these two men was in a certain expression concerning war. "War means fighting, and fighting means killing," said General Forrest; and General Sherman put it in the more terse form: "War is hell."

January, February, and March were spent in systematizing the formation of the regiments and providing for supplies. Scouts reported a concentration of Federal troops in the neighborhood of Waterloo, Ala. Movements from Memphis and Vicksburg were being inaugurated at the same time, so General Forrest had need of plenary authority to meet the conditions confronting his new department. The weather was still severe, and this delayed the Federals, greatly to the advantage of General Forrest.

General Wilson had learned enough in this pursuit of General Forrest to enable him to know what he would need in another chase, and he made preparations to cover every possible emergency, every turn and twist the wily Confederate might make. Receiving the heartiest cooperation from General Thomas, he fitted out his cavalry with picked men and horses and secured equipments of the highest quality. General Sherman was also in full

sympathy with the effort, but General Grant seemed to have been discouraged by the previous failures, and strongly recommended that General Wilson be given only enough men to make a demonstration and keep General Forrest's attention engaged.

It was the 22d of March before the weather moderated sufficiently to permit General Wilson's Command to leave Waterloo. The force consisted of 12,500 mounted men and 1,500 dismounted men, armed with the Spencer magazine repeating rifle, the most effective weapon known to warfare at that time. They were the flower of General Thomas's army. Some of them were young, but all had been in the war since the beginning and had had strenuous experience, and all were enthusiastic and confident. Their supplies and the discipline of the troops left nothing to be desired. Selma, Ala., was their destination.

Dividing his command into three columns, General Wilson moved southward as far as Elyton (now Birmingham), Ala., without resistance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Fall of Selma.

In the meantime General Forrest had received news of General Wilson's march as soon as it had begun, and at the same time word was brought of an invading force from Pensacola, also directed toward Selma. This necessitated the division of his slender forces. Morton's Artillery was divided among the different commands, the Hudson Battery going with Chalmers to Pickensville, and two guns of Morton's Battery starting with Jackson's Division to Selma, by way of Montevallo and Tuscaloosa.

Montevallo was important as the center of a number of iron mines and foundries operated for the Confederate Ordnance Department. The Federal column was reported as heading for this point, and General Forrest pressed on in that direction with his escort and staff and a section of the Morton Battery.

In the meantime the enemy, with 13,000 horse, 1,500 infantry, and three batteries, had taken two lines of march, one in the direction of Russellville and the other toward Tuscaloosa. General Wilson had made a halt at Elyton (now Birmingham), and stripped himself to his pack train and artillery, and in light marching trim reached Montevallo on the 30th of March.

Capture of Confederate Dispatches.

Here General Wilson had the good luck to intercept one of General Forrest's couriers with dispatches to Gen. W H. Jackson, and thus learned that General Forrest was in front and had laid a nice plan for crushing him (Wilson). Having thus the key to the whole situation,

he detached Croxton's Brigade to go back and annihilate General Jackson and take Tuscaloosa, burning the University, foundries, and all important buildings in the place. He then advanced with his other two divisions to meet General Forrest, encountering him at Bogler's Creek, where a bloody engagement took place.

In the meantime General Jackson was moving toward Centerville, Captain Morton in personal command of the guns accompanying this division. Attempting to cross the Catawba Creek, near Scottsville, Croxton was encountered, and there was some spirited skirmishing for a couple of hours, the Federals trying in vain to dismount Captain Morton's guns, charging time after time on their position, behind a hastily constructed breastwork of logs, rails, and brush. They were supported by Bell's and Campbell's Brigades, and gallantly defended.

General Croxton retired and dispatched to General Wilson for help, and was quickly joined by General McCook.

The result of this engagement was a capture of one hundred and fifty horses, as many prisoners, several stands of colors, and Croxton's papers and personal effects.

"Fighting McCook" and "Red Jackson."

Only General McCook's arrival prevented General Jackson's cutting his way through to General Forrest in time to participate in the battle of Selma.

General McCook was a splendid officer and a fierce fighter, coming from the family known as "The Fighting McCooks." He proved an equal match for "Red" Jackson, and succeeded not only in burning the bridge over the Catawba but in preventing a crossing at adjacent fords. Several efforts were made, but General McCook

was found pertinaciously defending every spot. It was not until his assistance was needed by General Croxton in the burning of Tuscaloosa that he relaxed his vigilance long enough for General Jackson and Captain Morton to slip through. By rapid marching and without pausing for rest or food, they reached Dixie Station late in the afternoon of April 3, and, hearing at this point of the fall of Selma, pressed on to Marion.

General Forrest reached Marion, having cut his way both through to Selma and out of it. He was covered with wounds and his clothing was in rags. At one time he had been surrounded by six Federals, and escaped being slain by a veritable hair's breadth.

General Wilson's Courtesy.

General Wilson was one of the most courteous, as well as efficient, officers in the Union army. On beginning his raid into Alabama he had issued strict orders against burning, pillaging, or destroying private property, and these orders he commanded to be read every day to every regiment. In consequence this incursion was the most orderly of any conducted during the war.

At Plantersville, on April 3, General Forrest had captured the several hospitals, and with his usual generosity had dispatched the surgeons on his own horses to their headquarters. General Wilson issued an order for the replacing of the twenty-five "rackabones" thus loaned by as many sound animals.*

While the failure to retain Selma seemed at the moment an almost insupportable misfortune, after events showed the governing of an All-Wise Providence, for

*Official Records, Vol. XLIX., Part II., page 272.

just a week later the surrender at Appomattox was made, and a bloodier engagement would have been useless.

Rumors of Surrender.

General Forrest remained a week or more at Marion, and then moved to Gainesville, where he went into camp for recuperation. Without telegraphic communication he was in ignorance of General Lee's surrender on the 9th, although rumors spread mysteriously throughout the camp to such an extent that he felt compelled to issue a circular denying it and encouraging his men to have hope and patience. "A few more days will determine the truth or falsity of all the reports now in circulation," he said. "In the meantime let those who are now absent from their commands, for the purpose of mounting themselves or otherwise, return without delay. Be firm and unwavering, discharge promptly and faithfully every duty devolving upon you." For his own part he said "With undiminished confidence in your courage and fortitude, and knowing you will not disregard the claims of honor, patriotism, and manhood, and those of the women and children of the country so long defended by your strong arms and willing hearts, your commander announces his determination to stand by you, stay with you, and lead you to the end."

This address was issued on April 25. Five days later he was notified by General Taylor of the surrender, and proceeded to Meridian to arrange for the relinquishing of his command. The battle-scarred soldiers, seeing the flag they had so long fought for go down in defeat—but not in disgrace—could only echo the sadly beautiful sentiments of Father Ryan's poem:

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary:
Furl it, fold it—it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it:
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
O, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it—
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
And oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
    Though its folds are in the dust!
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
    Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy,
    For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever—
    For its people's hopes are fled!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SURRENDER AT GAINESVILLE.

GENERAL LEE surrendered to General Grant, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to General Sherman, and Gen. Richard Taylor arranged with General Canby for the cessation of hostilities on the same terms as those made between Johnston and Sherman. Captain Morton was not present at the interview between General Taylor and General Forrest at Meridian, but the following account has been furnished him by Col. Samuel Donelson, who accompanied General Forrest to Meridian:

On our arrival at Meridian General Taylor received us with the greatest kindness, but the knowledge of the approaching surrender and parole threw a damper on us all. That night at headquarters we met General Dennis, a distinguished Federal officer from Kansas, who had been designated to parole General Forrest and his men. While the consultation was going on a large crowd of Federal and Confederate soldiers assembled in the yard, clamoring for a speech from General Taylor and General Forrest.

Responding to the call, General Taylor made a beautiful and earnest talk, appealing to his followers, as they were about to lay down their arms in a cause they had supported with heroism and sincerity, to accept in good faith the liberal terms under which they had surrendered.

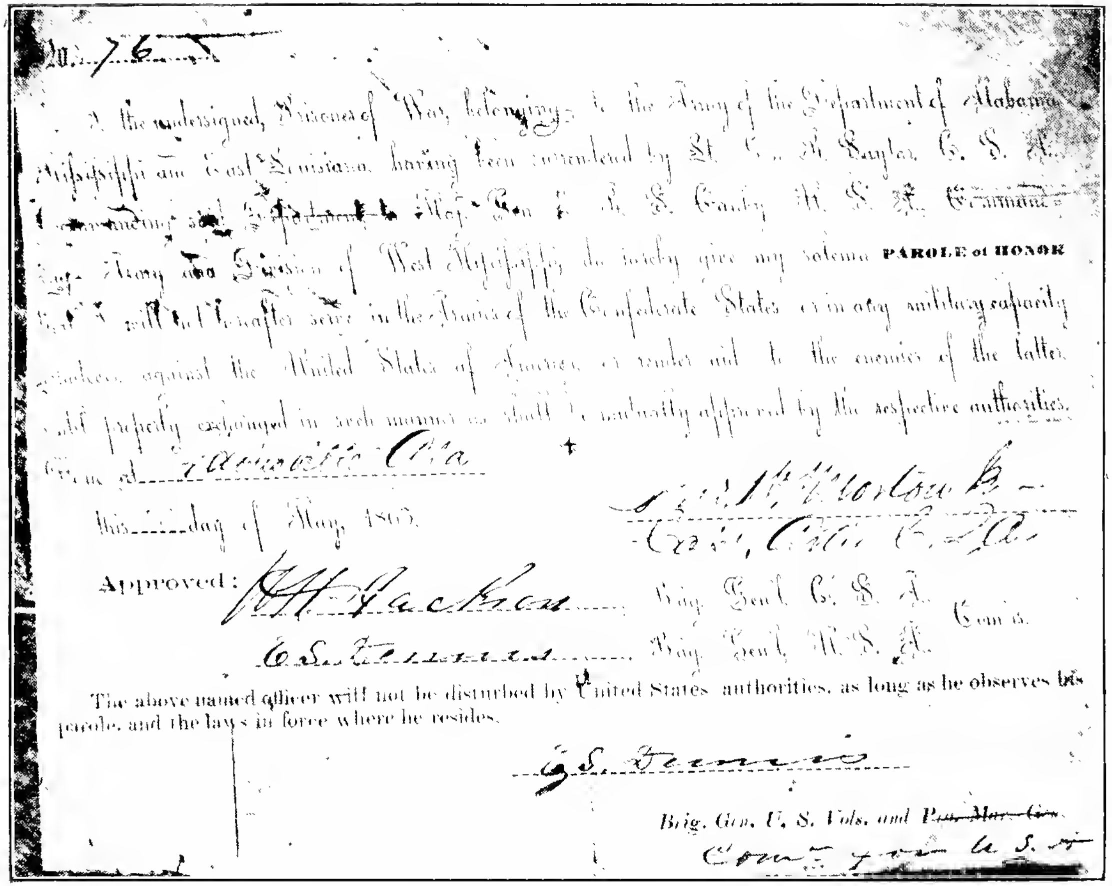
After he had finished, a perfect storm of yells arose for "Forrest," many of those present having never seen him, but knowing of his oft-repeated deeds of valor. The Union soldiers cheered quite as lustily as our own. After the lapse of these forty years, I can recall his words exactly as he spoke them:

"Men, we have surrendered. We have made our last fight. I came here to-night to meet the Federal General who will go with me to-morrow to Gainesville, Ala., to be paroled and to lay down our arms. Men, you have been good soldiers; a man who has been a good soldier can be a good citizen. I shall go back to my home upon the Mississippi River, there to begin life anew, and to you

good old Confederates I want to say that the latchstring of Bedford Forrest will always be on the outside of the door."

On May 9 General Jackson and Brigadier General E. S. Dennis commenced the making out of the muster rolls of the Confederate army at Gainesville. This threw the men into the deepest despondency, and there was much talk of the colony that General Forrest had been reported to be organizing for Mexico. That General Forrest had at one time entertained the idea of leaving without surrendering is believed, but there is no conclusive evidence that he had formulated a definite plan to found a colony there.

On the morning the paroles were to be signed, Maj. Charles W Anderson was called from his tent at daybreak, and found General Forrest at his door with both horses saddled for a ride. Major Anderson joined him without question, and they rode out toward the country in complete silence, General Forrest with his head on his breast in melancholy brooding. Major Anderson naturally sympathized with his commander's sadness and made no effort to talk, but, on reaching a crossroad, drew up and asked: "Which road, General?" "It makes no difference," replied the General despondently. "If one of them led to hell and the other to Mexico, I wouldn't care which one I took." He then spoke of his bitter distaste for surrender, and said that the idea of going to Mexico was alluring to him. Major Anderson, knowing his character, made no effort to dissuade him from this plan, but merely pointed out that if he went the majority of his men would have to suffer the humiliation of surrender, as it would be impossible for all of the command to follow him. "To these brave fellows, who have by their unflinching devotion to your fortunes made your



No. 76

I, the undersigned, Prisoner of War, belonging to the Army of the Department of Alabama, Mississippi and East Louisiana, having been surrendered by Lt. Gen. R. Taylor, C. S. A., Commanding said Department, to Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, U. S. A., Commanding Army and Division of West Mississippi, do hereby give my solemn PAROLE of HONOR that I will not hereafter serve in the armies of the Confederate States, or in any military capacity whatever, against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter, until properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the respective authorities.

Done at Gainesville, Ala.

this ___ day of May 1865.

[illegible] Morton [illegible]

Capt. [illegible]

Approved: H. H. Jackson, Brig. Gen'l C. S. A. — Com'rs.

E. S. Dennis, Brig. Gen'l U. S. A.

The above named officer will not be disturbed by United States authorities, as long as he observes his parole, and the laws in force where he resides.

E. S. Dennis

Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols. and

Com. [illegible] U. S. [illegible]

CAPTAIN MORTON'S PAROLE.

reputation as a commander, it will be an added humiliation to be compelled to bear the bitterness of surrender without your example and inspiration," said Major Anderson. "That settles it," replied the great man, turning his horse's head in the direction of camp at once. "I will share the fate of my men." Major Anderson was then requested to prepare an address to the troops, which he did. It was written on the top of a cracker box at the powder magazine, and as soon as read and approved by General Forrest was set up and printed on an old printing press and distributed among the troops. The paper used was of all colors and qualities, but a sufficient number of them was printed for each soldier to have one, instead of having a copy read to each regiment, as is customary with military documents.

GENERAL FORREST'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS,
GAINESVILLE, ALA., May 9, 1865.

Soldiers: By an agreement made between Lieutenant General Taylor, Commanding the Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana, and Major General Canby, Commanding United States forces, the troops of this department have been surrendered.

I do not think it proper or necessary at this time to refer to the causes which have reduced us to this extremity; nor is it now a matter of material consequence to us how such results were brought about. That we are *beaten* is a self-evident fact, and any further resistance on our part would be justly regarded as the very height of folly and rashness.

The armies of Generals Lee and Johnston having surrendered, you are the last of all the troops of the Confederate States army, east of the Mississippi River, to lay down your arms.

The cause for which you have so long and so manfully struggled, and for which you have braved dangers, endured privations and sufferings, and made so many sacrifices, is to-day hopeless. The government which we sought to establish and perpetuate is at

an end. Reason dictates and humanity demands that no more blood be shed. Fully realizing and feeling that such is the case, it is your duty and mine to lay down our arms—submit to the "powers that be"—and to aid in restoring peace and establishing law and order throughout the land.

The terms upon which you were surrendered are favorable, and should be satisfactory and acceptable to all. They manifest a spirit of magnanimity and liberality on the part of the Federal authorities, which should be met, on our part, by a faithful compliance with all the stipulations and conditions therein expressed. As your Commander I sincerely hope that every officer and soldier of my command will cheerfully obey the orders given, and carry out in good faith all the terms of the cartel.

Those who neglect the terms and refuse to be paroled may assuredly expect, when arrested, to be sent North and imprisoned.

Let those who are absent from their commands, from whatever cause, report at once to this place, or to Jackson, Miss., or, if too remote from either, to the nearest United States post or garrison for parole.

Civil war, such as you have just passed through, naturally engenders feelings of animosity, hatred, and revenge. It is our duty to divest ourselves of all such feelings, and, as far as in our power to do so, to cultivate friendly feelings toward those with whom we have so long contended, and therefore so widely, but honestly, differed. Neighborhood feuds, personal animosities, and private differences should be blotted out; and, when you return home, a manly, straightforward course of conduct will secure the respect even of your enemies. Whatever your responsibilities may be to the government, to society, or to individuals, meet them like men.

The attempt made to establish a separate and independent Confederation has failed; but the consciousness of having done your duty faithfully and to the end will, in some measure, repay for the hardships you have undergone.

In bidding you farewell rest assured that you carry with you my best wishes for your future welfare and happiness. Without, in any way, referring to the merits of the cause in which we have been engaged, your courage and determination, as exhibited on many hard-fought fields, have elicited the respect and admiration of friend and foe. And I now, cheerfully and gratefully, acknowledge my indebtedness to the officers and men of my command, whose zeal,

fidelity, and unflinching bravery have been the great source of my past success in arms.

I have never, on the field of battle, sent you where I was unwilling to go myself; nor would I now advise you to a course which I felt myself unwilling to pursue. You have been good soldiers; you can be good citizens. Obey the laws, preserve your honor, and the government to which you have surrendered can afford to be, and will be, magnanimous. N. B. FORREST, *Lieutenant General.*

These faded, flimsy scraps were long treasured by the followers of General Forrest, and the sentiments contained therein encouraged them to "take up the burden of life again," in the same spirit as that shown by their beloved commander. For years after the war he was in the habit of writing to and receiving letters from his men, and never did he hear of one of them being in want without making an effort to relieve.

The rumor that General Forrest intended taking his men to Mexico gained such credence that it reached the Federal authorities, drawing from General Thomas an urgent request to Hatch to make it plain to General Forrest that such an attempt would place him in the ranks of outlaws, and that the States of Alabama and Mississippi would be so punished for such an act that they would not recover for half a century.

Many of General Forrest's men begged him to lead them to Mexico. With tears and entreaties they crowded around him and told him they could not brook the thought of surrender, and would follow him anywhere, even to the ends of the earth. But General Forrest pointed out to them the obloquy that would attach to such an act, and remained firm in his intention of signing the parole. Hon. Isham G. Harris and a few independent spirits did undertake the journey and were well received by the Mexican government, which issued a proclamation, of-

fering homes and land to Confederates. Hon. Isham G. Harris remained in the land of fruit and flowers for some years; but, although it was a fair country and a fine one, it had not the same sweet attractions for him that his own beloved Dixie had, battle-scarred and devastated as she was. He returned to his State and was accorded honor after honor by his fellow-citizens before he was gathered to his fathers.

The work of duplicating the muster rolls consumed several days. Captain Morton, whose artillery was encamped some five miles from the town of Gainesville, in a beautiful grove, taking the muster rolls of his command to headquarters, secured the paroles for his men, and returning made a farewell address before disbanding his men. "I have but one more request to make of you," he said, after adjuring them to return peaceably to their homes and there make the best of conditions as they should find them, "and that is that you take your guns to the place I have selected—a spot in a group of trees about a half mile from the place of paroles—and park them. You have your paroles in your pockets; and if every one does not ride home on a good horse, it will be no fault of mine."

The horses were in fairly good condition, and, though they bore the "M. B." brand, it was easily obliterated by the use of mud. For years afterwards Captain Morton was in receipt of frequent letters from the men of his command, thanking him for making this provision, as the horses they rode home were the only barrier between them and want. Very few of them were even in possession of the depreciated Confederate money, so ably described by the poet:

IN MEMORIAM.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE HOLDERS OF CONFEDERATE TREASURY NOTES.

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it;
A pledge of the nation that's dead and gone—
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this paper can tell,
Of liberty born, of the patriot's dream,
Of the storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our promise to pay
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on, and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the Treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty was discerned,
And these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering volunteers earned.

We know it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew if it brought us bread to-day,
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it—it tells our history o'er;
From the birth of its dream to the last.
Modest and born of the Angel of Hope,
Like the hope of success it passed.

The parting with the cherished guns was particularly pathetic. Some of the artillerymen wanted to fire a last salute, but of course this was against the rules of war. Many of them threw their arms around the cold muzzles, as they parked "Morton's Bull Pups" and came sadly away.

General Forrest and his officers remained some days in Gainesville after the paroling was finished, and the parting scenes between the peerless leader and his devoted followers were sad in the extreme. To Captain Morton, whom the four years' experience had changed from a callow, pale stripling of seventeen to a muscular, hardy man of twenty-one, he said: "You are young, John, and you will soon get over it all. Go home and study medicine with your father. It is a noble and grand profession, and I shall love to think of you as being of service to your fellow-men in that way." He also gave his ex-artillery chief a letter to his father, which is still carefully preserved among the most sacred of family papers, and reads as follows:

MILITARY DEPARTMENT FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS,
GAINESVILLE, ALA., May 10, 1865.

Dear Sir: It affords me pleasure to report the following to you of the conduct of your son, Capt. John W. Morton, Jr.

He was ordered to report to me for duty by General Bragg, to take charge of my Horse Artillery, in November, 1862. His appearance was so youthful and his form so frail that (wishing stout, active men for my service) I at first hesitated to receive him; but coming so well recommended by Colonel Hollenquest, General Bragg's Chief of Artillery, and others, I concluded to try him, having learned he was first lieutenant of "Porter's" famous Tennessee Battery, which surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. He was highly complimented by General Buckner in his Official Report, and received from General Buckner the high appellation of "Gallant Lieutenant Morton, Our Beardless Boy."

I gave him command of a section of artillery, and moved with my first raid into West Tennessee in December, 1862, and soon captured other guns, and placed him in command of the battery; and during this expedition the gallant and efficient manner in which he handled his guns won my confidence and esteem. He has been constantly with me since, in all my engagements, never absent from his post of duty, apparently happiest when in the thickest of the fight. He has held with great credit for twelve months past the position of Chief of Artillery of my corps. By his soldierly bearing, generous disposition, affable manners, strict attention to duty and the welfare of his men, uniform and true gallantry on so many fields, he has made many friends, and you may justly be proud of such a son. He has, with the troops of this department, surrendered his "Old" Battery, one of the best equipped and finest in the service.

I deeply sympathize with him and wish him much success and happiness in any vocation of after life.

Yours most respectfully, N. B. FORREST, *Lieutenant General.*

DR. JOHN W. MORTON.

The oath signed by Captain Morton on his return to Nashville is as follows:

No. 44. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
MIDDLE DISTRICT OF TENNESSEE.

I, Edward R. Campbell, Commissioner of the Circuit Court for the Middle District of Tennessee, hereby certify that on the 26th day of June, 1865, at my office in Nashville, Tenn., personally appeared before me John W. Morton, Jr., who, being by me duly sworn, took and subscribed the following oath:

"I do hereby solemnly swear, in the presence of the Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of States thereunder, and I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves. So help me God. JNO. W. MORTON, JR."

As witness his above signature to said oath, and also my signature and office seal the day and year aforesaid,

E. R. CAMPBELL,

[Seal] *United States Circuit Court Commissioner.*

NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

And the wondering ranks of the foe were like clay
To those men of flint in the molten day;
And the hell-hounds of war howled afar for their prey
When the arm of Forrest led.

Or devil or angel, life stirred when he spoke,
And the current of courage, if slumbering, woke
At the yell of the leader, for never was broke
The record men wondering read.

Swing, rustless blade, in the dauntless hand;
Ride, soul of a god, through the deathless band,
Through the low green mounds or the breadth of the land,
Wherever your legions dwell.

Swing, Rebel blade, through the halls of fame,
Where courage and justice have left your name:
By the torches of glory your deeds shall flame
With the reckoning of time.

WAIT.*

There's a silver lining for you and for me,
Though the clouds are dark as night;
For whether on land or on the sea,
Only wait, and all will be right.

*Presented to Mrs. Morton by the author, Mr. Stephen Massett.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

"Life is memory, action, and hope.
Time is yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.
To-morrow may never come, to-day may chronicle failure,
But yesterday is beyond the touch of time, or azure of oblivion."

If we have acted ill, it is irredeemable; if we have acted well, it redeems us. Yesterday, then, is either a crown of thorns to torture or a crown to bless us.

Yesterday is history, and history is the treasure-house of the past, and in it is garnered up for eternity the only parcel of swift-gliding time that remains to man, and in its amber depths are at last preserved the deeds of men and nations.

It is a part of the history of many of you who stood by the South in the Civil War, and you could not deny it; I hope no one would deny it. When that tempest of enthusiasm swept over this land, when the gage of battle was cast between the North and South, cold indeed was the heart that it did not kindle to a flame.

Men Southern-born, men Northern-born, men born in every country of the world, who lived in the South, caught the generous inspiration and stood up for her defense.

No man who joined the ranks with a true heart, however humble his position or slight his service, can ever be scorned, unless he deserted to the enemy and turned his coat and fought against his brethren in open battle.

Those ranks were filled with men, who, honestly before God, took their lives in their hands and defended their State and country from invasion, their firesides from rapine and scathe, and for those principles of home rule and constitutional government without which republics cannot exist.

The Northern children need not be afraid of the verdict of history. The Greeks looked back to Marathon and Leuctra, the Romans to Canne and Pharsalia, France to Ivry and the Revolution of '93, England to the "War of the Roses" and of Cavalier and Puritan. But the children of the South need not look to the modern, mediæval, nor ancient history for justification or example.

Tell me not of the Asphodel that bloomed on the banks of the Ilissus, the laurel that wreathes the Capitoline Hills, the lilies of France, or the roses of Britain, when the soil throughout our beloved State, wherever your feet tread, blossoms from heroic blood.

Comrades, and the sons and daughters of Veterans and their kin and friends, look to Manassas, to Shiloh, Seven Pines, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Stone's River, Chickamauga, Brice's Crossroads, Harrisburg, and bloody Franklin; and from those battlefields arose the smoke of a conflict that dwarfed all previous wars, billowing up to the arch of heaven like incense to the God of battles. In the Valley of Virginia the mountains lift their ramparts through the blue haze, a mural monument to Stonewall Jackson, and he was as firm as those cliffs of rocks; and the azure heaven that hangs above them is like the peace of God that descended upon him.

In statuesque repose at Lexington sleeps the marble form of Lee, "the sword of honor by his side, the star of glory on his breast." Nature's sun and stars rise and set, but the flash of that sword and the radiance of that star will be undimmed forever.

Forrest thunders in every storm that shakes the earth from Donelson to Chickamauga, from Fort Pillow to Selma, and the flash of his sword may be seen when the lightning cuts the darkness with its quivering line of fire.

The magnitude and desperation of the Civil War is emphasized when we compare some of its great battles with the great battles of other countries. The per cent of loss at Perryville was 20; Gettysburg, 25; Shiloh, 29; Murfreesboro, 29; Chickamauga, 32.

Waterloo was one of the most desperate and bloody fields chronicled in European history, and Wellington's casualties were less than 12 per cent. At the great battles of Marengo and Austerlitz, sanguinary as they were, Napoleon lost an average of 14½ per cent; at Gravelotte and Sedan in 1870 the average loss was 12 per cent. At Contras, Henry of Navarre was reported as cut to pieces, but his loss was less than 10 per cent; at Malplaquet, Marlborough lost 10 per cent; at Magenta and Solferino in 1859 the average loss of both armies was less than 9 per cent; at Zurich Massena lost but 8 per cent; at Linden General Moreau lost but 4 per cent; and the Archduke John lost but 7 per cent in killed and wounded. At the great battle of Wagram Napoleon lost but about 5 per cent; at Würzburg the French lost but 3½ per cent, and yet the army gave up the field and retreated to the Rhine. At Racour, Marshal Saxe lost but 2½ per cent, and at the great battle of Lodi Napoleon lost but 1¼ per cent.

I wonder who will be able to figure out what per cent Shafter lost at Santiago? and will Otis risk his reputation in figuring the per cent of some of his great battles around Manila?

We had a sure-enough war and some first-class battles. Tennessee furnished one-sixth of all the soldiers in the Confederate

armies, and, singular to say, there repose in Tennessee soil one-sixth of all the dead soldiers of the Federal army. The monuments erected to these by a munificent government and the handsome, well-kept grounds where they are at rest are the grandest monuments that could be erected to the valor and heroism of the Confederate soldier. The 750,000 Federal pensioners over forty-five years after the close of the war (over 100,000 more men than the Confederates ever had under arms) are further evidence of the gallantry and marksmanship of the Confederates, and will stand as a fitting monument to the prowess of Southern arms.

The war is over and the Southern intellect and heart assert their allegiance to the Constitution and the flag, and the Southern people stand solid to-day against any subversion of our constitutional system and encroachment upon the flag. The great Civil War, in which blood enough flowed to incarnate multitudinous seas, illustrated to the world, and with truth, that we taught Europe the art of war.

The world is familiar with the great commanders of both armies, their fame is secure and safely enshrined in the "Pantheon of History." They will forever occupy the prominent places in the picture galleries of the world's heroes, and monuments will tower to the skies to commemorate their deeds of daring; but upon this occasion, as upon all such occasions, we should stand with uncovered heads and drop tears of appreciation and affection upon the graves of the private soldiers, who, without hope of glory or reward, except that prompted by patriotism, gave up their lives for their country. Battles are won by the private soldiers; they mount the breastworks, stand in the trenches, take the long, weary marches, capture the batteries, and—die. Thousands rest uncoffined in their nameless graves throughout the South.

"They fell 'mid the smoke of that terrible charge,
Where Death was his swift strokes dealing,
And received at the hands their final discharge,
While the shouts of the victors were pealing.

But the wild flowers bloom where they rest with their God,
And the stars are their silent watch keeping,
And angels weep dewdrops at night on the sod
Where the private soldier lies sleeping."

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

BY COL. WINSTON FOUNTAIN.

Comrades, sleep your sleep of glory
In your narrow soldiers' graves,
Though the flag you gave to story
In the breeze no longer waves;
Gently sleep, though hopes most cherished
Vanished when you nobly died;
Though your country's cause has perished,
You for her the world defied.

With our trusted falchion broken,
Naught toward a hostile blow,
Festering sink the insults spoken,
Insults to a fallen foe;
Dastard insults! Aye, we feel them!
Tingling veins and faces burn
And the anguished tears come bursting,
That no blow we may return.

That the gallant crimson banner
Now is trailing on the ground,
That its thousand true-hearted followers
Lie beneath the grassy mound.
That our pure and patriot Chieftain
In a fortress prison pined,
While in every town and hamlet
Steel of hatred forever shined.

Victors of a hundred battles
With the death wound in the breast,
By the infant, ere it prattles,
Shall your honored graves be dressed;
Children's children shall adore you,
Yet your sunny South be free,
And the germ your blood has watered
Soon becomes a glorious tree.

Yet with tramp of martial legions
Shall our hills and plains resound.
Lees and Jacksons be their leaders,
Stuarts, Forrests, there be found,

And the blood-red banner, blazing
With the starry Southern cross
O'er the hero sons of heroes,
Shall again in victory toss.

Comrades, sleep your sleep of glory,
Though the flag you gave to story
Now is trailing, soiled and gory,
Chained beneath the victor's car;
But that chain your sons shall sever,
Raise your flag with stern endeavor,
There defeat shall meet it never,
Where its stars shall gleam forever
Gladly through the Southern air.

GEN. PAT CLEBURNE.

MONUMENT IN HIS HONOR TO BE ERECTED AT FRANKLIN.

Monuments in honor of heroes have been the custom of all civilized nations.

Greece was covered over with the statues of gods, sages, and heroes.

The Roman general stood in monumental brass or equestrian bronze in the forum of the Eternal City and in all her prominent capitals. Trojan overlooked Rome from her lofty columns. Titus and Marcus Aurelius are bestride their colossal horses on the Via Sacra.

Peter the Great, with the serpent under his horse's feet, adorns the Russian capital. Napoleon on the column in the Place Vendome surpasses this majesty as he surpassed the glory of the Roman Emperor, whose monument he imitated. Nelson stands in honor in Trafalgar Square, and the Iron Duke curbs his war horse in Waterloo Place. Washington rides down Pennsylvania Avenue upon his charger; Jackson, with uncovered head, gallops along the line of battle in Lafayette Square in New Orleans; and on our Capitol Hill Andrew Jackson, with the pose of a hero, uncovers his godlike head for the wreath of glory, which all ages will put upon it. Forrest, the peerless prince of soldiers and cavaliers, rides in monumental bronze at Memphis. Why should not Cleburne and other gallant heroes, who sacrificed their lives in devotion to their country's cause on the ramparts of the bloody

battlefield of Franklin, have a lasting monument erected to their honor and fame?

In the Confederate charge by Cleburne's and Brown's Divisions across the open field below Winstead Hill, driving the Federals into their works, six generals were killed, five wounded, and one captured.

At daylight on December 1, 1864, about 4,500 Confederates and 2,000 Federals lay dead and wounded on the battlefield. The writer, who had his artillery in action, and others witnessed this tragic scene from Winstead Hill.

ANOTHER STAR NOW SHINES ON HIGH.

"Another ray of light hath fled, another Southern brave
Hath fallen in his country's cause and found a laureled grave.
Hath fallen, but his deathless name shall live when stars shall set,
For, noble Cleburne, thou art one this world will ne'er forget.

'Tis true, thy warm heart beats no more, that on thy noble head
Azrael placed his icy hand, and thou art with the dead!
The glancing of thine eyes is dim; no more will they be bright
Until they ope in Paradise with clearer, heavenlier light.

No battle news disturbs thy rest upon the sun-bright shore,
No clarion voice awakened thee on earth to wrestle more;
No tramping steed, no wary foe bids thee awake, arise,
For thou art in the angel world, beyond the starry skies.

Brave Cleburne, dream in thy low bed with pulseless, deadened heart;
Calm, calm and sweet, O warrior rest! thou well hast borne thy part,
And now a glory wreath for thee the angels singing twine,
A glory wreath, not of the earth, but made by hands divine.

A long farewell, we give thee up, with all thy bright renown.
A chieftain hero on earth is lost, in heaven an angel found.
Above thy grave a wail is heard—a nation mourns her dead;
A nobler for the South ne'er died, a braver never bled.

A last farewell; how can we speak the bitter word 'farewell?'
The anguish of our bleeding hearts vain words may never tell.
Sleep on, sleep on; to God we give our chieftain in his might,
And, weeping, feel he lives on high, where comes no sorrow's night."

Cleburne fell, and here John Adams, intent on victory, found an undying glory in a soldier's death, his horse falling lifeless across the enemy's breastworks, and he, sword in hand, dying in their midst.

Our losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners were 4,500; the Federals about 2,000. Among the killed were Maj. Gen. P. R. Cleburne, Brig. Gens. J. F Gist, John Adams, O. F. Strahl, John C. Carter, and H. B. Granberry. Maj. Gen. A. M. Brown, Brig. Gens. John C. Manigault, Wm. A. Quarles, Frank Cockrill, and John S. Scott were wounded, and Brig. Gen. Geo. W. Gordon captured.

Byron tells us, and human experience bears him out, that

> "'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
> Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home.
> 'Tis sweeter far to know there is an eye will mark
> Our coming, and grow brighter when we come."

When the Confederate soldier, in 1865, turned his weary footsteps toward his home, turning his back on the scenes of carnage, he commenced a journey of horrors for which language has no words, poetry no pencil. Many returned to their once happy homes, now crumbling amid the ruined fences and abandoned fields and the melancholy markers of the passage of the foe. It was the joyous summer time, and kindly Nature had tried to heal the scars left by the cruel fangs of war with wild, luxuriant growths of vine and weed. In vain did she carpet the blood-soaked ground with a rug of emerald turf and drape the ruined walls with a graceful tangle of creepers—they but accentuated the absence of the spirit that had animated the desolated scene and filled it with the joy of life.

The returned soldier, who had fought a losing battle for his hearthstone and freedom, who had forced himself into the ramparts of an enemy's astonishment and admiration, and into the very citadel of a world's wonder and honor, could only gaze upon his ruined altars, his despoiled but still stainless country, and murmur: "Thy will, not mine, be done." Inquiring where his wife, his children, his aged parents had wandered with bleeding feet, half-clad and homeless, seeking a refuge in the battle-scarred valleys, he was often pointed to new-made mounds that rose beside the monuments in the old family burying ground; often told stories of rapine and destruction that aroused in him all the demons of savage fury; and, thank God, he was often greeted with the warm love

and cheering hope that makes full compensation for the sorrows and hardships of life.

His, then, the manly part of rearing anew the temples of love and affection, of bringing order out of chaos, and of upbuilding once more a prosperous and happy commonwealth. To this task the Confederate, let it be said to his honor, applied himself with a sincere and earnest effort. Abandoning the sword and the gun, he took up the implements of useful toil, even the plow, the hoe, and the spade, with which previous conditions had not familiarized him. No honest labor was shirked that might bring bread to his family and shelter them from the storms.

Poverty now became the badge of nobility. It spoke eloquently of heroism, patriotism, oblivion to selfish interest, and a generous sacrifice of everything upon the altar of a beloved country. The enduring manhood of the Southern soldier met toil and privations in the same noble spirit with which he had faced peril and hardships.

Nor must it be forgotten that the noble wives, mothers, and sweethearts, who had buckled on their soldier's armor and bade him go forth to the call of duty on the battlefield, whose cheeks had glowed with pride in his deeds of daring, blushed not on seeing him engaged in occupations once deemed menial, nor shrank themselves from soiling their delicate hands with honest toil, and fulfilling in every degree the scriptural injunction to be helpmeets "in deed and in truth."

Captain Morton's father, John W. Morton, Sr., as had been stated, was one of the foremost physicians of Nashville on the outbreak of hostilities. Returning to his home, he found a wide field for practice of this noble profession, but, alas! very little money to pay for his services. He had left a good estate to go to the war; he found himself at the bottom of the ladder when it closed. Nevertheless, the son decided to follow in his father's footsteps, rather from an ardent admiration of his revered and gifted father than any strong inclination for the healing art.

A word concerning Captain Morton's family may not be amiss at this point.

A paternal ancestor, John Morton, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. His maternal grandfather was among the earliest pioneers of the Cumberland settlement, and made himself famous for his valor and fortitude as an Indian fighter, and as such was commander of Fort Buchanan on Mill Creek, Davidson County. Major Buchanan's wife was Sarah, a daughter of Capt. George Ridley, who built the fort near Nashville, which is well known by his name. She was one of those grand women of the heroic

pioneer days, who gloriously cheered the men and molded the bullets that cleared the wilderness of savages and made a home for civilization. She was called the "Heroine of the West." Captain Morton's mother's name was also Sarah. His paternal grandfather, Jacob Morton, came to Tennessee soon after the Revolution from Prince Edward County, Va., and settled in Williamson County, Tenn.

Entering the Medical Department of the University of Nashville in the fall of 1865, Captain Morton took up his studies under the direction of Prof. W. K. Bowling and Dr. Paul F. Eve, Sr., and learned the use of the scalpel and dissecting knife. Although many of the students had served throughout the war, and all were oppressed by its consequences, the buoyant spirit of youth led them into pranks common to university students. A favorite trick was the "guying" of a professor, or a student who happened to be assisting in a demonstration. "Bob" White, the late highly cultured and influential Dr. R. L. C. White, undertook one day to "guy" the ex-artillery officer as he stepped to the rostrum to assist Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley, Professor of Chemistry, in some experiments, and was rewarded with such a belligerent demonstration that it looked for a few minutes as if an encounter were imminent; but "Bob" desisted and the experiment proceeded without interruption.

February 28, 1867, was the day fixed for graduation, and as it drew near many hearts began to fill with hope for the coveted honor of being class valedictorian. Captain Morton had no intention of making the race, and made no effort to "electioneer," and was, therefore, completely surprised to receive the unanimous vote of the class for the honor. There were two members who voted on the first ballot for another student, but on the next these changed their votes for Morton. Commencement exercises took place in the Masonic Temple, on Church Street. A pouring rain all day promised a rather slim attendance, but when the opening hour came the hall was filled to overflowing with friends who wished to witness the first conferring of doctor's degrees since the war. There were fifty-six graduates, representing the States of Mississippi, Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee.

It was a proud moment for the newly fledged physicians, and it would be difficult to say whether Captain Morton ever felt a more profound pride, unless, indeed, it was on the occasion of getting his first cannon at Lexington in 1862.

The valedictorian's address was full of the fervid sentiments of the extremely youthful and the grandiloquent expressions common to the period.

Following the attainment of the right to add the magic letters "M.D." to his name, Dr. Morton opened a practice with his father; but, as has been stated, while there were patients in plenty, money was the scarcest commodity in the country, and the new profession proved a very busy and useful but not a lucrative one. Dr. Morton, Jr., joined the Nashville Medical Society, and had the honor of reading several papers before that august body.

A city dispensary was established for the improvement of the public health, and Dr. Joseph Jones, of the University of Nashville faculty, was placed in charge of it, with young Dr. Morton as assistant. Ever since the occupation of Nashville by the Federal troops the greatest disorder had ruled and the mortality rate among the poor had been steadily increasing, and it was to relieve this condition among them that the city dispensary was inaugurated.

Dr. Jones was also a student of aboriginal history, and made a number of exploring trips in the vicinity of Nashville. Young Dr. Morton accompanied Dr. Jones on several of these excursions, and was present at the opening of many of the mounds and graves. The graves were in the form of small parallelograms, thus giving rise to the popular belief that they were occupied by a race of pygmies; but investigation proved the bodies to range from infants to old age, the large ones being doubled up to fit the limited space. They were uncoffined, unless the construction of the grave could be called a combination coffin and tomb. A large flat rock was placed at the head and foot, while a number of similar flagstones were used to line the sides. A single slab was used as a covering. Frequently a rude earthen vessel was found at the head or in the hands of the skeletons, and a few simple ornaments and implements of cultivation were unearthed. The graves were placed on the side of an artificial mound, but arranged in no special form or order. One skeleton was discovered that measured over seven feet in length, and appeared from the teeth to have been over a hundred years old at death. Other bones indicating men of extremely large stature were unearthed. Traces of rude fortifications were found, and near by could also be seen the intrenchments thrown up by General Hood's brave men in their determined assault upon Nashville, the erosion of Time slowly leveling both to Mother Earth again.

Captain Morton preserved for many years some of the copper arrowheads and pottery found in these graves, and finally deposited them in the rooms of the Tennessee Historical Society, of which he has been a member since those times.

Political troubles were at high water during the period of Reconstruction. As every one knows, the Confederates were dis-

franchised, and Tennessee, like her other Southern sisters, groaned under the yoke of the negro rule and carpetbag domination. Out of the desperate situation grew a desperate remedy, and one that was made effective by the same creative brain that conceived the battle of Brice's Crossroads, and, ignorant of the rules of war, daringly sent his artillery in an unsupported charge into the enemy's ranks at close range.

THE KUKLUX KLAN.

The Kuklux Klan was at first merely an association of college boys for the playing of those mysterious pranks in which the ebullient heart of youth takes keen delight. It was formed in Pulaski, Tenn., in May, 1866. Weird costumes were designed, and all sorts of revelry held under the seal of secrecy; public curiosity finally solving the reason for its existence by crediting it with the intention of checking the Republican domination. This idea spread, and its plausibilities so appealed to the disfranchised Confederates that it crystallized in the formation, at Nashville, in 1867, of a club for the suppression of the plundering negroes and lawless whites who belonged to the "Union League." Delegates from the different klans, which were now spread over Tennessee and the neighboring States, met at Nashville, without attracting notice, and a regular organization was perfected, to be known as "The Invisible Empire." It was divided into "Realms," corresponding to States; each "Realm" was divided into "Dominions," corresponding to congressional districts; each "Dominion" into "Provinces," corresponding to counties; and each "Province" into "Dens." The supreme head of the order was the "Grand Wizard;" the ruler of a "Realm" was a "Grand Dragon;" that of a "Dominion" a "Grand Titan;" that of a "Province" a "Grand Giant;" and that of a "Den" a "Grand Cyclops."

The meeting and organization were of necessity secret, as Nashville was still occupied by a large force of Federal troops, and the Confederates had been disarmed as well as disfranchised. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, printed and bound in perfect secrecy, the work being credited to Laps D. McCord, at that time the editor of the *Pulaski Citizen.*

The creed of the order was stated as follows:

"We, the Order of the Kuklux Klan, reverentially acknowledge the majesty and supremacy of the Divine Being, and recognize the goodness and providence of the same. And we recognize our relation to the United States Government, the supremacy of the Constitu-

tion, the constitutional laws thereof, and the union of States thereunder."

The character and objects of the "Klan" were stated plainly:

"This is an institution of Chivalry, Humanity, Mercy, and Patriotism, embodying in its genius and its principles all that is chivalric in conduct, noble in sentiment, generous in manhood, and patriotic in purpose; its peculiar objects being:

"1. To protect the weak, the innocent, and the defenseless from the indignities, wrongs, and outrages of the lawless, the violent, and the brutal; to relieve the injured and the oppressed; to succor the suffering and unfortunate, and especially the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers."

Captain Morton was elected the Grand Cyclops of the Nashville Den, and immediately set to work to apply the avowed intention of the organization. No orders were ever printed, but when any were promulgated they were found mysteriously affixed in their proper places and they were couched in a language of mingled mystery and plainness. "It was," says Judge Albion Tourgee, who was a Reconstruction judge in North Carolina, and who wrote a novel of that period in which he described his own experiences, "a daring conception for a conquered people. Only a race of warlike instincts and regal pride could have conceived or executed it.

It was a magnificent conception, and, in a sense, deserved success. It differed from all other attempts at revolution in the caution and skill required in its conduct. It was a movement made in the face of the enemy, and an enemy of overwhelming strength. Should it succeed, it would be the most brilliant revolution ever accomplished. Should it fail—well, those who engaged in it felt that they had nothing more to lose."*

This fair estimate of the movement is particularly appreciated, coming as it does from a man who suffered at its hands, evading the death penalty decreed only by the narrowest of margins.

The leading features of the negro character at the present day are a vivid imagination, added to a deeply superstitious nature. At the period which is now being described these characteristics were even more pronounced. The Kuklux Klan, therefore, readily appealed to these people as the incarnation of the powers of darkness, and it was soon noticed that in the neighborhoods where the "Dens" were most actively operating no negro could be induced to budge beyond his doorsill after nightfall. It was widely bruited abroad that the Kuklux were the "hants" of dead Con-

*"A Fool's Errand," by Albion W. Tourgee.

federate soldiers, and travel along the roads where the weird, sheeted figures were wont to be seen riding in silence that was no less awful than acts of open violence was almost discontinued at night.

The rapidity with which the order spread was marvelous. The news of the good effects flew from community to community, and everywhere the law-abiding element saw in the organization of "Dens" the means of substituting order and peace for the injustice and indignities so long borne.

Mr. T. W Gregory, of Austin, Tex., read before the Arkansas Bar Association in 1906 such a clear exposition of the growth of the organization that it is quoted from freely herewith, with due acknowledgment to the eminent author:

"The secret Nashville convention gave a still greater impetus to the movement, for the same unbearable conditions existed in every Southern community, and the belief that nothing could be hoped for from the national or local authorities was prevalent and well founded. In order to more effectively carry out their plans and deceive the public as to their members, the 'Grand Dragon' of the 'Realm' of Tennessee issued an order for a general parade in each county seat on the night of July 4, 1867. A faint idea of the impression created can be gathered from the account of an eyewitness of what occurred in Pulaski.

"On the morning of that day the citizens found the sidewalks thickly strewn with slips of paper bearing the printed words: 'The Kuklux Klan will parade the streets to-night.' This announcement created great excitement. The people supposed that their curiosity, so long baffled, would now be gratified. They were confident that this parade would at least afford them the opportunity of learning who belonged to the Kuklux Klan.

"Soon after nightfall the streets were lined with an expectant and excited throng of people. Many came from the surrounding country. The members of the Klan in the county left their homes in the afternoon, and traveled alone or in squads of two or three, with their paraphernalia carefully concealed. If questioned, they answered that they were going to Pulaski to see the Kuklux parade. After nightfall they assembled at designated points near the four main roads leading to the town. Here they donned their robes and disguises, and put covers of gaudy materials on their horses. A skyrocket sent up from a point in the town was the signal to mount and move. The different companies met and joined each other on the Public Square in perfect silence; the discipline was admirable. Not a word was spoken. Necessary orders were given by means of whistles. In single file, in deathlike still-

ness, with funereal slowness, they marched and countermarched throughout the town. While the column was headed north in one street, it was going south on the other. By crossing over in opposite directions the lines were kept up in almost unbroken continuity. The effect was to create the impression of vast numbers. This marching and countermarching was kept up for about two hours, and the Klan departed as noiselessly as they came. The public was more than ever mystified.

"The efforts of the most curious to find out who were Kuklux failed. One gentleman from the country was confident that he could identify the riders by the horses, but, as we have said, the horses were disguised as well as the riders. Determined not to be baffled, during the halt of the column he lifted the cover of a horse that was near him and recognized his own steed and saddle on which he had ridden into town. The town people were on the alert to see who of the young men of the town would be Kuklux. All of them, almost without exception, were marked mingling freely and conspicuously with the spectators.

"Perhaps the greatest illusion produced was in regard to the numbers taking part in the parade. Reputable citizens were confident that the number was not less than three thousand. Others, whose imaginations were most easily wrought upon, were quite certain there were ten thousand. The truth is that the number of Kuklux in the parade did not exceed four hundred."

Continuing, Mr. Gregory says:

"It is safe to say that ninety per cent of the work of the Klan involved no act of personal violence. In most instances mere knowledge of the fact that the Kuklux were organized in the community and patrolled it by night accomplished most that was desired. In case the nocturnal political meetings of the negroes, organized by scalawags and carpetbaggers, proved disorderly and offensive, sheeted horsemen would be found drawn up across every road leading from the meeting place, and, though not a word was spoken and no violence whatever offered, that meeting usually adjourned *sine die;* sometimes the entire Klan was divided into smaller bodies, which rode all night, appearing in negro quarters, distributing over a large section of country, and usually maintaining absolute silence and molesting no one. In case a negro became insolent or dangerous, he was likely to be visited by a mounted specter some twelve feet high, who asked for water, drank a bucketful with the remark that it was the first he had tasted since he was killed at the battle of Shiloh, extended a skeleton hand, or what appeared to be his skull, to his unwilling host, and departed with the suggestion that he would call again in case the owner of

the cabin did not improve his manners. No one who was not reared among the negroes can form the slightest conception of the potency of these methods.

"In addition to these methods there were some of a much more drastic nature. The sheeted horsemen did not merely warn and intimidate, especially when the warnings were not heeded. In many instances negroes and carpetbaggers were whipped, and in very rare instances shot or hanged. Notice to leave the country was frequently extended and rarely declined; and if declined, the results were likely to be serious. Hanging was promptly administered to the house burner, and sometimes to the murderer; the defamer of women of good character was usually whipped, and sometimes executed if the offense was repeated; threats of violence and oppression of the weak and defenseless, if persisted in after given due warning, met with drastic and sometimes cruel remedies; mere corruption in public life was too universal for punishment, or even comment, but he who prostituted official power to oppress the individual, a crime prevalent from one end of the country to the other, especially in cases where it affected the widow and orphan, was likely to be dealt with in no gentle way, in case a warning was not promptly observed. Those who advocated and practiced social equality of the races, and incited hostilities of the blacks against the whites, were given a single notice to depart in haste, and they rarely took time to reply.

"No victim of their displeasure ever suffered without first a full and ample investigation of his case, *ex parte,* 'tis true, but all the facts were first found out and thoughtfully weighed, for and against him, and the sentence carefully considered and made commensurate with the justice and necessity of the case. They made the 'punishment suit the crime.' Where good men controlled little real injustice was done, but in a few instances 'Dens' were dominated by the reckless and cruel. These men committed crimes equal to or worse than those the movement was intended to suppress, and ultimately brought the greatest reproach upon the order. The writer, after going over a large amount of data, including a hurried perusal of some thirteen volumes devoted by the committees of Congress to the subject, has become fully convinced that in a vast majority of cases the victims of the Kuklux Klans received just about what they were entitled to.

"On account of the secret character of the Klan it was impossible for it to defend itself against many false accusations. Violence and crimes with which it had no connection were constantly charged to it, and it was well known that many arrests were made of

lawless persons, clothed in the Kuklux disguise, who could have had no connection whatever with the order.

"But the Invisible Empire, however its sway was exercised, was a real empire. Wisely and humanely, or roughly and cruelly, the work was done. The State governments under carpetbag control made little headway with their freedmen's militia against the silent representatives of the white man's will. Acts of Congress and proclamations of President Grant, backed by the army of the nation, were not sufficient to meet the desperate onset of men who, armed with crude weapons, were making what seemed to them the last stand for all they held sacred.

"In September, 1868, Governor Brownlow called the Legislature of Tennessee together and had an Act passed comparable only to the Reconstruction Acts of Congress. By its terms association or connection with the Klan was punished by a fine of $500 and imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than five years. Every inhabitant of the State was constituted an officer with power to arrest without process any one known to be, or suspected of being, a Kuklux. To feed, lodge, entertain, or conceal a Kuklux subjected the offender to a fine of $500 and imprisonment for five years, and informers were offered one-half of the fine.

"Notwithstanding these drastic provisions, the Kuklux continued to actively operate in Tennessee for about six months thereafter. In the latter part of February, 1869, the 'Grand Wizard,' a citizen of Tennessee, issued a proclamation to his subjects, reciting the legislation against the Klan, stating that the order had now largely accomplished the purposes for which it had been organized; that the civil law now afforded adequate protection to life and property; that robbery and lawlessness were no longer to be dreaded for their property, persons, and families; that the 'Grand Wizard' had been invested with power to determine questions of paramount importance, and, in the exercise of the powers so conferred, he declared the Klan dissolved and disbanded. It is believed that the 'Grand Wizard' was no less a personage than Nathan Bedford Forrest. As the possessor of dauntless and sustained courage, resourcefulness, and a grim disregard of all consequences, no more ideal leader of such a movement ever appeared upon the American stage. This proclamation was addressed to all 'Realms,' 'Dominions,' 'Provinces,' and 'Dens of the Empire,' but it had little effect beyond the borders of one State. Tennessee was the first settled State in which constitutional government was restored and the scheme of reconstruction abandoned.

"For several years after the Kuklux, as such, had abandoned their organization practically the same movement was kept up under

the names of 'Constitutional Union Guards,' 'Palefaces,' 'White Brotherhood,' 'White League,' and 'Knights of the White Camelia.' As a general thing, the work done by these latter organizations was more reckless and violent in its character, there was less justification for it, after 1872, and more bloodshed resulted than grew out of the operations of the original movement.

"As a general rule, this grim protest against unbearable conditions disappeared with the worst of the conditions, and not sooner. In 1870, 1871, and 1872 the Kuklux Klan consumed a large part of the attention of Congress, the President, and the army of the United States. Investigating committees visited every section of the South, many volumes of testimony were compiled, hundreds of speeches were made, martial law was declared in some instances and proclamations issued in others, and still more drastic laws were passed; but in the face of all this the movement relentlessly moved on to the accomplishment of its purposes.

"The Senate investigating committee and a joint committee of the Houses of Congress each presented majority and minority reports; the first to the effect that a conspiracy existed in the South of a political nature against law and the negro; the second, that misgovernment and criminal exploiting of the country by the reconstruction leaders had provoked natural resistance.

"The great debates in Congress and the press of the country began to educate the people to the awful conditions which had prevailed and the revolution resorted to as a remedy.

"In 1872 Congress passed an act restoring the right to vote and hold office to the real leaders and capable men of the South, the worst conditions had disappeared, the troops had been withdrawn, and what was known in the North as 'the great Kuklux conspiracy' was at an end."

Speaking of the typical Southern man of that day, Daniel H. Chamberlain, the Reconstruction ruler of South Carolina, said: "I consider him a distinct and really noble growth of our American soil. For if fortitude under good and under evil fortune, if endurance without complaint of what comes in the tide of human affairs, if a grim clinging to ideals once charming, if vigor and resiliency of character and spirit under defeat and poverty and distress, if a steady love of learning and letters when libraries were lost in flames and the wreckage of war, if self-restraint when the long-delayed relief at last came—if, I say, all these qualities are parts of real heroism, if these qualities can vivify and ennoble a man or people, then our own South may lay claim to an honored place among the differing types of our great common race."

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., has given a vivid picture of the ad-

mission of General Forrest to the order and the closing parade in Nashville, which is inserted here:

"One of the most interesting figures in the inner history of the clan is that of Hon. John W. Morton, formerly Secretary of the State of Tennessee, who was General Forrest's chief of artillery. Pale and boyish in appearance, he was, in fact, but a boy, yet he won the utmost confidence of the General, who relied on him as Stuart did on Pelham and Lee on Jackson. Forrest called him 'the little bit of a kid with a great big backbone.'

"When the rumors of the Kuklux Klan first spread over Tennessee, General Forrest was quick to see its possibilities. He went immediately to Nashville to find his young chief of artillery.

"Captain Morton then had an office diagonally across from the Maxwell House. Looking from his window one day, he saw General Forrest walking impatiently around Calhoun Corner, as it was then called. Hastening down the steps to greet his former chieftain, he encountered a little negro boy, who inquired where he could find Captain Morton. He said: 'There's a man over yonder on de corner and he wants to see him, and he looks like he wants to see him mighty bad.' Captain Morton hurried across the street, and, after salutation, the General said: 'John, I hear this Kuklux Klan is organized in Nashville, and I know you are in it. I want to join.' The young man avoided the issue and took his Commander for a ride. General Forrest persisted in his questions about the Klan and Morton kept smiling and changing the subject. On reaching a dense woods in a secluded valley outside the city, Morton suddenly turned on his former leader and said: 'General, do you say you want to join the Kuklux?'

"General Forrest was somewhat vexed and swore a little: 'Didn't I tell you that's what I came up here for?'

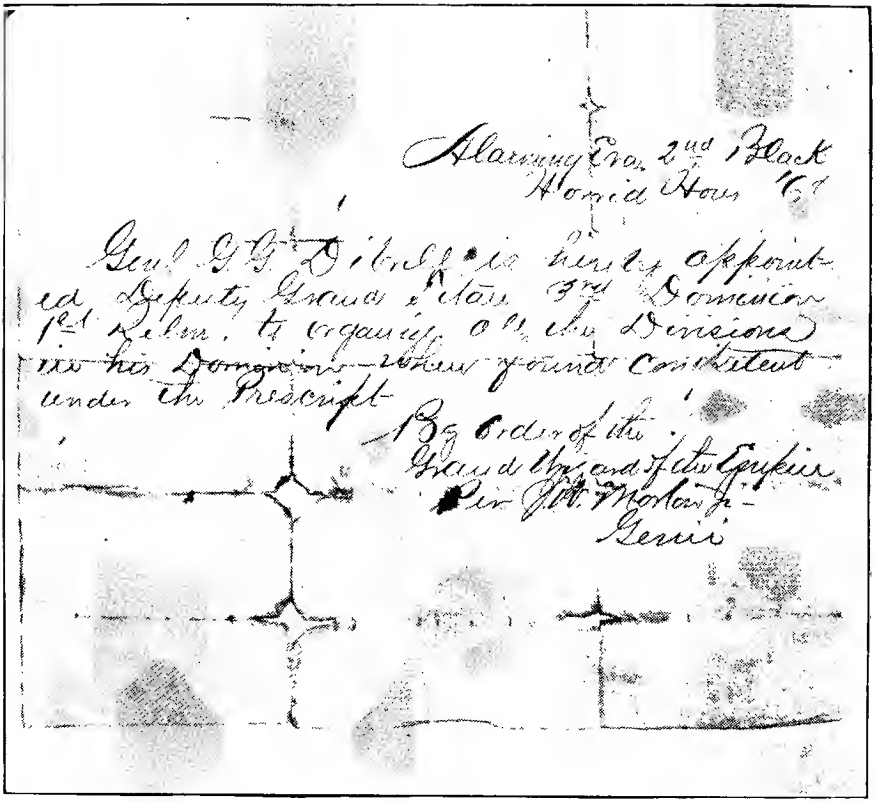
"Smiling at the idea of giving orders to his erstwhile commander, Captain Morton said: 'Well, get out of the buggy.' General Forrest stepped out of the buggy, and next received the order: 'Hold up your right hand.'

"General Forrest did as he was ordered, and Captain Morton solemnly administered the preliminary oath of the order.

"As he finished taking the oath General Forrest said: 'John, that's the worst swearing that I ever did.'

" 'That's all I can give you now. Go to Room 10 at the Maxwell House to-night and you can get all you want. Now you know how to get in,' said Captain Morton.

"After administering the oath to his chieftain, Captain Morton drove him to call on a young lady, and after a short visit in the parlor, Miss H. saw them out to the door. General Forrest led



ONLY WRITTEN K. K. K. ORDER.

her to the end of the porch, and Captain Morton overheard him saying: 'Miss Annie, if you can get John Morton, you take him. I know him. He'll take care of you.'

"That night the General was made a full-fledged clansman, and was soon elected Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire.

"Possibly the only order of the Klan that was ever written is the following, in Captain Morton's possession:

"'ALARMING ERA, 2D BLACK, HORRID HOUR 68.

"'Gen. G. G. Dibrell is hereby appointed Deputy Grand Titan, Third Dominion, First Realm, to organize all the Divisions in his Dominion when found competent under the Prescript.

"'By order of GRAND WIZARD OF THE EMPIRE,

"'Per J. W. MORTON, JR., *Genii.*'

"DISSOLUTION OF THE KUKLUX KLAN.

"The order of dissolution of the Klan, as issued by General Forrest, was in every way characteristic of the man. When the white race had redeemed six Southern States from negro rule in 1870, the Grand Wizard knew that his mission was accomplished, and issued at once his order to disband. The execution of this command by young Morton, the Cyclops of the Nashville Den, also on the staff of the Grand Wizard, is typical of what occurred throughout the South.

"Sixteen picked men, mounted, armed, and in full Kuklux regalia for both horses and men, were selected for the ceremony and ordered to boldly parade through the streets of Nashville. The capitol was still in charge of 3,000 Reconstruction militia and 200 metropolitan police, who had sworn to take every Kuklux Klansman, dead or alive, who dared to show himself abroad.

"On the night appointed the squadron of sixteen white and scarlet horsemen moved out of the woods and bore down upon the city. The streets were crowded with people watching the strange procession of ghostlike figures. On the principal streets the police blew their whistles and darted here and there in great excitement, but made no move to stop the dare-devil paraders. On they rode up the hill and passed the capitol building, round which the camp fires of a thousand soldiers burned brightly, and not a hand was lifted against them.

"They turned south into High Street, and ladies began to wave their handkerchiefs from windows and men to shout and cheer from sidewalks. The scalawag police heard these shouts with suppressed oaths. At last they began to summon citizens to aid them in the arrest of the clansmen. The citizens laughed at them.

"On reaching Broad Street, Morton, who rode at the head of the squadron, observed a line of police drawn across the street with the evident intention of attempting to stop or arrest the riders. Turning to Mart N. Brown, a gallant clansman, who rode by his side, Morton said: 'What shall we do, Mart?'

"'Turn into Vine Street,' he quickly answered. 'Pass around them.'

"'No; ride straight through them without a change of gait,' was Morton's order.

"And they did. The astonished police, dumfounded at the insolence of the riders, opened their lines and the horsemen rode slowly through without a word.

"They passed a large frame building used as a carpetbag militia armory on Vauxhall Street. It was full of negroes that Brownlow was feeding at the State's expense. Morton ordered several clansmen to dismount and knock at each door. It was a bright night and the negroes rushed to the front windows, and when they saw the ghostlike figures they made a rush for the back and jumped out. Many of them wore window sashes home for collars.

"The clansmen silently wheeled again into double column and rode toward their old rendezvous. They had overthrown the carpetbag negro régime and restored civilization. Their last act was a warning. A handful of their men boldly slapped the face of the hostile authorities before the new administration entered upon its work, and dared them lift a hand again.

"Outside the city they entered the shadows of a forest. Down its dim cathedral aisles, lit by trembling threads of moonbeams, the white horsemen slowly wound their way to their appointed place. For the last time the chaplain led in prayer, the men disrobed, drew from each horse his white mantle, opened a grave and solemnly buried their regalia, sprinkling the folds with the ashes of the copy of their burned ritual. This weird ceremony thus ended the most remarkable revolution of history."*

HISTORY OF FAMILY.

In 1868 Captain Morton was tendered the command of the artillery of the Island of Cuba, but declined it, and on September 15 of that year he was married to Miss Annie Payne Humphreys, daughter of the distinguished jurist, Judge West H. Humphreys, who occupied the Federal bench before the commencement of the war, and was called to the Confederate bench during its continu-

*_Metropolitan Magazine_, September, 1905, pages 657-669.

CAPT. W. H. COLEY,
President John W. Morton Bivouac No. 36, Camp No. 1443.

ance. With the aid of this noble helpmeet the difficulties of the period were met and conquered, and a happy home established at "Vine Hill," where the latchstring hung always on the outside for the Confederate soldiers until Mrs. Morton's death on July 14, 1899.

"Vine Hill" was the scene of many enjoyable reunions, where the exchange of jovial reminiscence and banter drove away the recollection of bitterness and drew the old comrades into closer bonds of union. It was at "Vine Hill" that the plans for the organization of the Tennessee Division of Confederate Veterans were laid, those of the Confederate Soldiers' Home discussed, and the project of marking the scenes of sanguinary battle spots by markers and monuments revived. Captain Morton was the first President of the Tennessee Division of the United Confederate Veterans, is now a member of the Executive Committee, and has established some eight or ten Camps and Bivouacs throughout the State, one of them, at Milan, being named "John W. Morton Bivouac," in his honor. This is now one of the largest camps in the State, in point of membership and attendance.

Four children were born to Captain and Mrs. Morton, and of these the two sons are members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and one, Capt. West H. Morton, attained his rank in service during the Spanish-American war. The only daughter, now Mrs. Samuel H. Stout, of Memphis, is a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and that she has a feeling of tenderest attachment for the Confederate cause and the men who served it is shown by the following paper, read before one of her chapter meetings:

"Now I would in fancy take you with me across a space of years to my childhood's home. It is on the crown of a hill, embowered in evergreen and forest trees, a typical Middle Tennessee home. It is a spot that has been shaken by the tread of armies, marching and charging and reverberating with the thunders of cannon. There, where mocking birds have many a time warbled me a lullaby, the air was shaken and thrilled with the awful shock of battle. Constantly brought to my childish mind and vision were such scenes and incidents, with many a relic of war times. On the mantel and shelves and other repositories, the most familiar bric-a-brac, were huge spherical objects—shot and shells that had shrieked the wild song of war over the land we love—in such fashion I early became imbued with the tragic story of the Confederate States of America. In the old library of that Southern home my young eyes grew familiar with the silent witnesses of a fadeless glory. I saw in it an old uniform of gray, now quaint of pattern, but preserved still

in shape and color, though sadly fragile of texture; the semblance of what, I am sure, had a great deal to do with making my people heroic, making our men more gallant and our women more lovely than those of other lands and times. There was always displayed on the wall an old tattered battle flag—the starry cross of St. Andrew—the Stars and Bars. Ah, if it could tell its story, what a glorious narrative it would be! It would say that it was never lowered in defeat until every prop that sustained our young republic had quite crumbled into dust!

"On that wall I will show you the counterfeit presentations of many of our best and bravest warrior leaders. These are relics of a grand modern republic, far more glorious and infinitely purer than any of the ancient days, whose deeds and heroes have been sung by the world's great poets.

"Ours was no barbaric effort for independence. It was a Christian republic. Our heroic leaders will long live in the memories of our people—of all people of this great reunited republic—as furnishing the highest types of moral rectitude any age can show.

"From that old library, so conspicuously adorned with relics of the Confederacy, we'll step across the hall into the parlor. The first pictorial adornment that greets our view is the portrait of a youthful soldier, a beardless boy in gray, who for four years, the best of a buoyant life, unfalteringly bared his breast to the fiercest storms of battle. It is the portrait of my father.

"In many a Southern home, in many a Southern parlor, you will find the same sort of picture—the portrait of some youth who wore the gray. There are to me no finer souvenirs of the old South, and, I believe, certainly none more cherished and revered, than these old portraits of the men who made famous the gray."

On August 6, 1901, Captain Morton was married to Mrs. Ellen Bourne Tynes in the city of Nashville.

"Mansfield," their Colonial home in the suburbs of the city, is an ideal place, rich in historical collections and memories of the palmy days of the Southland, where the host and hostess dispense graceful hospitality.

Mrs. Morton is directly in the line of Sir Roger de Bourne, who was made Knight Commander of Bath on April 19, 1326, by Edward II. In 1333 Sir Thomas Bourne took a prominent part in the tournament held at Dunstable by Edward III., where he bore arms. During Philip and Mary's reign, from 1554 to 1557, Sir John Bourne was one of the principal Secretaries of State. His grandson and namesake, Sir John, received a grant of land at Ballanakill in 1682 from Charles I. Sir Gregory Bourne, son of Sir John, was a member of Parliament, 1685-1688.

MRS. JOHN W. MORTON.

Mrs. Morton traces her ancestry on the maternal side to a Norman Baron de Macusville, who went to Scotland in 949. He was the founder of the Maxwell family, distinguished alike for military achievement and love of letters. A representative of this family was consecrated Archbishop of the Church of England in the reign of Elizabeth.

The mottoes on the coats of arms of both Bourne and Maxwell are as follows:

Bourne: "Esse Quam Videri."
Maxwell: "Dominus Dedit."

Mrs. Morton has always assisted in charitable works, and, among others, she founded the Nashville Branch of the Y. W. C. A., of which she is a life member, and which has grown to be of great benefit to the young women of the city. Mrs. E. H. East was the first President of the Association, and, with the aid of Judge East, of blessed memory, and other interested gentlemen, the institution was soon established, and is now bearing good fruit.

Every great movement which has marked an epoch in the world's history has been made possible through the sympathy, courage, and sacrifice of woman. And amid failure, after heroic effort, no solace, no support is comparable to woman's.

Among the first conspicuous examples of devotion and unselfishness in sacrifice for the cause of the Confederacy, no name shines more brightly nor stands higher on the Roll of Honor than that of Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter, whose life during the four eventful years of the war and after the war was an unbroken record of patriotic service and charitable deeds.

Her daughter, now the wife of Hon. Thomas Steger, an eminent lawyer, wears her mother's mantle in doing charitable and civic work. To Captain Steger, of Confederate fame, we are indebted for the use of the dies made from original Confederate money, and the only ones in existence, together with the accompanying poem.

THE CONFEDERATE NOTE.

[Written by Maj. S. A. Jonas, of Aberdeen, Miss., and republished in the *Confederate Veteran* along with a reply.]

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it;
As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this paper can tell
Of liberty born of the patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our promise to pay,
Hoping to redeem on the morrow.
But days flew by, weeks became years,
Our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so scarce our treasury'd quake
If a dollar would drop in the till.

We knew it had scarcely a value in gold,
Yet as gold the soldiers received it;
It looked in our eyes a promise to pay,
And each patriot believed it.
But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned;
And then little checks represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

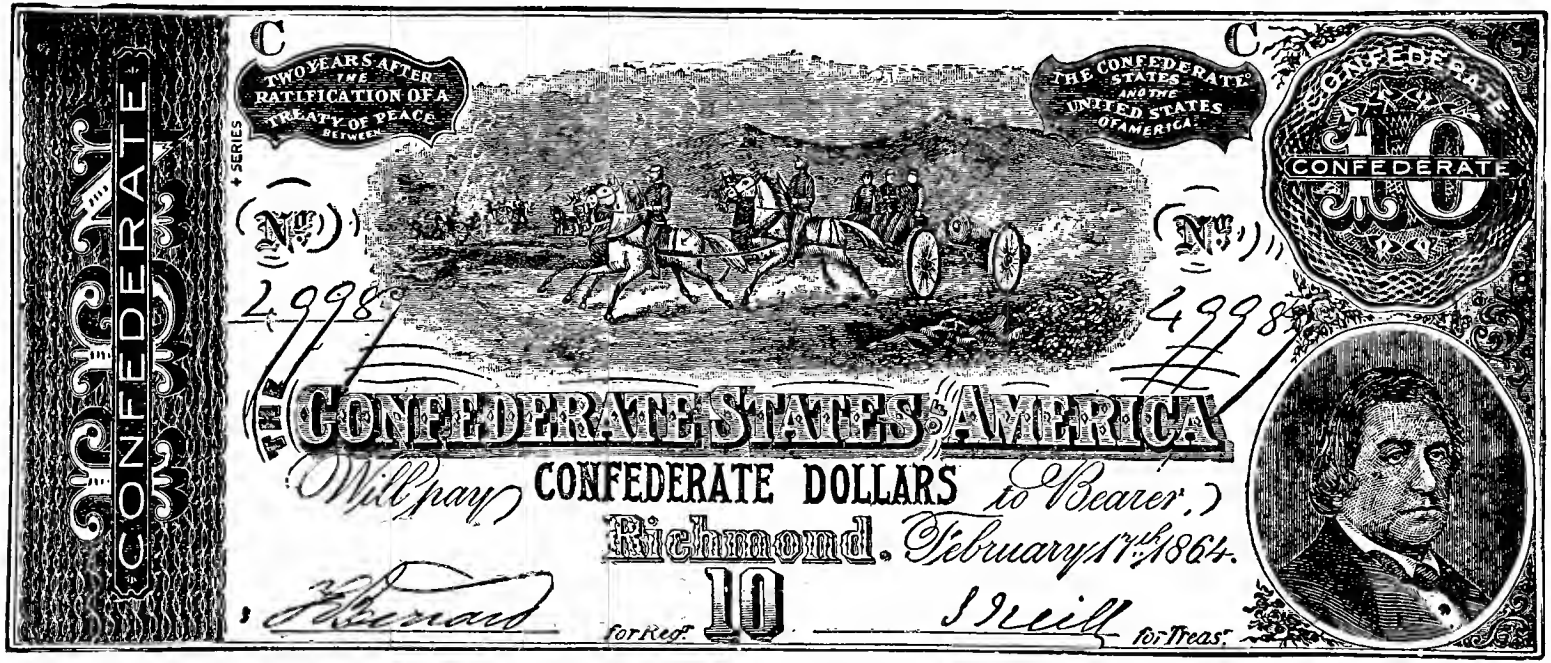
But our boys thought little of prize or pay,
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew if it bought us our bread to-day
'Twas the best our poor country could do.
Keep it, it tells our history over
From the birth of the dream to its last;
Modest, and born of the angel hope,
Like our hope of success it passed.

Richmond, Va., June 2, 1865.

REPLY FROM ACROSS "THE CHASM."

"Thanks, worthy friend, most heartfelt thanks,
Both for the gift so kindly sent
And for the lesson by it taught
Of wisdom and content.

Say not it represented naught,
For, to my mind, its worth
This day exceeds the fondest hopes
Of those who sent it forth.


CONFEDERATE
C
TWO YEARS AFTER THE RATIFICATION OF A TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN
THE CONFEDERATE STATES AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
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4998
THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA
Will pay CONFEDERATE DOLLARS to Bearer.
Richmond. February 17th 1864.
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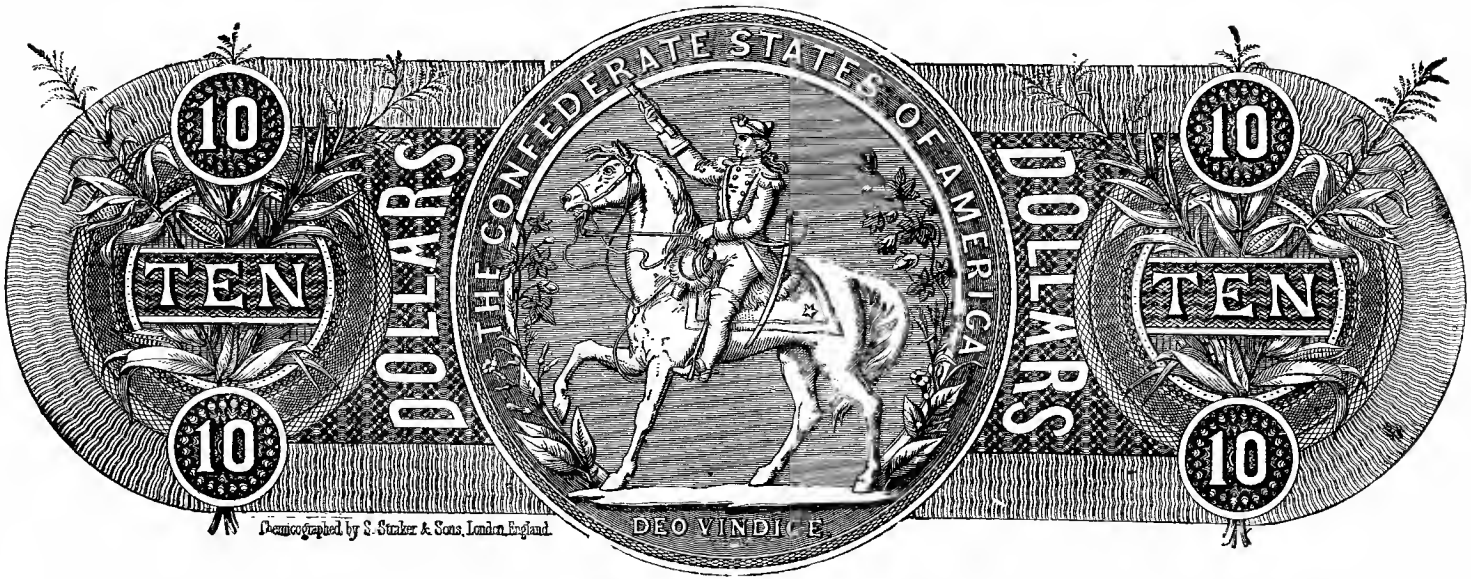
for Regr.
for Treas.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DOLLARS
THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA
DEO VINDICE
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DOLLARS
Photographed by S. Straker & Sons, London, England.

What thoughts of dangers bravely met,
Of hardships calmly borne,
Of hopes deferred, with sickened hearts,
Through winter and through storm,

Come to our minds while yet we gaze
On "promises to pay,"
Which ne'er were paid, and ne'er shall be
Until the judgment day!

'Tis ever thus with this world's hopes,
We plan and work and pray,
But God knows best and blesses us
In his own time and way.

His way is best! Could we but feel
How sure his blessings are,
Our promises would be far less,
Our doing would be more.

Like foes we met on hostile fields
When this money bought you bread;
Like brothers now we meet again
Since the demon war has fled.

Warned by our sorrows in the past,
May we like brothers stand
Shoulder to shoulder in resolve
To guard our native land!

Invincible we then shall be,
Armed with truth and right,
Ready to help each suffering soul
That seeketh aid or light.

Then say not they are valueless,
For the lessons they have taught
May be of value greater far
Than could with gold be bought."

The work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is, in Captain Morton's opinion, the noblest work now done in the South. Aiming, as it does, to preserve and present the truth of history and commemorate the abiding faith of the South in the justice

of her cause, it is inspired by the loftiest sentiments of patriotism —sentiments not less elevated than those which led the Southern soldiers to die in its defense. During the long years of bitter struggle the Southern woman rose to a high conception and a faithful performance of sublime duty, and it is safe to say that the hearts of all Southern men unite in giving her a chivalric devotion, in protecting her with a strong arm, and in crowning her with the love and praise she so nobly merits. From Eve, the mother of man, to Mary, the mother of the Son and Saviour of Man, from Mary, the mother of Washington, to the glorious Southern mother who sent her boy to the field, the history of the human race has never produced so lovely, so divine a creature as the Southern woman of the Southern Confederacy.

She suffered not in the glare of the noonday sun, nor in the world's parade, but in the quiet, the seclusion, the obscurity, and often amid the desolated homes. Brooding in silence over the situation, knitting and spinning, weaving and sewing, toiling to earn support and to keep the men in the army well clad; waiting and longing for news from the army, with hope deferred that made the heart sick; husband, son, brother, lover—all gone to the defense of their country, and, perhaps, to return no more.

And when the war was over, and the few men who were left returned to their homes, how bravely the women took up the battle of life, how cheerfully and uncomplainingly they submitted to the unaccustomed drudgery! These lofty traits of the truest Christian womanhood are seen to-day in the work of the devoted Daughters of the Confederacy. All honor to them and to their noble work! All honor and praise to Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, the "mother" of the Daughters of the Confederacy!

An interesting coincidence in this connection is worthy of note. In 1896 Mrs. Ellen Bourne Tynes (now Mrs. John W. Morton), while collecting funds for the Rouss Memorial Battle Abbey, conceived the idea of a monument to the women of the Confederacy, to be placed in the rotunda of the contemplated building.

It has long been my cherished desire to see a worthy memorial erected by the men of our nation to the women of the Confederacy, who displayed from first to last, in every sphere, in the home, in the hospital, and on the tented field, an unfailing, because untiring, devotion to their loved soldiers—a devotion which amounted to heroism of the highest type.

Let us place within the portals of that noble structure, which is to be erected to the heroes of the Confederacy, a beautiful group in finest marble, costing not less than $50,000, to represent our women as welcoming the visitor to the hallowed halls, as she did

the battered and tattered soldier to her hearth on his return from the war. Correspondence with Mr. Rouss, Mrs. Braxton Bragg, Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, and many others prominent in Confederate work elicited heartfelt interest and encouragement.

Thirty years of practical farming and horticulture and the editing of *The Tennessee Farmer,* a journal devoted to these interests, rendered Captain Morton's life in peace scarcely less active than in war. The country began to recover from her wounds and the horizon of all industries began to widen. Captain Morton was chosen Assistant Secretary of Agriculture of his State, and endeavored to stimulate the work of the farmers to meet the needs of the times. He inaugurated the first Fruit and Vegetable Growers' Association in the State; he soon had one in each rural district, and the State Fruit and Vegetable Growers' Association was formed, Captain Morton being the first President. He was a commissioner to the Agricultural Department of the Tennessee Centennial, and prepared an extensive exhibit showing the remarkable variety and extent of the resources of Tennessee. This exhibit was shown on different lines than had hitherto been followed, and attracted widespread notice, and has since been adopted by nearly every State in the various expositions that have succeeded the Tennessee Centennial.

CONCERNING THE MARKERS.

The plan of preserving and marking the field of Chickamauga, under the auspices of a joint memorial corporation representing all the States that had troops there, was one that met the hearty approval of the veterans of both sides. An organization was effected at Chattanooga in 1889, and after some years of perfecting details and getting various State appropriations, a commission was appointed from each State to select the site suitable for the markers and monuments. Many difficulties in the acquiring of the land for sites were met and overcome, and many designs for the memorials were examined. It was a labor of love, but, nevertheless, one of time, and in 1893 the Executive Committee of the Tennessee Chickamauga Park Commission, consisting of Ex-Gov. James D. Porter, Maj. Charles W. Anderson, Capt. John W Morton, John P. Hickman, Maj. M. H. Clift, Col. W J. Hale, and Capt. Frank A. Moses, submitted a report to Hon. Robert L. Taylor, then Governor of Tennessee, showing the erection of three Confederate monuments, one Federal monument, and forty-nine Confederate regimental markers. The Confederate artillery monument contains the list of all the batteries and officers of General Forrest's Cavalry present

at the historic battle. It is represented by a spirited figure of a gunner with a rammer in action, surmounting a handsome base, which is covered with inscriptions.

The dedication ceremonies took place on Snodgrass Hill May 12, 1898, when they were finally turned over to the National Chickamauga Park Commission. Ex-Gov. James D. Porter made the opening address, which was delivered with the earnestness and scholarly finish so characteristic of him. He was introduced by Maj. M. H. Clift, of Chattanooga, and gave a history of the part Confederate commands had played in the great battle, and was followed by Gen. Alexander P. Stewart, who received the monuments and markers on behalf of the National Chickamauga Park Association, with a graceful and pleasing tribute to the soldiers of both sides. Gen. G. P. Thruston, representing the Federal soldiery of Tennessee, was the next speaker, and the closing address was delivered by Gen. Alexander Boynton, Chairman of the National Chickamauga Park Commission. In conclusion, John Trotwood Moore read his fine poem, "Reunited," written especially for the occasion, which provoked an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm:

REUNITED.

"By steel-sheathed ship and iron gun,
And fort that frowns on a crouching sea,
Like a reef-split wave in the mad ebb's run,
Like the rock-stopped foam from a driven lea,
They have halted their butchering lines of red,
For a star-flung banner has published a ban;
Let the past be past, let the dead be dead,
Now and forever, American.

It has girdled the depths of the deep heart's blood,
It has tied our links in a white heat fire,
And the gray has come with the old-time flood,
And the blue stands firm in the old-time ire,
And starving eyes whence Hope had fled
Laugh out in the light as the message ran;
Let the past be past, let the dead be dead,
Now and forever, American.

O valorous Blue, in the grave of your fate,
O glorious Gray, in the long dead years,
Ye were sown in sorrow and harrowed in hate;
But your harvest to-day is a nation's tears,

For the message you left through the land has sped
From this marbled field to the heart of man;
Let the past be past, let the dead be dead,
Now and forever, American.

General Wheeler was present at the ceremonies, and after their conclusion an impromptu reception was held and greatly enjoyed, the audience then scattering over the battlefield until the hour of the evening entertainment provided by the hospitable people of Chattanooga.

A pleasing feature of this dedication was the meeting of Captain Morton with Col. Frank G. Smith, the genial and efficient Secretary of the National Chickamauga Park Association. In going over the field they fell into company, and passing by a little hill Colonel Smith remarked that he had had quite a brush with the Confederate artillery there, being in charge of the Ohio batteries. He then said that his batteries assisted in chasing General Hood out of Tennessee, and that he lost only one gun during the entire war, a gun that had been stationed on Anthony Hill, already mentioned. It was below Pulaski, he said, that the Confederates concentrated forces so that he had to let one go. This recalled to Captain Morton his capture of a Federal gun at Anthony's Hill. The odd coincidence was followed by an exchange of many reminiscences of the days when one was in the van of the Federal pursuit and the other covering the rear of the Confederates, and fought each other from Columbia to the Tennessee River.

In 1901 Captain Morton, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, became a candidate for the position of Secretary of State for Tennessee. Untutored in the school of politics, his competitors for the office, albeit honorable and capable men, enjoyed a marked advantage over him in that respect. However, around the nucleus of a unanimous delegation from his own county, his former comrades in arms from the mountains on the East to the Mississippi River on the west, rallied to his standard with the same zeal and enthusiasm which they had shown on militant fields, and his victory was complete.

Four years later, relying alone upon the record which he had made during his first term, he became a candidate for reëlection, and had the satisfaction of an indorsement of his earlier administration by a reëlection, and after eight years of continuous incumbency has laid aside the arduous duties of public office and retired to private life.

Since the close of the war Captain Morton has contemplated writing a brief history of Forrest's Artillery that a record of the deeds of this arm of the service of the "Wizard of the Saddle" might be rescued from oblivion and preserved to those who come after as an inspiration to courage and patriotic duty. His official relation to him as "Chief of Artillery" afforded him exceptional facilities.

This work was long delayed by the intervention of official duties, which demanded Captain Morton's entire time. He feels sure, however, that, although long delayed, not only every admirer of Forrest and the matchless record which he (Forrest) made, but every lover of chivalrous deeds and noble sacrifice will some day be thankful for the recording in permanent form of this fragment of military history.

During the last year of his official service as Secretary of State for Tennessee, Captain Morton was greatly relieved by the valuable assistance of his son, John Watson Morton, Jr., an alumnus of Vanderbilt Law School, and later a member of the State Legislature. He served one year in the office as Record Clerk and was advanced to the position of Chief Clerk, which he filled with signal ability.

The following are a few of the many generous tributes by members of the State Legislature, to whose earnest, unselfish support the author was indebted for his election to the office of Secretary of State.

The fight for Secretary of State was an interesting feature of the Legislature. Hon. Tully Brown, of Nashville, made a steady fight for Captain Morton, and did some very effective work. Mr. Brown was a lieutenant in the battery of Captain Morton in the Confederate army. Speaking of the fight he made for his old friend and comrade, Mr. Brown said:

"I did not ask the election of Captain Morton because he was a Confederate soldier; but he was one, and a true one. I served as an officer with him in his battery, and he earned and deserved the complete confidence of Gen. Bedford Forrest, one of the ablest and most exacting soldiers the war produced. I only claim for him what is claimed for any other honorable candidate. I don't think four years' service in the Confederate army should be set against him.

"There is another battle that the Confederates fought that commenced after the war of arms was over—a battle that was fought amid poverty, humiliation, and despair, a battle that was won by ex-Confederate soldiers under disadvantages never before experienced by any other race of men, and it was fought and won that

the children of this generation should have an easier and a more prosperous life. We are paying out of the South thirty odd millions of dollars annually to support soldiers who fought against us. I don't think that we should turn our backs on our own.

"Just a little patience and the remnant of the grandest soldiery the world ever saw will have passed away. I think Captain Morton should be elected because in the most arduous trial that man was ever subjected to he was true and faithful to the end. He was weighed in the balance and found not wanting. He is the man for the place."

Senator Houston's Speech.

Below is given a copy of the speech made by Senator Houston in nominating Captain Morton before the Democratic caucus:

"*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Caucus:* In matters pertaining to the government of a free republic like this, as well as in the other relations of life, happy and important privileges are attended with grave responsibilities.

"Let us remember now that we are all Tennessee citizens and Tennessee Democrats, meeting in the present capacity to select one of our number for an honorable and responsible office. We are members of the same political family, representing the best and purest principles that were ever promulgated on the face of the earth. We have just cause to be proud of Tennessee and to glory in her history and traditions. We love her towering hills and her sleeping valleys; we love her crystal streams and her blooming flowers; we cherish her for the great men she has produced and for the important and conspicuous part she has played in the affairs of the nation; we honor her because it was Tennessee heroism that turned the tide of the Revolutionary War and lighted afresh the lamp of American liberty on the summit of King's Mountain; and we adore her because the first truly democratic government that was ever organized on the Western Continent was born on Tennessee soil. [Applause.]

"In order to maintain the high standard of our citizenship and our party, we should look in this contest first to the good of the State, and second to the reward of merit.

"I rise, Mr. Chairman, as a humble and obscure citizen and member of this caucus, to place in nomination a man whose righteous fame is not confined to Tennessee, but who is known for his deeds of greatness done in the service of his country throughout the length and breadth of this great republic, and a man whose qualifications are conceded by all, and whose integrity and citizenship are above and beyond reproach; a man who has been tested in

times that tried men's souls, and who was found every whit a patriot and a hero, and whose valor still shines through forty years of time like an undimmed star; a man who followed the immortal Forrest for three long years, who was never known to shirk a duty, and the sound of whose artillery was among the last to die in the air; a man in every way worthy and qualified for the position which he seeks. Such a man, Mr. Chairman, is Capt. John W Morton, of Davidson County.

"Mr. Chairman, I was born after the cannon's roar had ceased and after the smoke of battle had cleared away; hence I know nothing of the realities of war. But, sir, the bones of my kindred lie bleaching on almost every important battlefield from Gettysburg to the Gulf, and God forbid that their memory shall fade, or that the services of the heroes who stood so nobly by them in those hours of peril shall ever be forgotten.

"Gentlemen of the caucus, far be it from me to say that you ought to vote for Captain Morton because of his services in the Confederate army alone, or that you should vote for him at the expense of merit or qualifications; but, other things being equal, I want to call your attention to two important and worthy considerations:

"The first is that when you vote for him you do not do honor and justice to Captain Morton alone, but you say to the country and to the world that you propose to recognize the principles of distinguished fidelity to duty whenever and wherever performed.

"Captain Morton, grand and noble as he is within himself, is but the creature of an hour, and personal regard for him need not be the paramount consideration with you. But when you vote for him you give pledge to the young men of Tennessee and to posterity that deeds of heroism in their country's cause shall be recognized and shall not be forgotten.

"The second consideration is that these old veterans of the Civil War will not be with us long. With the passing of each fleeting year their ranks are run through by the sickle of death, and hundreds are laid in the tomb. Ere a few more years shall come and go, ere a few more flowers shall bud and bloom, the last old Confederate soldier will be numbered with the dead, and the grandest, truest, and bravest organization the world has ever seen will be no more, and we cannot honor them then save in memory. Gentlemen of the caucus, you sacrifice nothing whatever, and you recognize all that is truly grand in chivalrous Southern manhood, when you vote for John W. Morton."

Hon. John T. Peeler, of Carroll, said:

"I choose to pay that debt to that hero of the Confederacy, that

JOHN W. MORTON.
Secretary of State 1901–09.

grand man, that man who has lived through many years of honor and who now enjoys no less distinction, a man worthy and a man whom I believe to be the next Secretary of State. I cast my ballot for Capt. John W Morton, of Davidson County."

Hon. T. C. Gordon, of Dyer, said:

"But we have balloted yet without result, and it seems to me that the Democracy of the State is saying to us of the younger Democracy in this race: 'Not now, but hereafter; there is another, an older man, now in life's matured years, whom we must honor now ere it be for him too late forever.' There is a man known in the olden days as the right hand of Bedford Forrest, the thunder of whose artillery was the sweet music of salvation to the Southern soldier, and the harbinger of death to the invaders of our country and those who wore the blue. He was a most splendid type and example of that Southern soldiery which gave to the world Lee and Jackson and Johnston and Forrest. He is the personification of that patriotism which forgot self and made man willing to live or die for Dixie. He is a man whose martial deeds and military heroism have added luster, the luster of immortality, to Southern fame, and who on a hundred hard-fought battlefields bared his heart in the defense of his country and recked not of danger, or whether the hissing bullet should sing his sudden requiem, or the cords of his life be severed by the sharp steel.

"It has always been a most beautiful, tender custom of the people of the South to remember their soldiers; and while they have no national treasury from which to pour treasure into the laps of their old heroes in their declining days, and no funds with which to rear the granite shaft which would tell posterity their fame, they have always honored them in the forum of the State and the nation in order that the world may know that we are not ashamed of them and do not repudiate their glorious deeds, but crown them with honor, love, and affection, and have enshrined them forever in the temple of our hearts.

"Bate and Harris, Cheatham and Turley and Fitzhugh Lee were honored by the most exalted places in the gift of the people in testimony of their love and appreciation, and it seems to me that now the people of the South are saying: 'Stand back awhile, young Democracy, until we have shown our reverence and honor for the gallant artilleryman of Bedford Forrest.' I hear the calling, and I bow in patriotic submission to the same. I now change my vote and cast my ballot for that gallant and dauntless Tennesseean, that splendid soldier, that pure patriot and princely gentleman, Capt. John W. Morton."

THE FADED GRAY JACKET.

"'Tis only a faded gray jacket
That a sainted mother made,
And with each stitch a teardrop fell
As she silently stitched and prayed.

Only a faded gray jacket
That covered a soldier-boy's breast;
Ah, the hands that lovingly made it
Are now folded forever at rest.

Only a faded gray jacket,
Yet a story it can tell
Of the brave men of our Southland,
Who fought so long and well.

Only a soldier's old jacket,
Now faded and worn and gray,
Yet it tells a sad, sad story
Of an eventful day,

When were heard the sounds of battle
And the boom of the deadly gun,
And a mother watched vainly the coming
Of her boy—her only son.

A messenger came from the battlefield
And to her he tenderly said:
'Keep sacred this faded gray jacket,
For your boy who wore it is dead.'"

AT ARLINGTON.

BY J. R. RANDALL.

The broken column, reared in air
To him who made our country great,
Can almost cast its shadow where
The victims of a grand despair,
In long, long ranks of death await
The last loud trump, the Judgment-Sun,
Which come for all, and, soon or late,
Will come for those at Arlington.

In that vast sepulcher repose
The thousands reaped from every fray:
The Men in Blue who once uprose
In battle front to smite their foes,
The Spartan Bands who wore the gray.
The combat o'er, the death hug done,
In summer blaze or winter snows,
They keep the truce at Arlington.

And almost lost in myriad graves,
Of those who gained the unequal fight,
Are mounds that hide Confederate braves,
Who reck not how the north wind raves,
In dazzling day or dimmest night,
O'er those who lost and those who won;
Death holds no parley which was right—
Jehovah judges Arlington.

The dead had rest; the Dove of Peace
Brooded o'er both with equal wings;
To both had come that great surcease,
The last omnipotent release
From all the world's delirious stings.
To bugle deaf and signal gun,
They slept, like heroes of old Greece,
Beneath the glebe at Arlington.

And in the Spring's benignant reign
The sweet May woke her harp of pines;
Teaching her choir a thrilling strain
Or jubilee to land and main,
She danced in emerald down the lines.
Denying largess bright to none,
She saw no difference in the signs
That told who slept at Arlington.

She gave her grasses and her showers
To all alike who dreamed in dust;
Her song birds wove their dainty bowers
Amid the jasmine buds and flowers,
And piped with an impartial trust;
Waifs of the air and liberal sun,
Their guileless glees were kind and just
To friend and foe at Arlington.

And 'mid the generous spring there came
Some women of the land, who strove
To make this funeral field of fame
Glad as the May-God's altar flame,
With rosy wreaths of mutual love—
Unmindful who had lost or won,
They scorned the jargon of a name—
No North, no South, at Arlington.

Between their pious thought and God
Stood files of men with brutal steel;
The garlands placed on "Rebel sod"
Were trampled in the common clod,
To die beneath the hireling heel.
Facing this triumph of the Hun,
Our Smoky Cæsar gave no nod,
To keep the peace at Arlington.

Jehovah judged—abashing man—
For in the vigils of the night
His mighty storm avengers ran
Together in one choral clan,
Rebuking wrong, rewarding right;
Plucking the wreaths from those who won,
The tempest heaped them dewy-bright
On Rebel graves at Arlington.

And when the morn came young and fair,
Brimful of blushes ripe and red,
Knee-deep in sky-sent roses there,
Nature began her earliest prayer
Above triumphant Southern dead.
So, in the dark and in the sun,
Our Cause survives the Tyrant's tread,
And sleeps to wake at Arlington.

LIST OF CONFEDERATE PRISONERS AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND, 1862.

TAKEN FROM CAPTAIN MORTON'S NOTEBOOK.

Capt. Robert N. Moore, Company B, Ninth Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry. Joined Confederate service November 28, 1861. Residence, Columbia, Maury County, Tenn.

Capt. And. J. Campbell, Company G, Forty-Eighth Regiment, Tennessee. Joined Confederate service December 12, 1861. Fountain Creek, Maury County, Tenn.

Lieut. Isaac J. Howlett, Company G, Forty-Eighth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Culleoka, Maury County, Tenn.

Lieut. Joe Love, Company C, Forty-Eighth Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Columbia, Tenn.

Lieut. L. R. Cheatham, Company G, Forty-Eighth Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Culleoka, Tenn.

Lieut. R. A. Mitchell, Company B, Third Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Lynnville, Giles County, Tenn.

Thomas D. Denvenport, Captain Company D, Thirty-Second Tennessee Regiment. Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

Josiah R. Hubbard, Captain Company A, Forty-Second Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured February 16, 1862, at Fort Donelson. Centerville, Hickman County, Tenn.

D. B. Griswold, First Lieutenant Engineer Corps. Captured at New Madrid March 1, 1862, by General Pope's Division, Federal Army. Memphis, Tenn.

W. Hooper Harris, Captain Company A, First Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry. Entered Confederate service May 23, 1861. Captured May 5, 1862, at Lebanon, Tenn. Nashville, Tenn.

George A. Diggons, First Lieutenant Company E, Tenth Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862.

George W Gordon, Captain Company C, Forty-Eighth Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Fort Donelson. Residence, Maury County, Tenn. Volunteered at the age of fifty-four years in defense of the rights of the South and her institutions and his native land.

G. W Jones, Captain Company F, Third Tennessee Regiment, John C. Brown, Colonel commanding. Mustered into the State

service August 7, 1861, and captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Maury County, Tenn.

John M. Winstead, Captain Company G, Thirty-Second Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Breathed his last air of freedom at Fort Donelson on February 16, 1862. Pulaski, Tenn.

Joseph A. Irvine, Third Lieutenant Company A, Ninth Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Columbia, Tenn.

Joseph N. Walker, Captain Company A, Ninth Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Columbia, Tenn.

Hardin Mayberry, Company A, Forty-Eighth Regiment, Tennessee. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Maury County, Tenn.

Thomas E. Jameson, Captain Company K, Forty-Eighth Tennessee. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Maury County, Tenn.

W P. Oneal, Captain Company I, Thirty-Second Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Belfast, Tenn.

Benjamin F. Matthews, Captain Company I, Third Tennessee, captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

Charles H. Stockell, Drill Instructor, Fifty-Third Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Nashville, Tenn.

John H. Handy, Captain Company I, Tenth Tennessee. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862.

R. F. McCaul, Second Lieutenant Company H, Thirty-Second Tennessee. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Bethesda, Tenn.

W. R. Culbertson, Second Lieutenant Porter's Tennessee Battery. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Nashville, Tenn.

James P. Campbell, Quartermaster Sergeant Thirty-Second Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862, it being Sunday. Franklin, Williamson County, Tenn.

Thomas C. Banks, Brevet Second Lieutenant Company H, Thirty-Second Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Franklin, Williamson County, Tenn.

Jesse Taylor, Captain First Tennessee Artillery. Fort Henry, February 6, 1862.

Addison L. Berrie, First Lieutenant Company H, Tenth Tennessee Volunteers. Pedlos Mills, Amherst County, Va.

William Sweeney, First Lieutenant Company G, Tenth Tennessee Volunteers. Nashville, Tenn.

Samuel M. Thompson, Captain Company K, Tenth Tennessee Infantry. Florence, Lauderdale County, Ala.

John McLaughlin, Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, Tenth Tennessee Regiment. Nashville, Tenn.

John A. Hayden, Captain Engineers Provisional Army, C. S. A. Nashville, Tenn.

Randal McG. Southall, Adjutant Tenth Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson. Nashville, Tenn.

D. D. Phillips, Second Lieutenant Nelson Artillery, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Island No. 10. Nashville, Tenn.

Dave S. Martin, Third Lieutenant Third Tennessee Regiment. Surrendered at Fort Donelson. Giles County, Tenn.

E. C. L. Bridges, First Lieutenant Company G, Third Tennessee Regiment. Surrendered at Fort Donelson. Giles County, Tenn.

E. W. Harward, Brevet Second Lieutenant Company G, Third Tennessee Regiment. Surrendered at Fort Donelson. Giles County, Tenn.

C. H. Walker, Captain Company G, Third Tennessee. Went up at Fort Donelson. Giles County, Tenn.

Leslie Ellis, Captain Tenth Tennessee Regiment Volunteers. Nashville, Tenn.

Thomas Gibson, First Lieutenant Tenth Tennessee Regiment. Nashville, Tenn.

James P. Kirkman, Second Lieutenant Tenth Tennessee Regiment. Nashville, Tenn.

C. A. Nichol, First Lieutenant Company D, Thirtieth Regiment, Tennessee. Nashville, Tenn.

A. H. Van Voorhies, Surgeon C. S. A.

G. R. G. Jones, Lieutenant C. S. A. Nashville, Tenn.

W. Ormsby Watts, Lieutenant Artillery and Ordnance, First Tennessee Artillery.

W T. Harris, Jr., Brevet Second Lieutenant Company I, Eighteenth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Cornersville, Tenn.

M. R. Rushing, Captain Company A, Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Fort Donelson. Woodbury, Tenn.

W. D. Coppage, First Lieutenant Company K, Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment. Laguardo, Wilson County, Tenn.

W. P. Bandy, Captain Company K, Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Fort Donelson. Lebanon, Wilson County, Tenn.

John M. Douglass, Second Lieutenant Eighteenth Tennessee Reg-

iment. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Gallatin, Tenn.

William L. Putman, Captain Company L, Eighteenth Tennessee. Cannon City.

S. H. Freas, First Lieutenant Company I, Eighteenth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Wilson County, Tenn.

P. H. Huddleston, Brevet Lieutenant Company A, Eighteenth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Woodbury, Tenn.

Adley B. Biffle, First Lieutenant Company C, Ninth Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry. Hampshire, Tenn.

Andrew J. Pugh, Brevet Second Lieutenant Company C, Ninth Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry. Hampshire, Tenn.

J. B. Galloway, Second Lieutenant Company B, Ninth Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry.

G. W. Gaut, Lieutenant Colonel commanding. Mustered into the service November 28, 1861; captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Maury County, Tenn. Address, Bigbyville.

W. F. Ellison, Second Lieutenant Company D, Thirty-Second Tennessee Regiment Volunteers, Col. E. C. Cook, Commander. Lawrence County, Tenn.

W M. Sullivan, First Lieutenant Company H, Forty-Eighth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Columbia, Tenn.

W. D. Walker, Second Lieutenant Company K, Forty-Eighth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Maury County, Tenn. Post office, Columbia.

J. P. McGuire, Brevet Second Lieutenant Company E, Thirty-Second Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson, Tenn., by the Federal army under General Grant on February 16, 1862. Nashville, Tenn.

C. G. Tucker, Captain Company C, Thirty-Second Regiment Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson, Tenn., by the Federal army under General Grant on February 16, 1862. Boon's Hill, Tenn.

J. T. Pigg, Second Lieutenant Company C, Thirty-Second Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Cane Creek, Tenn.

H. H. Tucker, Brevet Lieutenant Company C, Thirty-Second Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson by the Federal army under General Grant February 16, 1862. Boon's Hill, Tenn.

M. Ragin, Second Lieutenant Company C, Fifty-Third Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Bethel, Tenn.

T. G. Curlee, First Lieutenant Company H, Tennessee Volunteers. Readyville, Tenn.

M. E. St. John, Third Lieutenant Company D, Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment. Woodbury, Tenn.

E. A. Speer, Second Lieutenant Eighteenth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Murfreesboro, Tenn.

J. M. Gilmore, Second Lieutenant Company F, Eighteenth Tennessee Volunteers. Fosterville, Tenn.

B. C. Wood, Captain Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment. Readyville, Tenn.

Capt. W. J. Wood, Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment. Woodbury, Tenn.

Capt. H. J. St. John, Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment. Woodbury, Tenn.

Adjt. R. E. Douglass, Forty-Ninth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Chestnut Grove.

H. L. Bedford, Artillery service, June 14, 1862. Memphis, Tenn.

Capt. A. W Gould, Fiftieth Tennessee Regiment. Nashville, Tenn.

Gid H. Lowe, Captain Company E, Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment, Infantry. Ashland City, Tenn. June 15, 1862.

Capt. T. W Beaumont, Fiftieth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers, Infantry. August 12, 1861.

W H. Joyner, Captain Company B, Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment. Mustered into the State service May 22, 1861; transferred into the Confederate service August 7, 1861; captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Goodlettsville, Tenn.

Lieut. S. C. Bowers, Company B, Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment. Address, Goodlettsville, Tenn.

Lieut. J. W Childress, Drillmaster First Battalion, Tennessee Infantry. Murfreesboro, Tenn.

P F. Gould, Surgeon Fiftieth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Waverly, Tenn.

James F. Grant, Surgeon Thirty-Second Regiment, Tennessee. Millville, Tenn.

Willis Worley, Captain Company A, Thirty-Second Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Bradshaw, Giles County, Tenn.

James J. Finney, Captain Company E, Thirty-Second Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Millville, Lincoln County, Tenn.

William P A. George, First Lieutenant Company E, Thirty-Second Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Millville, Lincoln County, Tenn.

Franklin L. Ezell, Commanding Sergeant of Thirty-Second Tennessee Regiment, Volunteers. Millville, Lincoln County, Tenn.

W. R. Collins, Brevet Second Lieutenant Company A, Thirty-

Second Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Cornersville, Giles County, Tenn.

Joseph H. George, Captain Company D, Forty-First Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Fayetteville, Tenn.

John M. Wright, Second Lieutenant Company E, Thirty-Second Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Boon's Hill, Lincoln County, Tenn.

B. R. Fakes, Brevet Second Lieutenant Company K, Eighteenth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Lebanon, Tenn.

R. R. Hyde, First Lieutenant Company G, Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment, Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Nashville, Tenn.

Joel A. Battle, Colonel Twentieth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Shiloh April 7, 1862, the second day of the battle there. Nolensville, Williamson County, Tenn.

William R. Butler, Captain Company C, Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Frank H. Lytle, First Lieutenant Company C, Eighteenth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Isham G. Randolph, Second Lieutenant Company C, Eighteenth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Nathaniel Gooch, Second Lieutenant Company C, Eighteenth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Smyrna, Tenn.

O. Baker, M.D., Assistant Surgeon C. S. A. Captured at Nashville, Tenn., February 23, 1862. Nashville, Tenn.

Walter S. Lipscomb, First Lieutenant C. S. A., commanding Company H, Tennessee Artillery Battalion. Was transferred into Abraham's bosom on April 7, 1862, at Island No. 10, Mississippi River. New Orleans, La.

E. T. Freeman, First Lieutenant and Adjutant of Walker's Fortieth Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Island No. 10 April 7, 1862. Norfolk, Va.

A. J. McWhirter, Captain Company G, Eighteenth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Nashville, Tenn.

J. A. McRady, Commissary Fifty-Third Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Lewisburg, Tenn.

John G. Hale, Captain Company G, Fifty-First Tennessee Vol-

unteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Memphis, Tenn.

G. C. Duncan, Second Lieutenant, Fortieth Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Island No. 10. Nelson County, Ky.

W. G. Pond, First Lieutenant Company C, Thirtieth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson by Gen. S. B. Buckner, of C. S. A., to Gen. U. S. Grant, of U. S. A., February 16, 1862. Address, Gallatin.

William A. Quarles, Colonel Forty-Second Tennessee. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Clarksville, Tenn.

John H. Turner, Captain Company E, Thirtieth Regiment Tennessee Volunteers. Address, Cherry Mount, Tenn. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862.

Joseph Barbiere, Captain Company A, First Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi Regiment Volunteers. Captured at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862. Memphis, Tenn.

Lieut. Tom L. Lloyd, Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Residence, Gallatin, Tenn.

Lieut. A. H. Douglass, Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Gallatin, Tenn.

H. Barksdale, Captain Company G, Thirtieth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson. Age, twenty-four years. Dixon Spring, Tenn.

W. R. Poindexter, Acting Quartermaster Forty-Ninth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Clarksville, Tenn.

J. B. Cording, Captain Company D, Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Charlotte, Tenn.

Robert T. Cooper, Captain Company H, Third Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers, commanded by Col. John C. Brown. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Residence one and one-half miles southwest of Newburg, in Lewis County, Tenn.

Alpheus Baker, Colonel First Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi Regiment. Eufaula, Ala.

John M. Clark, Colonel Forty-Sixth Tennessee Regiment. Paris, Tenn.

J. S. Dawson, Adjutant Forty-Sixth Tennessee Regiment. Paris, Tenn.

James S. Brown, Major Forty-Sixth Tennessee Regiment, Paris, Tenn. Captured at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862.

Lieut. George S. Martin, Tennessee Artillery; Island No. 10, April 7, 1862. Columbia, Tenn.

S. R. Hayman, First Lieutenant C. S. A. Artillery, commanding seven-gun battery in Madrid Bend, opposite Head Island No. 10. Captured April 7, 1862. Memphis, Tenn.

T. S. Webb, First Lieutenant One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Senior Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured near Corinth, Miss., May 28, 1862. Memphis, Tenn.

Alonzo Lindsey, Second Lieutenant Third Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

W. H. McFall, Second Lieutenant Ninth Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Columbia, Tenn.

Rufus J. Polk, Second Lieutenant Artillery. Captured at Island No. 10 April 7, 1862. Columbia, Tenn.

Johnson Long, First Lieutenant Company C, Third Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

James H. Akin, Captain Company C, Ninth Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry. Surrendered at Fort Donelson. Age, thirty years. Hampshire, Tenn.

James A. Fisher, Captain of Artillery C. S. A. Surrendered at Island No. 10 April 7, 1862. Nashville, Tenn.

James J. Murray, Second Lieutenant Company B, Fifty-Third Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

R. K. Kercheval, private in the Fifty-Third Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson.

Thomas L. Porter, First Lieutenant Ninth Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Columbia, Tenn.

James Giddens, Brevet Second Lieutenant Company C of the Third Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson. Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

J. J. McDaniel, First Lieutenant Nelson Artillery. Surrendered at Island No. 10 April 7, 1862. Nashville, Tenn.

A. C. Hickey, First Lieutenant Company C, Twenty-Sixth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Newport, Tenn.

William T. Hughes, Second Lieutenant Company F, Tenth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Nashville, Tenn.

Capt. B. Palmer, regular C. S. A. Captured at Bolivar, Tenn. Memphis, Tenn.

James D. Tillman, Lieutenant Forty-First Tennessee Regiment, Infantry. Address, Shelbyville, Tenn. Captured (more properly surrendered) at Fort Donelson.

C. D. McFarland, Captain Company G, Twenty-Sixth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson on February 16, 1862. Rossville, Walker County, Ga.

Thomas D. Griffin, Second Lieutenant Forty-First Tennessee Regiment. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Pleasant Plains, Tenn.

George Y. Williams, Second Lieutenant Fiftieth Tennessee. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Dover, Tenn.

Samuel Mays, Second Lieutenant Company G, Fiftieth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Tank, Davidson County, Tenn.

J. R. Williams, Second Lieutenant Company G, Fiftieth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Charlotte, Tenn.

J. C. Cook, Brevet Lieutenant Fiftieth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Dover, Tenn.

E. G. Sexton, Captain Fiftieth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Dover, Tenn.

W H. Daniel, Second Brevet Lieutenant Company I, Fiftieth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Dover, Stewart County, Tenn.

J. W Parker, First Lieutenant Company H, Fiftieth Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Dover, Tenn.

Will J. Sweeney, Brevet Lieutenant Company G, Fortieth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Island No. 10, Mississippi River, April 8, 1862. Sunflower Landing, Coahoma County, Miss.

A. Moffitt, Second Lieutenant Fifty-First Regiment Volunteers C. S. A. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Covington, Tipton County, Tenn.

Robert E. Thomas, Second Lieutenant Company B, Fiftieth Regiment Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Cumberland City, Stewart County, Tenn.

Rufus H. Wooten, Lieutenant Company C, Fifty-First Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Mt. Zion, Tenn.

T. D. Pinnell, Lieutenant Company A, Fifty-First Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Mt. Zion, Tenn.

W. J. McAlpin, First Lieutenant Company G, First Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi Regiment Volunteers C. S. A. Surrendered at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862. Purdy, Tenn.

John R. Wright, Second Lieutenant Company I, First Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi Regiment. Captured at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862. Batesville, Panola County, Miss.

S. D. H. Whitfield, First Lieutenant Company B, Forty-Second Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Fort Donelson. Age, thirty years. Waverly, Tenn.

John H. Grouch, Third Lieutenant Company A, Fifty-First Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Mt. Zion, Tipton County, Tenn.

T. J. Ham, Third Lieutenant Fifty-First Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Purdy, McNairy County, Tenn.

J. P Lock, Third Lieutenant Company D, Third Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Giles County, Tenn. Age, twenty-two years.

David G. Alexander, Second Lieutenant Company D, Eighteenth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Campbellsville, Giles County, Tenn. Age, twenty-three years, and a Rebel of the deepest dye.

Ephraim H. Foster Gordon, Captain Company B, Third Tennessee Regiment. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Pulaski, Giles County, Tenn.

Lieut. L. W Talbott, Forrest's Rangers, Forrest's Cavalry. Seduced and deserted by our generals at Fort Donelson, and, in that forlorn fix, "gobbled up by the Yanks" on February 16, 1862. Bardstown, Ky.

W. F. Collins, First Lieutenant Company B, Fifty-Third Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Lewisburg, Marshall County, Tenn.

R. S. Walker, Second Lieutenant Company B, Fifty-Third Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Campbells, Tenn.

L. L. Bailey, Sr., Second Lieutenant Forrest's Cavalry. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Clarksville, Tenn.

G. W. Harlow, Lieutenant Company G, Tenth Tennessee Regiment. Nashville, Tenn.

T. J. Spain, Second Lieutenant Company A, First Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi Regiment Volunteers. Surrendered at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862. Memphis, Tenn.; avocation, machinist.

A. Coleman, Brevet Second Lieutenant Company G, First Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi Regiment Volunteers. Surrendered at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862. Purdy, Tenn.

A. S. Levy, Quartermaster First Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi Regiment. Captured at Island No. 10. Memphis, Tenn.

F. D. Moore, Second Lieutenant Company I, One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Senior Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Purdy, Tenn., April 29, 1862. Avocation, merchant. Purdy, Tenn.

William Dwyer, Third Lieutenant Company D, Tenth Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. New Providence, Tenn.

Jones Gennette, Captain Company B, Fifteenth Regiment, Tennessee. Captured at Shiloh April 7, 1862. Memphis.

W. H. Adams, Chaplain to Forty-Second Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Donelson February 16, 1862. Scottsboro, Ala.

L. D. F. McVay, Captain and A. C. S. First Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi Regiment Volunteers. Captured at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862. Pocahontas, Tenn.

J. M. Grace, Captain Company K, First Regiment, Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi Volunteers. Captured at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862. Bolivar, Tenn.

A. M. Duncan, Lieutenant Company K, First Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi Regiment Volunteers. Surrendered at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862. Jenkins Depot, Tenn.

Sam P. Walker, First Lieutenant Company I, Fortieth Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862. Memphis.

John W. Walker, First Lieutenant Company C, Fortieth Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862. Memphis, Tenn.

Thomas T. Kirkland, Memphis, Tenn., Lieutenant Company B, Walker's Fortieth Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862.

Theodore Kelsey, Memphis, Tenn., Second Lieutenant Fortieth Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862.

T. H. Tidmarsh, First Lieutenant Tennessee Volunteer Artillery, commanding officer of ordnance, Island No. 10. Captured there April 8, 1862.

John R. Farabee, Captain First Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi Volunteers. Captured at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862.

F. A. Ragsdale, Captain Company A, Walker Regiment, Fortieth Tennessee. Captured at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862.

St. Clair M. Morgan, Captain Tenth Tennessee Volunteers, Fort Donelson.

Chas. W. Raesler, Captain Company A, Fortieth Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862. Athens, Limestone County, Ala.

Porter Bibb, Jr., Huntsville, Ala., Captain Fortieth Tennessee Regiment, Company E. Captured at Island No. 10; chicken.

John Shirley Ward, First Lieutenant Company G, Fiftieth Tennessee Regiment. Charlotte, Tenn.

Lieut. T. B. Cook, Tennessee Artillery Corporal. Captured at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862. Nashville, Tenn.

J. H. Morton, Captain Company H, Thirty-Second Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Franklin, Tenn.

F J. Weller, Lieutenant Company B, First Tennessee Artillery. Surrendered at Fort Henry February 8, 1862. Russellville, Ky.

W. H. Burgess, Lieutenant Company A, Forty-Ninth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Captured at Fort Donelson, Tenn., February 16, 1862. New Providence, Tenn.

William T. Avery, Lieutenant Colonel First Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi Regiment. Memphis, Tenn.